My Yesterdays

by JOHN FARR

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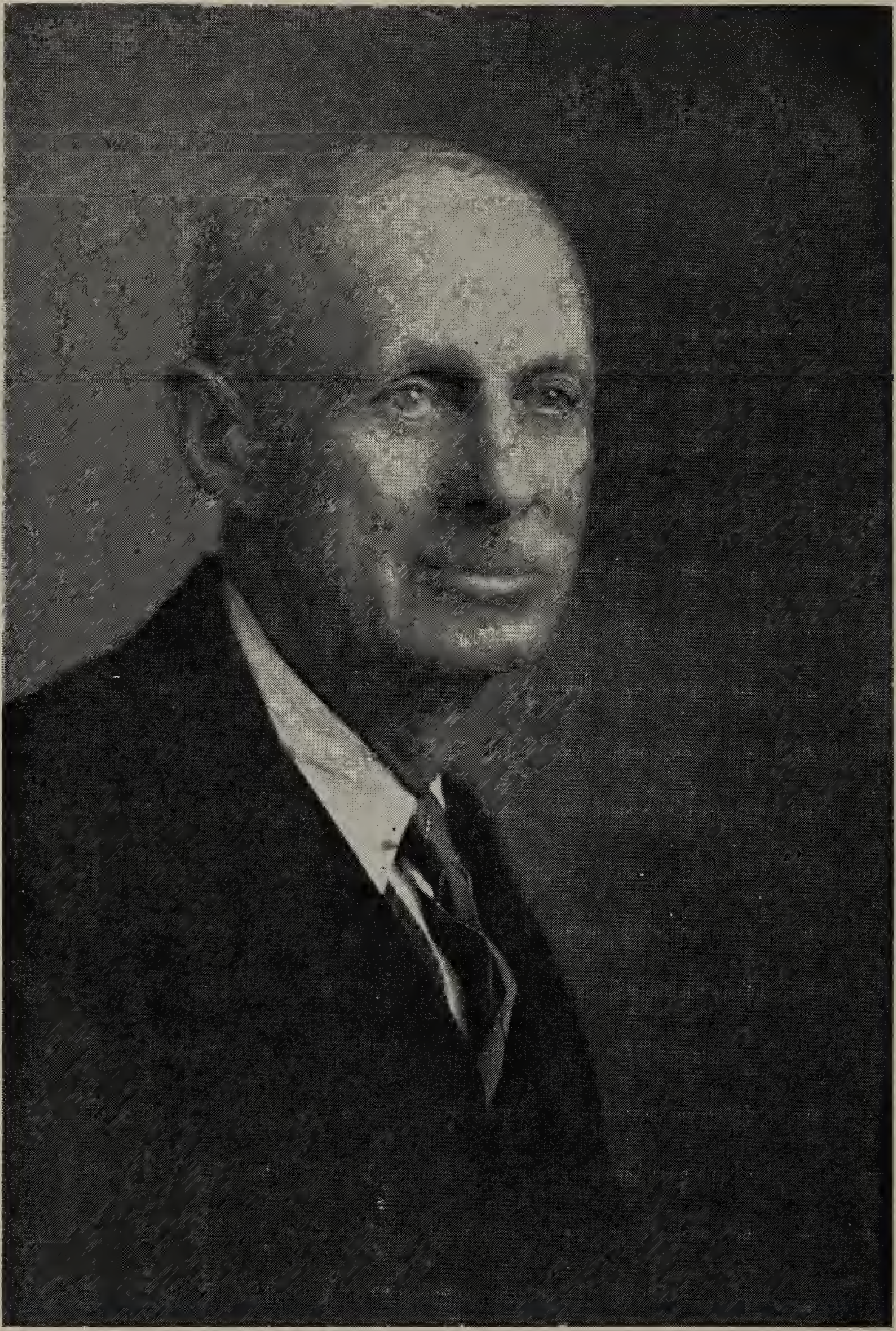

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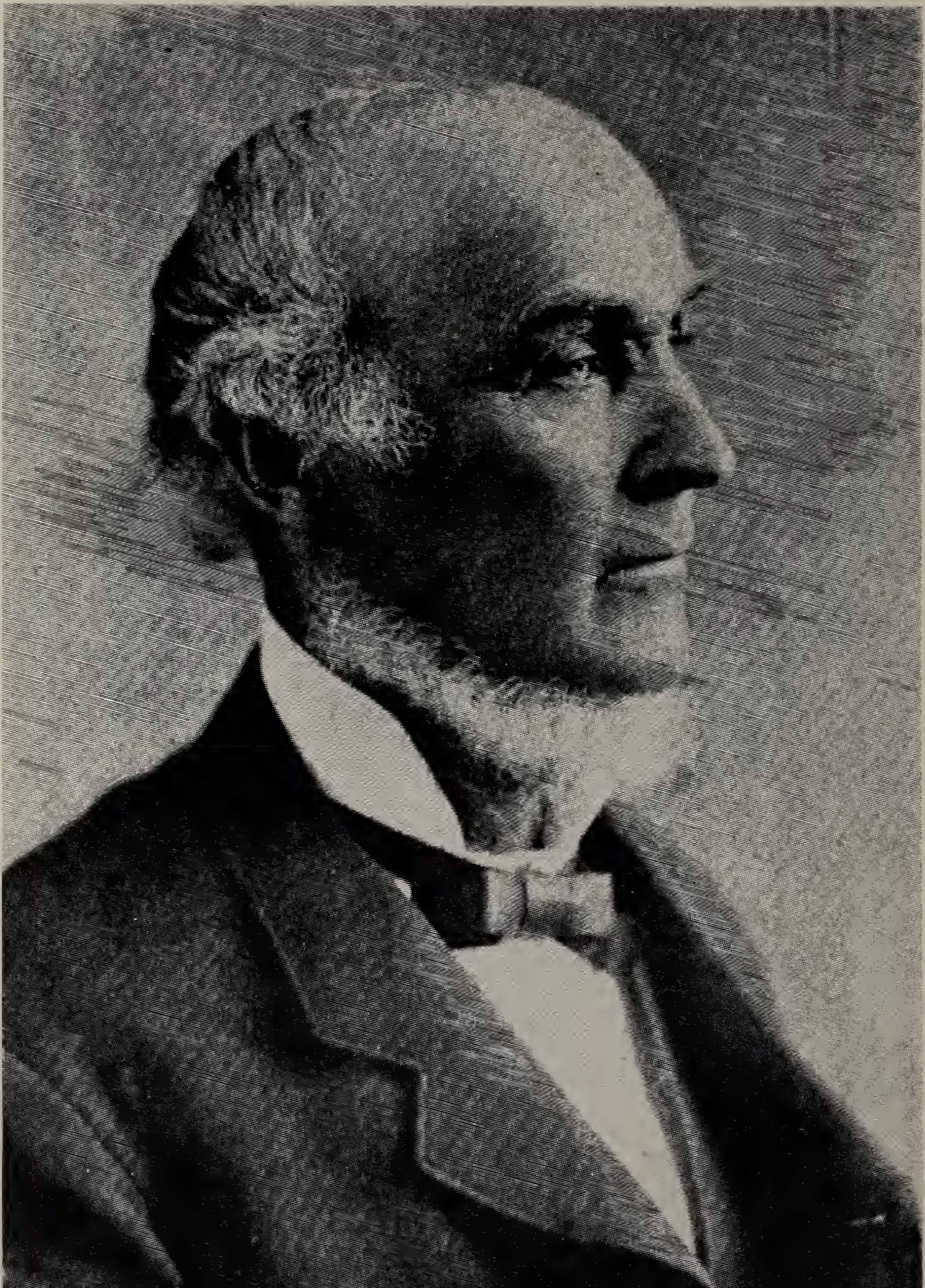

Lorin Farr — 1820-1909

Nicholine Erickson Farr

VII

MY YESTERDAYS

by

JOHN FARR

EDITED BY

EZRA J. POULSEN

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John Farr

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PREFACE

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"Biographies are instructive and useful as helps, guides, and incentives to others," according to Dr. Samuel Smiles. It is especially true, I believe, that one's posterity has a wholesome interest in an honest personal account of a man's life.

Likewise, when a person lives through a period of community activity and growth, his life becomes somewhat identified with his time, and his personal experiences become part of the record. As I was born in Ogden in 1863, and have made my home here ever since, I can look back at the age of 94 on almost a century of change and progress. And what a period it has been! From ox teams to the atomic age, from an isolated pioneer settlement to a thriving city; and now we live in an age of amazing, though dangerous opportunity. Without going into detail, I can say it is wonderful.

But in spite of the changes, I feel the pioneer virtues of integrity and faith have never become out of date; I have tried to make this point clear in the following pages containing my personal story. I have had a happy life; the bitter as well as the sweet has contributed to my understanding and well being.

If this volume helps my posterity and others to appreciate their heritage and enjoy their own opportunities, I shall feel it is worth while. The preparation of it has been a pleasure.

John Farr

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I wish to acknowledge the aid and encouragement given me by friends, relatives, and associates. I especially thank my children for their helpful support. Each one, Grace, Fern, Pauline, Lyndall, Mildred, Afton, and Kenneth has in one way or another contributed something to this volume. The love and loyalty of my children is one of my greatest blessings.

To Fern, for typing the entire manuscript, and assisting with the proof reading, as well as doing other necessary work I recognize a special debt of gratitude. Also to Grace, the first born of six girls and two boys, on whose shoulders the care of the household has long rested, I am deeply thankful. She was a great aid to her mother; and since her mother's death, her pleasant companionship and devotion has continued through the many years with her father. As our home has been the center where many nieces and nephews have gathered, she has always been in great demand.

I likewise recognize the help of Prof. T. E. Pardoe and other members of the family for valuable research and other assistance.

The Author

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter Page
1. About My People 1
2. I Appear On the Scene 10
3. Pioneer Settings and Episodes 20
4. Youthful Experiences 34
5. School Days 43
6. Sundry Developments 52
7. The Girl I Married 59
8. Struggles to Make a Living 66
9. Experiences in the British Mission 80
10. More Missionary Experiences 90
11. I Go to Norway 100
12. More Travels in Europe 113
13. Goodbye England: Greetings U.S.A. 127
14. In Old Virginia 136
15. Missionary Labors Continued 151
16. Home Again: Day to Day Living 162
17. Mining and Grub Staking 177
18. The Changing Times 182
19. My Second Mission 194
20. Travels in the South 205
21. South of the Rio Grande 218
22. In Central Mexico 230
23. Recent Travels 248
24. Birthdays and Vacation Trips 263
25. My Testimony 283
26. Letters and Tributes 293
27. Random Stories and Reflections 311
28. Special Items 317

CHAPTER I

ABOUT MY PEOPLE

LIKE Nephi of old I was born of goodly parents and brought up in the ways of righteousness from my infancy. My father, Lorin Farr, born July 27, 1820 at Waterford, Vermont, was one of the first settlers of Ogden, Utah, and for years its first mayor. My mother, Nicholine Erickson Farr, was born September 22, 1837 at Fredrickstadt, Norway. She was the mother of six children, of whom I am the third. Both my parents early in life heard the preaching of the Mormon Elders, and accepted the gospel, being baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to which they remained steadfast all the days of their lives.

As Ben Johnson wisely said, "It is the height of earthly honor to be descended from the great and good. They alone cry out against noble ancestry who have none of their own." I therefore consider it a privilege to refer to my forbears as men and women of noble purpose and distinguished achievements.

FATHER'S PARENTAGE

My father's parents were Winslow Farr and Olive Hovey Freeman. There are illustrious names in the Farr family, which for over three hundred years has been devoted to the building of America. Among these are Edward Winslow, listed third on the roster of the Mayflower; and Edward Freeman, recognized as one of the most influential men in the early American colony at Plymouth. There are many others who sat at the council tables, fought the early wars, and finally followed

George Washington through the difficult campaigns of the Revolutionary War. Even before the founding of America, the Farr ancesters were for centuries struggling for equality of rights and liberty more precious than life itself. To quote from the book, "Lorin Farr, Pioneer" by T. Earl Pardoe. "Their common line of ancestry traces back across seven pedigree charts for twenty-two generations to Saier De Quincey, Earl of Winchester, who died November 3, 1219 A.D. He was one of the barons made surety to the Magna Charta to see that King John kept his pledge to the people. Nor does the pedigree end there. It continues on to earls, and dukes, and kings of England, Scotland, France, Italy, and Sweden, and as far back as pedigrees can be traced."

Mother's Family

My mother, Nicholine Erickson was the daughter of Neils Erickson and Mary Olsen, true descendants of the hardy Norsemen, whose exploits made them a dominating force in the history of Western Europe. Her childhood days were spent near Fredrickstadt, Onso County, Norway amid the most beautiful surroundings. The home overlooked a large farm situated upon a slight elevation, which sloped down from the home through a long and picturesque valley adapted for the farming and cattle raising. Small flocks of sheep also grazed on the uplands. A great forest overlooked the farm, and uncultivated fields profusely covered with flowers and berries made a paradise of beauty in summer. On the opposite side of the hill ran a large river, abundant with fish, and for miles on each side of the river millions of cut logs floated down to the sawmills and pulp factories, leaving sufficient space in the center, however, for freight and passenger boats. Sharp whistles of the log tows and deeper blasts of the passenger boats beckoned the passengers to land and embark.

Mother's early education was not neglected. The thrifty Norwegians believed in education, and required all children to attend such schools as they were able to provide until they reached the age of fourteen. In the rural communities at that time there were but few schoolhouses, and most of the instruction was given in private homes. But it was thorough and carefully planned. After the age of fourteen, Nicholine was sent to the parsonage for private lessons, where she was taught her church catechism, numbers, and other related subjects, her parents being staunch Lutherans. One of the pastor's duties was the giving of indulgences, forgiving the children and their parents of their fallacies and sins, charging a small fee for such services.

There were eight children—four boys and four girls in my mother's family. They were all energetic and ambitious, each with his own particular line and talent. One of the boys became an employee in a government postoffice; another, a railroad official; the third, an engineer; and the fourth, a merchant.

Soon after the entry of the first Mormon missionaries into the locality, Father and Mother Erickson, Nicholine, and her sister Caroline, where all baptized. This important event occurred September 27, 1852. Nicholine was then fifteen years of age, vivacious and pretty. The other members of the family strenuously opposed the baptism of their parents and young sisters into the Mormon faith. But Neils and Mary Erickson and their two daughters had a testimony of the truth and power of their new religion, which was to bring about a division in their family, and they never regretted their decision.

ERICKSON SISTERS COME TO AMERICA

Though Mary Olsen Erickson never lived to see America, and Father Erickson did not come to Utah until the 1880s, Nicholine, at the age of sixteen, and her sister Caroline at the age of eighteen, left Norway with the first Norwegian emigration company for Utah. Not knowing the English language, and with barely enough money to take them to America, their undertaking was a great adventure, and a test of their faith. They took passage December 8, 1853, on a little old sailboat for Denmark, and in a few hours a heavy storm broke out. The turbulent sea raged and soon both anchors were gone. They thought all would be lost, but providentially a tug appeared and towed the crippled boat to shore.

They were three weeks reaching England and eight weeks on the Atlantic Ocean. On arriving at New Orleans, they took the boat up the Mississippi River; maglignant cholera broke out in all its fury, causing many deaths. After docking at St. Louis for a short time, the boat continued on up the Missouri River to Leavenworth, but still the cholera continued with the boat, a fact which made it necessary each morning to pull ashore long enough to bury the dead.

Going up the Missouri, both Nicholine and Caroline were stricken with the disease and confined to their uncomfortable bunks. Through the administration of the Elders, Caroline soon recovered, but was too weak and exhausted to give aid to her stricken sister. Nevertheless, while the boat was docked to bury the dead, Caroline crawled to the river for some water to cool the feverish brow of her sister. Nicholine was given up beyond the power of man. The doctor and aid gave up hope and left her to the fate of those already consigned to graves on shore. Nicholine with the faith in God which characterized her entire life, again called for the Elders. Confident that the Lord would help her; and with the Elders' administration and her faith, she was healed almost instantly. And when the boat arrived at Leavenworth, she and her sister were able and ready to take charge of the ox-team and party of eleven immigrants assigned to their wagon.

The caravan consisting of sixty wagons with as many as eleven in some wagons contained a total of six hundred souls. Inasmuch as the girls were used to handling cattle, and were hardened to outside work, they were called upon constantly to assist with the other wagons, caring and cooking for the sick, and helping less experienced people in the care and handling of the animals. Notwithstanding their broken language, these two Norwegian girls proved themselves able to fit into any situation, or help in any emergency.

Like all other companies crossing the plains, they encountered many hardships, as well as enjoyed many moments of pleasure, such as singing and dancing at night on the open prairie to the strains of the violin, or jew's harp, accompanied by the bark of the coyote or the howl of the wolf ominously close. New experiences constantly presented themselves. On one occasion their cattle were stampeded by a herd of three thousand buffaloes which came thundering towards the camp; the bellowing, the clanking of hoofs were terrifying. However, the situation was quickly seen, as the men with loaded guns and pistols, mounted their horses and spurred to head off the buffaloes. As they approached the buffaloes, they opened fire on the leaders with unearthly shouting, shooting, and killing a number and eventually splitting the herd. As the frightened animals divided and drove on in two groups, they left much damage to the company, but considerable buffalo meat for immediate use, and buffalo jerking for the morrow.

Walking and driving the ox teams continued for many weeks, as they forded streams, cracked the bullwhip with the expertness of a man, and running into new experiences daily—experiences that tested the best men; and made mature, competent women of these two young girls. Occasionally a tired but kindly horseman would spell them off and give them much needed relief from the hazardous trek.

They met many Indians, mostly friendly, who would invariably beg for sugar and flour. On arriving at Laramie, they saw the soldiers give out rations to the Indians. On leaving Laramie, the Indians killed two cows belonging to the Mormons. The act was immediately reported to the soldiers. Soon after leaving Laramie, the Mormon caravan learned that most of the soldiers at the post had been killed by the Indians. For protection, the company to which the girls belonged joined with two other companies. There was also a party of Irishmen which stayed with them until the danger from the Indians was past. New complications in travel arose with the company greatly enlarged, but the Irishmen added some gaiety with their ready wit. October 5, 1854, ten months after leaving Norway, Nicholine and Caroline Erickson arrived at Salt Lake City, and were taken to the home of Lorenzo Young, where they had their first meal and first night's lodging in Utah.

The Farrs Converted

The account of my father, Lorin Farr's, connection with the Church begins with the miraculous healing of his mother, who had been an invalid for seven years, and her conversion to the Mormon faith by Orson Pratt and Lyman Johnson who traveled a distance of 800 miles to preach the gospel at Charleston, Vermont, and were given the privilege to hold a series of meetings in the schoolhouse by Grandfather Winslow Farr. At the close of the first meeting, the Elders were invited to spend the night at the Farr home, and in conversation with grandmother, learned that the doctors had given her but a short time to live. Orson Pratt asked grandmother if she believed the Lord could heal her. She replied there was nothing impossible with the Lord. Whereupon Elder Pratt took her by the right hand and said, "Sister Olive, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth I command you to be made whole." At that very moment she sat up in bed, called for her clothes, dressed herself, and walked across the floor, praising God.

Next morning, she arose, helped to prepare breakfast for the Elders, and for two days attended the meetings. Then, on the following day, she, together with her husband, Winslow, and William Snow, was baptized into the church; and soon thereafter sixty other townspeople were likewise baptized. Grandmother Farr improved in health, became the mother of one more child, emigrated to Utah in 1847, and passed away at the age of ninety-four.

Soon after their conversion to the Church, the Farr family sold their home and moved to Kirtland, Ohio, where they spent some time working on the temple. However, early in 1838, young Lorin, then eighteen, felt an urge to move on West. And he with his brother Aaron bade their father and mother goodbye on the temple steps, and with knapsacks on their backs, set out 1000 miles toward the wilderness. Aaron stopped temporarily on the way to make a little money, while Lorin continued on and finally reached the home of the Prophet Joseph Smith, then located in Missouri.

Joseph and Emma welcomed him as he approached the door. "My boy," said Emma embracing him. He remained as a member of the household for some time, working for the prophet, teaching his children, as well as those of Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and others. He played, wrestled, ran races with Joseph, and became his intimate friend.

Experiences Of Lorin Farr

Lorin soon became a bodyguard to Joseph, and was continually with him until Joseph was taken to Richmond, and the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri. Father was with Joseph in Adam-ondi-Ahman at the time of the Haun's Mill massacre.

After being driven from Missouri, father with his family moved to a point some distance to the south, and later they settled in Nauvoo. After his marriage, he built a substantial brick house close to the Prophet's home. The house still stands as a monument to his industry, and today (1957) is one of the best preserved homes in Nauvoo. A sign upon the lawn states, "The Home of Lorin Farr."

This was a time that tried men's souls—a time when half of the Apostles and many of the other Church authorities apostatized and turned against the Prophet and the Church. It seemed that Satan had put his full force to destroy and wipe out once and for all the new form of worship—the true Church of Christ. The Prophet needed strong and faithful friends for the events which stemmed from this great tragedy, and Lorin Farr was one of them. His apparently was a direct call from the Lord to go to the assistance of the Prophet and the Church to help tide them over this period of turmoil and distraction. The association of Lorin Farr with the Prophet and other Church leaders was very necessary training for the part he took in the colonizing of the West. He was a leader of men, a builder of cities, and an organizer of industry—he built like unto his own character.

While in Nauvoo, Lorin Farr continued to work with Joseph Smith, putting in much time on the construction of the temple. Before they left Nauvoo, Brigham Young urged the members to get as many endowments done as possible befor they crossed the river. Father put in a thirty-six hour period behind the veil at one stretch, having a sandwich brought to him at rest periods. He was a staunch believer in temple work and its spiritual uplift. Through his efforts, more than 15,000 endowments for his own kin had been performed at the time of his death.

Incidently, it was at the Farr home that William Clayton wrote the instructions for the pioneer caravan to cross the frozen Mississippi that fateful day in February 1846, when the weather suddenly turned cold long enough to freeze the river sufficiently to enable the greater part of the pioneer caravan to reach the opposite side.

Lorin Farr spent the winter of 1846-47 at Winter Quarters, and joining the great exodus in the spring of 1847, arrived in Salt Lake City September 19, 1847 with Daniel Spencer's company of 560 wagons, 1500 men, women and children, and 5600 head of livestock. There he made his home until January 12, 1850, when at the call of President Brigham Young, he moved to Ogden to take charge of the colonization of the Weber District.

Father packed his scant belongings—a plow on the side of the wagon bed, a water barrel, cooking utensils, and a few other accessories on the other side, with a few simple pieces of furniture and bedding on the inside, with a few provisions, chickens hanging on the back, and a cow trailing behind, and headed north, slowly plowing through the snow on the sagebrush trail. Aunt Nancy, father's first wife, with a five year-old boy, a two-year-old girl, and a two-month-old baby girl (President George Albert Smith's mother) were tucked snugly under the blankets and buffalo robes. They arrived at Captain James Brown's fort, known as Goodyear Fort, January 12, 1850.

CHAPTER 2

I APPEAR ON THE SCENE

ONCE located at the settlement on the junction of the Weber and Ogden Rivers, known at the time as Brownsville, and later named Ogden, father purchased a squatter's right to some land from Ezra Chase, and took up his residence in a log cabin with dirt roof and floor, which had been previously built and occupied by Mr. Chase in 1848. During the next ten years he grew rapidly in progeny, possessions, and influence. Having embraced the principal of plural marriage, the roster of his wives by 1860 was as follows: Nancy Bailey Chase, born January 27, 1823, married January 21, 1845; Sarah Giles, born January 1, 1831, married July 26, 1851; Olive Ann Jones, born June 1, 1829, married February 28, 1852; Mary Bingham Snow, born April 1, 1820, married December 2, 1854; Nicholine Erickson, born September 22, 1837, married January 29, 1857.

I am the third child of Nicholine Erickson, who after her arrival in Utah, came to Ogden and worked in my father's home, later becoming his fifth wife. I was born January 4, 1863; my oldest full brother, Lorenzo, named after Lorenzo Young, who had been kind enough to give mother and her sister Caroline a temporary home upon their arrival in Utah, was born October 25, 1858; a sister, Anna Laura, arrived April 10, 1861; a younger sister, Elnora, was born April 2, 1865; and my youngest brother, Elijah, December 28, 1867. Finally, my mother's youngest child and the youngest of all father's chil-

Nicholine Farr and children: Front row, left to right: Laura, Mother Winslow. Back row, left to right: Elijah, Mayme, Elnora, John.

dren, my sister Mamie, was born March 22, 1870—six of us altogether*

A family expanding so rapidly, especially in a frontier community might expect to have a housing problem. At the time of her marriage, mother occupied a large room and two smaller ones in the basement of father's 21 room adobe house built in 1853 on the corner of Main and First Street, now 21st and Washington Boulevard. Later, one of the smaller rooms was also used as a potato bin for the entire family. Three other wives and their children occupied the upper part of the house: the front part by Aunt Nancy; the east wing, by Aunt Sarah; the center, by Aunt Ann. By the time of my arrival six years later, mother had moved upstairs, and I was born in the room known as the office, which faced Tabernacle Square across the street. Across the hall from the room in which I was born, and which father had used as an office, was a large reception room, where Brigham Young and many other church and civic authorities would meet with father in business, civic and religious capacities. When I was a small child, mother moved one block north, now 20th Street and Washington Boulevard. There we resided until we moved into the seven-room house on 21st Street and Washington Boulevard, where I lived until I was married. Later, she sold this home and built a 6-room house at 2072 Washington Blvd., where she lived until her death, April 17, 1915.

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*Brief sketches of all father's children by his five wives are listed on pages 339-45.

Being a member of my father's large family, surrounded by the many activities and enterprises in which he was interested, I had many contacts and experiences, even as a child, which taught me how to take part in a busy, thriving society, where each individual had his responsibilities, yet all worked together for the common good.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

My first impressions include stories of crossing the plains, episodes with the Indians, the old Farr Fort built before I was born. As I grew, I became acquainted with the physical assets, father had acquired: the grist mill, the sawmill, the store, the woolen factory, and the various farms cultivated by the family. Father began building the first sawmill January 16, 1850, only four days after his arrival. At the same time a grist mill was also planned. Men were set to work digging out rock for the building; others were started on a canal, and a dam to bring water out of the river across the bench to furnish power for these two important projects, both of which were completed in time for the grist mill to grind all the wheat raised in the valley that year.

It was a hard job to find rock in the surrounding mountains of suitable grain for the burrs, and to dress and install the stones after they were obtained. But it was a great help to the people who were coming in with the frequent Mormon companies to have a grist mill in the Weber area. It saved them a four or five day trip to Neff's mill south of Salt Lake City, the only other mill in the territory. Father acted as millwright, and a Mr. Campbell, a non-Mormon, was his assistant.

Being called to preside over the Weber settlement, father set to work at once to organize a branch of the church; and following the pattern set by the authorities in Salt Lake, he organized the Weber County Militia in February 1850. For protection against the Indians, four forts were partially erected under his direction: Goodyear or Brown's Fort; Farr's Fort; Bingham Fort; and Mound Fort. The first store established in Weber County was opened by Mr. Devorsen in Farr's Fort in 1850. The first schoolhouse, 20' by 30', was used by the church and the school. Two bridges built in 1849 over the Ogden and Weber Rivers were washed out in the spring of 1850, and had to be replaced.

Throughout the fall and winter, a stream of colonists came into the county. In the fall of 1850, Brigham Young sent 100 families to Ogden at one time. These had to be located and supplied with provisions for the winter. Most of them settled in Farr's Fort temporarily, owing to the threatening attitude of the Indians.

Irrigation canals were built; streets and mudholes were covered with gravel to make travel possible. People had to be cared for and put to work, and finally given a location on some land. Soon, some of them began to branch out into other settlements under the direction of Lorin Farr.

CENSUS OF 1851

The census of 1851 shows the population of Weber County to be 1141, a gain of a thousand during the fall and winter.

These were drawn from an amazing assortment of occupations, due to people in all walks of life accepting the gospel and coming to Utah. According to the census, there were 200 farmers, 155 students, one schoolmaster, six teachers, 20 blacksmiths, 19 carpenters, 10 tailors, eight masons, five coopers, three saddlers, three millwrights, two wagon makers, one gardener, clerk, tanner, currier, potter, engineer, dentist, cabinet maker, machinist, woodcarver, soapmaker, dairyman, bookbinder, baker, artist, printer, peddler, tinker, chair maker, butcher, stonesmith, soldier, and sailor.

I mention the above facts to indicate somewhat the problems of my father, and to show the diversified natural and human resources put into action in the building of the new settlement. Men, women, and children with many talents and interests were coming from all lands, drawn by a common faith, and held together by a single purpose—to build homes in the wilderness and worship God according to their newly accepted faith. It was in this setting of pioneering, religious worship, and feverish activity that I began life.

What a child actually remembers and what he gets indirectly from his parents and others blend into a memory pattern of childhood. I have a clear impression of mother's simple home-made furniture—a rough board four legged table, a wooden four-legged bench about four feet long, two or three stools, a home-made rocking chair, and a home-made criss-cross cord bedstead. The rope could be tightened as it stretched. We children started life sleeping in a small trundle bed. In time, we knew the luxury of an oat straw tick, together with blankets. Buffalo robes, and bearskins further aided our winter comfort as time passed. Dishes were scarce, mostly tin plates and cups, pewter knives, forks, and spoons for common use. Our culinary water was supplied from a central bucket—well under the porch of the 21-room, three family residence.

The open fireplaces with burning logs furnished heat and a place to cook the food; a cheerful, comfortable place also for the family to gather and exchange experiences, and sing the songs of Zion, or bear testimony of the Divine purpose for which they had gathered to Zion. Each household was a center of activity. The women learned to card wool, and spin and weave the material into cloth for the family clothing, while the men were busy preparing protection against the Indians, building roads, and making the farmlands produce food for the future.

The first school in Weber County was taught in a private home near Brown's Fort during 1849-50 by Charilla Abbott. In the fall of 1850, a school building, perhaps the first in Ogden, was completed in Farr's Fort and school was opened, Sanford Bingham and a Mr. Walton being the teachers. Also in the fall of 1850, possibly a few weeks later another school was opened in Brown's Fort.

My mother was a noble and honest woman, truly one of the great souls sent by God to help lighten the trouble and burdens of pioneer life. She was kind and gentle, and considerate of men's weaknesses, and always working to correct their defects. She abhorred intoxicating liquor and all that went with it, constantly fighting the source from which it came, putting the blame on its origin instead of the unfortunate victim. She was never known to do a dishonest act or take advantage of a fellow being. In her private home, she had full control of her children without the whip or harsh words. No one ever remembers of her whipping one of her children, yet she had full control and received the greatest respect and obedience from them.

Pioneer Home Life

In our younger lives, she led in family prayers, said grace upon the food. Her home was a house for the young and was often filled with joy, laughter, and song; for many socials, such as peach cutting bees, molasses candy pulls, cornshuckings, weddings, dancing, quilting, and home gatherings were held there. It was a common custom for the entire neighborhood to participate in such gatherings, acting as one big happy family, old and young taking part alike without distinction of age.

She was the mistress of her own home. Father did not interfere with her work and actions, knowing that she did whatever would be for the advantage of both. Her house was always clean and tidy, and she added improvements whenever she was financially able. Father was out of the city much of the time, on railroad work, attending to legislative, church and civic business, but always called at each home to instruct us boys what work we were to do. The work may have been on the farm, at the mill, the store, hauling rock to protect the road, or to the mountains for lumber and firewood. We always had plenty of work laid out in advance, so we lost no time in preparing.

Other items of interest concerning pioneer days in Ogden have left their impression on me. Game was plentiful: geese, ducks, sage hens, pheasants, rabbits, deer, elk, mountain sheep, bear, mountain lion, panthers, wolves, foxes, muskrats, mink, otter, all thrived, with abundance of fish in our streams. In the early seventies, beaver caps and gloves were in common use by men, and woolen shawls were worn by women.

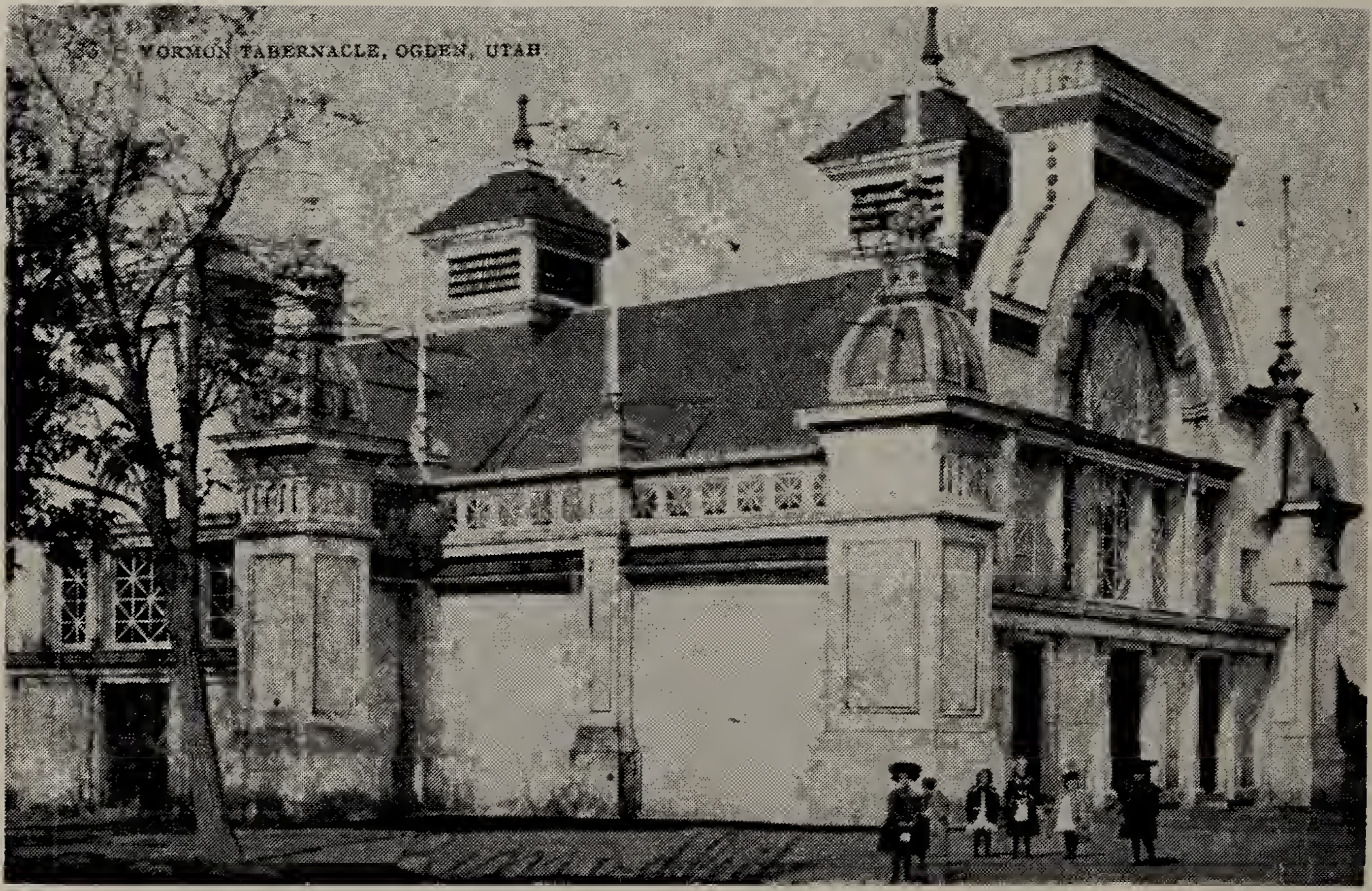
Flies, mosquitoes, bedbugs were almost as thick as the sands of the seashore. The traveling man's idea—before going to bed he asked the landlady if there were any bedbugs in the house. She replied "not a single bug in the house." The next morning coming down to breakfast, he said, "Madam, you told the truth. You haven't a single bedbug but you have a thousand married ones, all with big families." This seemed possible as I slept in the attic at the woolen mill one winter, and by spring it seemed to me that a national bedbug convention was in session and I in the middle of it. At the close of winter, I could shake them off the blankets. I then hung the blankets up for two weeks, as mother refused to allow me to bring them home.

Father was the first Mayor of Odgen City. He served continuously from April 7, 1851 to February 13, 1871, at which time he was replaced by Lester J. Herrick, who served until February 11, 1877. At this time, father was again elected, and served until February 9, 1879. Ogden was free from debt in 1871 when father left office, and shortly after, President Ulysses S. Grant issued the deed to Ogden City.

Ogden's first tithing office was located on the corner of 24th and Washington Boulevard. Ogden's first store was located in Farr's Fort in 1850. The first wagon train of merchandise came to Utah in 1849—brought by William Van Dyke. In 1864, Lorin Farr purchased a $30,000 stock of merchandise from Morse and Woolcot. It was the largest stock of merchandise brought to Ogden up to that time. Later, it was sold, together with Perry and Herrick's stock, forming the origin of the Z. C. M. I. in Ogden in 1866. Another event of 1866 was the coming to Ogden of D. H. Perry, bringing with him $40,000 in gold, concealed in a false bottom trunk. He received the gold for the sale of his business to Mr. James M. Witten, of Tazewell, Virginia, an Uncle to the girl I later married.

First Tabernacle

June 24, 1855, Brigham Young came to Ogden, checked the lines for the public square, and gave orders to build the tabernacle on the southeast corner of the square where James Brown was, at the time, building a two-story adobe residence. To make this possible, Mr. Brown was compensated with a piece of property on the other side of Washington Boulevard; and the tabernacle was completed in 1859—dedicated October


MORMON TABERNACLE, OGDEN, UTAH

Top: Original Ogden Tabernacle, completed in 1859.
Bottom: Ogden Tabernacle as it appeared later, after remodeling.

10th. During the winter of 1857-8, while Johnson's Army was threatening, the uncompleted building with a dirt floor was occupied by the Territorial Miltia.

John I. Hart came to Ogden about that time; and in 1859, organized the first choir to be heard in the building. There were 12 voices and they provided music for the sacrament services each Sunday afternoon. Continuing through the years, the group increased in size, and a small reed organ was provided. The choir became well known; and at various times was under the direction of "Thomas Hardy, Hugh Findlay, John Fowler, William Pearce, Wilford Hinchcliff, and George Hyde."*

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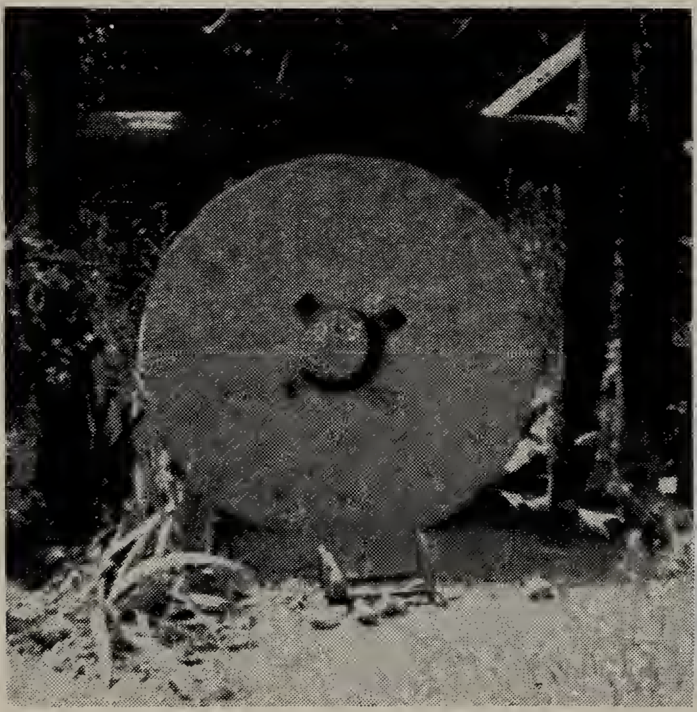
*From "Dedication of Ogden Tabernacle."

CHAPTER 3

PIONEER SETTINGS AND EPISODES

LORIN FARR'S HOLDINGS

FATHER had approximately 400 acres of land, more or less widely scattered. There was the East Farm, part of which was the location of Farr's Fort, the Saw Mill, Grist Mill, and the Woolen Factory (now known as the Old Mill site.) The Old Fort property has been in the family continuously since that time, a total of 106 years (1956). I purchased it myself in 1890, and still own it. At present the Fort Farm is fully covered by fruit trees, such as choice cherries, peaches, apples, and pears, with a beautiful stream of water running along its north border.



Old grist mill burr built 1850

Rock walls of old grist mill built in 1850

The West Farm consisted of 150 acres of land about three miles north-west of Ogden. Its north boundry is now Second Street, where the Utah General Depot stands. The property known as The Pasture, consisted of some 30 or 40 acres west of Grant Avenue, and north of the present 21st Street, part of which is now located east of the Becker Brewing Company.

The Mill Lot consisted of 50 acres, more or less, running from 19th Street to Canyon Road, part of which father gave to Uncle Aaron, his brother. Upon this property, now 19th and Washington Boulevard, his new 100-barrel-flour mill was located. Other property extended across the river and included all the land east of Adams from Canyon Road, hence to the east side of the old fort, thence south to the top of the hill south of the river.

Another piece of property, lay south of 20th Street, east from Washington to Adams Avenue, south to the middle of the block between 21st and 22nd Streets; also some land west of Washington Boulevard. Much of his property, father gave away, some to his brothers, part to other members of his family. Another part of it, he sold very cheap to unfortunate friends, immigrants, and others who needed it badly. Father's great desire was to help others.

On his various farms, he usually kept 40 to 100 head of cattle, 10 to 30 head of horses, and about 300 sheep, as well as many hogs and chickens. Between the farms, the saw mill, the grist mill, woolen mill, the store, and other miscellaneous activities, there was always plenty of work for us boys. And as for father himself, I never saw a busier man in my life. He had a man size job to look after 5 wives and 30 children; to provide for such a large family was a tremendous task—to clothe, provide food, educate his children, in addition to his Church and civic activities kept him busy at all times, especially in pioneer times when provisions were really scarce; yet I never remember from my earliest childhood of ever being short of food.

We had plenty of flour, cornmeal, fruit and vegetables, and in the fall the cellars were full of potatoes, loads of pumpkins and squash, and a year's supply of wheat in the bin. There was sufficient hay in the barn, and stacks of wheat, oats, barley, and corn, as well as bran and shorts, for some 300 head of sheep, 150 head of cattle, and 20 to 40 horses.

Each family was provided with two or more hogs to be killed before Christmas, also a cow for milk and butter, and as many chickens as the family desired. A garden plot was also provided for each family to raise all the vegetables they needed. A full block of fruit trees gave each family an abundant supply of fruit, especially apples and peaches. The peach in pioneer times was small and not equal to the improved varieties of the present day. But they were plentiful, and to us they were delicious. They could also be dried and sold. Mother practically furnished her home by drying and selling peaches.

Preparing Our Own Food

It was usually my job to climb the trees and pick the peaches or shake the branches so the fruit would fall into a canvas cloth being held underneath. Others would fill wash tubs, buckets, and baskets, and carry them to the house, ready for the evening cutting bee, where neighbors and friends were invited to gather, and lend a helping hand. After all the peaches were cut, the party would then participate in an evening of fun, such as a molasses candy pull, with old fashioned fried cakes, pies, apple cider, and other refreshments. It was quite amusing to see the old folks, and fun for the young to see what the young could get out of the many antics in the candy pulling. All in all, it was an evening of entertainment, as well as a way of getting our peach cutting done quickly. The following morning, we would place the fruit on 12-inch board drying scaffolds, ready for the sun to do its work. After the fruit was dried and ready for market, it was usually my task to take it to the store, where we received about ten cents a pound.

There was lots of hard work to it, but we got by and had a few cents for pin money after the majority was used for household purposes. I said a little pin money. No, it was a mighty big dollar if we were fortunate enough to hold on to one. Every fall, each family put in eight or ten smoked hams, a barrel of salted side meat shanks; and for our immediate use, a dishpan full of old fashioned sausage, as well as a good supply of link sausage, spareribs, fresh side meat, tenderloins, hearts, livers, pigs feet, and pure lard.

Usually, a common breakfast consisted of hot biscuits, ham, or fresh side meat, plenty of eggs, fried in pure lard or butter, and sometimes hot cakes with butter and can molasses (sorgum). Lunch was usually eaten from a dinner pail on the farm or wherever our work happened to be. Supper was sometimes a full course meal, fully equal to our banquets of today; but most of the time, it consisted of cornmeal mush and milk, homemade salt rising bread and milk, with plenty of cream and old-fashioned hominy.

That reminds me, Aunt Sarah used to say, "My children don't like milk."

"No wonder," remarked Aunt Nancy, "Sarah skims the milk, cuts it in the middle and skims it again." You see, people are not all alike; and there are many reasons for our likes and dislikes. Usually, we were blessed with a good supply of food, as our farm provided much of our living.

A Rare Coin

From earliest childhood, the old Farr Fort, now long abandoned, but an ever present reminder of the first stirring years after the settlement of Ogden, has occupied a vivid place in my mind. On May 10, 1926, in company with Mr. C. England, and a Mr. Bradley, I picked up a five-dollar pure gold coin near the center of what had once been the fort. The coin had been lying on the ground some 76 years. The land had been freshly plowed and heavy rains had washed the dirt away sufficient to enable us to detect the coin.

After rubbing and examining it more closely, and not knowing for certain just what it was, I took it to J. S. Lewis Jewelry store, and on more expert examination, found it to be an authentic five-dollar gold piece, minted in Salt Lake City in 1849 by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, shortly after the establishment of the Provisional Government of the State of Deseret, which functioned for a short time prior to the authorization of Utah Territory under the United States Government.

I claim the above to be the original coin and not a souvenir copy. In order to avoid copying the original coin, the words "Pure Gold" must have been inserted. At that time, Utah was a "Provisional Government and not a pure gold government. My coin says nothing about pure gold government. I am unable to find any authority to justify the change. The change to pure gold meant nothing, only as a souvenir while Provisional Government was the then governing power.

The mint issued such denominations as $1,00, $2.50, $5.00, $10.00 and $20.00 gold pieces; it was in the Deseret State mint that the first United States twenty dollar gold piece was minted. REFERENCE: Brigham Young related to Colonel Kane, that quote "the first twenty dollar gold pieces issued in the United States were coined in Deseret State mint in Salt Lake City from some of the gold dust discovered by some of the Mormon Battalion at Mormon Island, California. The Ref.: Northern Utah and Southern Idaho—Page 14.

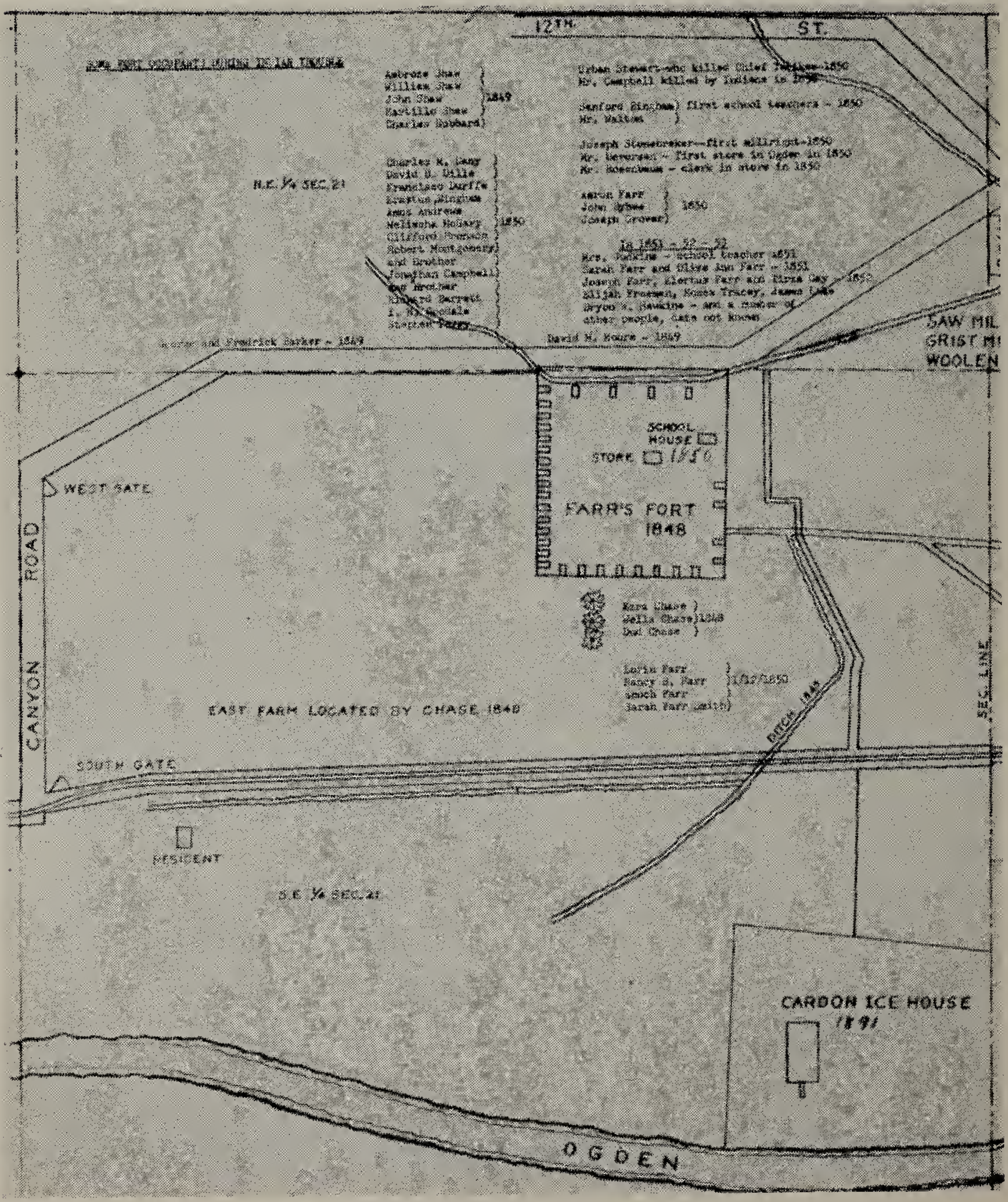
The Provisional Government passed out of existance Feb. 3, 1851 at the time Brigham Young took the oath of office as Utah's first Governor.

The gold piece is about the size of five-dollar gold pieces coined many years later under the authority of the U. S. Government. The inscriptions on the coin are as follows: on the rim, G.S.L.C.P.G. I interpret this to mean Great Salt Lake City, Provisional Government. Near the center, the insignia, "two clasped hands," directly above the date, "1849." On the lower rim, "five dollars;" on the opposite side, around the entire rim, "Holiness to the Lord;" near the center a figure resembling a bee hive; beneath it, the insignia, The "all-seeing Eye." I value the coin as a family memento of great historical significance, it being one of the original coins made in the great Salt Lake valley from gold brought in from California and other points.

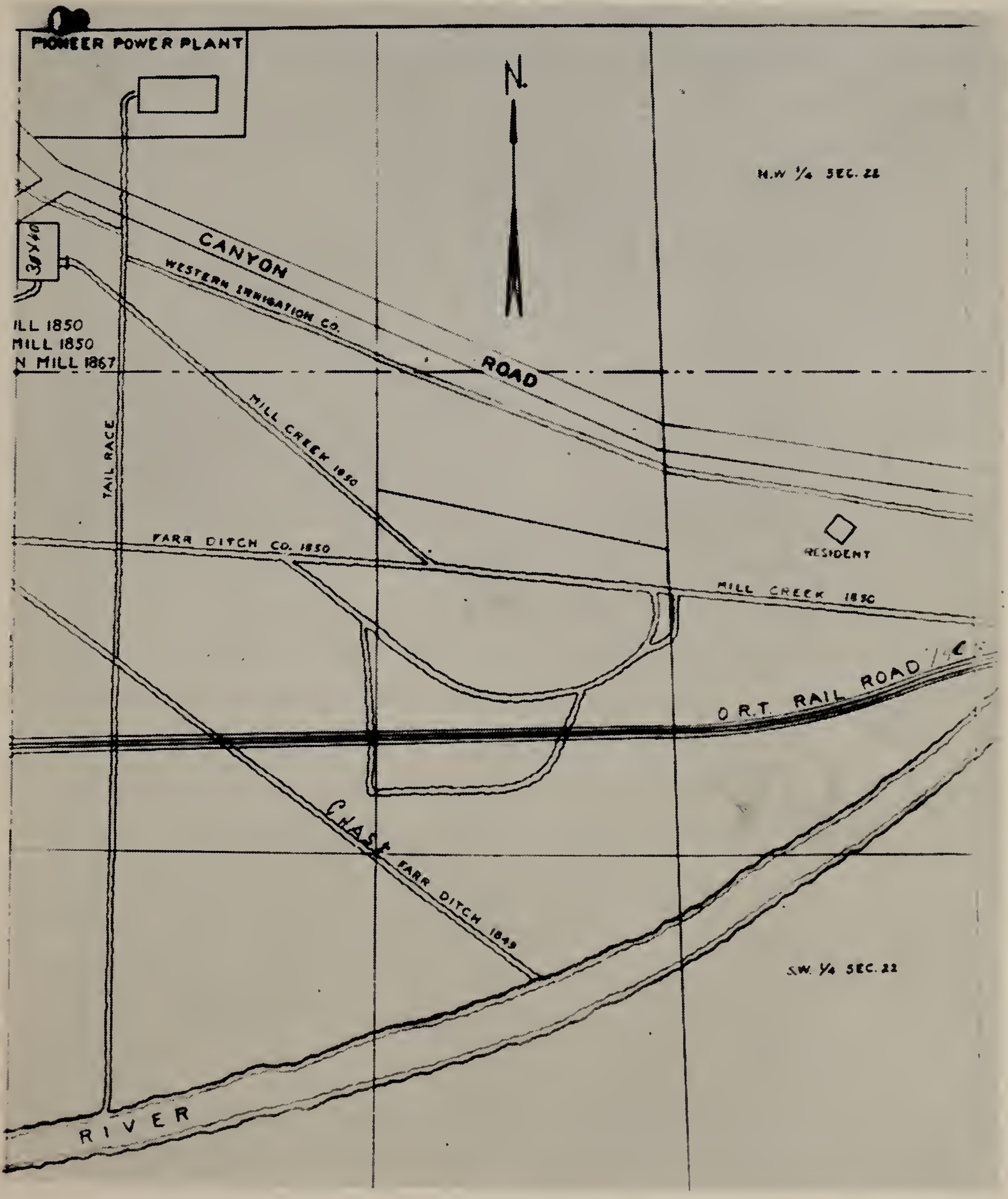
The coin must have been lost between 1849 and 1852, the time the fort was occupied. During those years there was much activity in the crowded fort enclosure, and it is easy to see how the coin could have been lost. People were buying and selling at the store, trading horses, attending church—in fact the fort was the center of their community life. To my mind, the gold piece is a connecting link between the past and the present; and I want to record sufficient descriptive detail about Farr's Fort to enable those of later generations to appreciate the fateful events with which it is associated.

Farr's Fort

Farr's Fort consisted of about five acres with cabins built end to end around its border, except on the north, where Mill Creek acted as a shield to the settlers. Where there were necessary spaces between the cabins, strong stockaded cottonwood


12TH ST.
Ambrose Shaw
William Shaw
John Shaw
Martillo Shaw
Charles Hubbard
1849
Urban Stewart—who killed Chief Terikee—1850
Mr. Campbell killed by Indians in 1850
Sanford Bingham } first school teachers – 1850
Mr. Walton
Joseph Stonebraker—first millright—1850
Mr. Levensen – first store in Ogden in 1850
Mr. Rosenbaum – clerk in store in 1850
N.E. ¼ SEC. 21
Charles K. Dany
David B. Dille
Franciseo Durffe
Erastus Bingham
Amos Andrews
Nelleshe McGary
Clifford Branson
Robert Montgomery and Brother
Jonathan Campbell and Brother
Richard Barrett
I. N. Goodale
Stephen Perry
1850
Aaron Farr
John Sykes
Joseph Grover
1850
In 1851 – 52 – 53
Mrs. Jenkins – school teacher 1851
Sarah Farr and Olive Ann Farr – 1851
Joseph Farr, Elertus Farr and Tirza Gay – 1852
Elijah Freeman, Moses Tracey, James Lake
Bryon S. Hawkins – and a number of other people, date not known
George and Fredrick Barker – 1849
David M. Moore – 1849
SAW MIL
GRIST MI
WOOLEN
SCHOOL HOUSE
STORE 1850
FARR'S FORT 1848
WEST GATE
CANYON ROAD
Ezra Chase
Bella Chase
Dol Chase
1848
Lorin Farr
Nancy B. Farr
Enoch Farr
Sarah Farr Smith
1/12/1850
EAST FARM LOCATED BY CHASE 1848
DITCH 1848
SEC. LINE
SOUTH GATE
RESIDENT
S.E. ¼ SEC. 21
CARDON ICE HOUSE 1891
OGDEN

Map of Farr's Fort and surroundings


PIONEER POWER PLANT
N.
N.W ¼ SEC. 22
30X40
CANYON ROAD
WESTERN IRRIGATION CO.
ILL 1850
MILL 1850
N MILL 1867
TAIL RACE
MILL CREEK 1850
FARR DITCH CO. 1850
RESIDENT
MILL CREEK 1850
O.R.T. RAIL ROAD
CHASE FARR DITCH 1849
S.W. ¼ SEC. 22
RIVER

poles were placed firmly in the ground, extending some twelve feet into the air, closely tied together and woven at the top.

Lorin Farr's house, sheds, and corrals, occupied the south border, while Ambrose, John, and William Shaw, Jonathan Campbell, Richard Berrett, the Montgomery brothers, John Bybee, Charles Hubbard, George and Frederick Barker, Clinton Bronson, Amos Andrews, Francisco Dufee, David B. Dille, Moses Tracy and others occupied the rest of the outside borders.

Culinary water was obtained from a spring in the southwest corner of the fort, where about a half second foot of clear pure water constantly flowed the year around; also where meadow grass such as redtop, timothy, and jointrush grew abundantly knee deep to waist high. In later years around this spring, we, the boys and hired help would make our noon-day dinner a pleasure by lying on the soft grass for a brief relaxing rest. We usually enjoyed some lively conversation also, and on many occasions, added a little boxing, wrestling, and other boyish pranks.

Close by and near the center of the fort, Mr. Devorsen had a store, assisted by Rosenbaum; this most likely, was the first store in Weber County and northern Utah.

Having but little or no material, the log cabin doors were hung by leather or buckskin straps for hinges, with wooden latches for locks and a buckskin string extending through the door, hanging on the outside for entering the home.

A number of babies were born in the fort, of whom three were Farrs, Joseph, Elertus, and Tirza; also David M. Moore, Miss Bybee and others.

Death of Chief Terikee

The Fort at one time was occupied by all the settlers north of Ogden River; more especially during the Indian troubles, one of which was very serious on September 23, 1850, after the killing of Chief Terikee of the Shoshone tribe by Urban Stewart, and the retaliation by the Indians, resulting in the killing and scalping of Mr. Campbell, a non-Mormon headed for California, who was helping my father as assistant millwright.

The circumstances connected with the killing of Chief Terikee by Stewart are set forth in a letter written by my father Lorin Farr to President Brigham Young September 16, 1850.

President B. Young Sir: I write a few lines to inform you of what has transpired here which is something that is grevious to me, which is this: One of our citizens has killed one of the Shoshone Chiefs by the name of Terikee. The circumstances are these: The chief's band of Indians have been camped near here for some time back. Yesterday, his band left here for Bear River to winter there. The Chief and his family did not leave until just at night. He wanted to stop and bid us goodbye. He left here just before sundown, went up three miles onto a creek close by where Brother Stewart lives and camped. Just before bedtime, Brother Stewart went into his garden and heard an Indian in his corn. He said he was picking the corn, he told him to leave, he walked off slowly, he (Brother Stewart) went into his house and himself and another young man came out with their guns (but) the Indians had not got out of the cornfield. He told him to go, he did not as fast as he wanted to have him and he (snapped) busted a cap at him but his gun did not go(off) the young man fired and missed him. Bro. Stewart snapped again, his gun went off and killed the Indian; he Stewart, moved his family immediately into this settlement. The Youtah band had camped not far from them (the Shoshones) three or four miles off. They got word of the death, went this morning and helped the family bury him (Terikee). What the result will be when his band hears of it I don't know but I expect that nothing but (the giving up) of the man that shot him will satisfy them. I am at a loss to know what course to pursue. I would like to have some council from you. I would like to have Bro. Dimick Huntington or Barney Ward come up as soon as they can, and talk with them. I would like an answer as soon as possible.

Yours with respect,
LORIN FARR

Immediately after the shooting of the Chief in the corn field on Four-Mile Creek, now known as Harrisville, Stewart went directly to David Moore and told him what he had done. Moore severely chastised Stewart and then the two notified Lorin Farr about 2 A.M. the next morning. This act meant trouble for the whites so Mr. Farr instructed Stewart to bring his family to his home and for him to get out of the country as his life would surely be demanded. Farr and Moore immediately notified Brown's Fort; also dispatched Mr. Moore to Salt Lake City to notify Brigham Young to send help. Brigham complied with 150 mounted militia that evening. Mr. Farr also sent 12 to 14 men to notify all the scattered settlers to bring in the stock and come to the fort immediately. Before all the settlers could come to the fort, the Indians on their way north at the point now known as Brigham City, had been notified by the Chief's little son who was the Chief at the time of his death. The Indians immediately returned, wild with rage and struck out for revenge. Some of the men returning from Ogden Hole district, now North Ogden, by way of the foothills, while Ambrose Shaw and his partner took the main road. The Indians made a dash for Shaw and his friend, but their horses were too fast for the Indians and they made it safely to the Fort. Cliff Brownson, one of another party, got to the Fort, but as he entered the Fort his horse dropped to the ground dead. Mr. Campbell, who was with Marcello

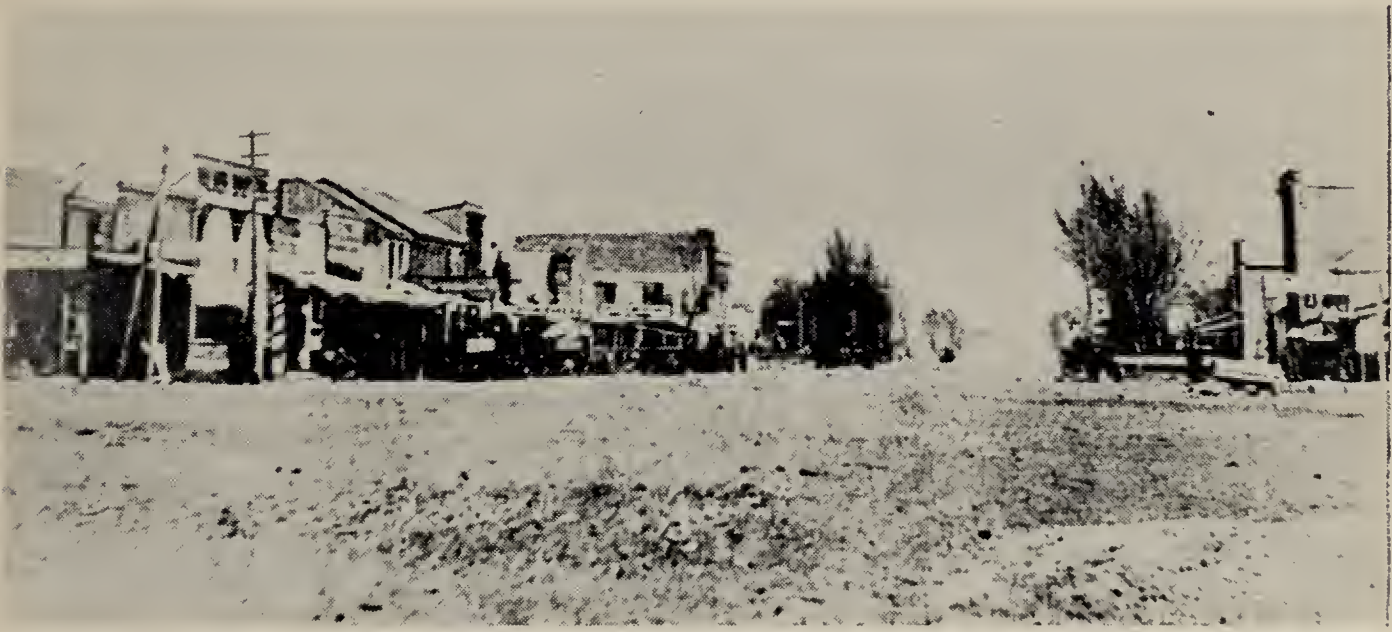
Shaw, was not so fortunate and lost his life after being shot and scalped. Shaw was chased to the entrance of the fort.

David Moore recorded in his diary, as told by his son, Joseph: "The few days after the killing of Chief Terikee, Little Soldier, Chief of the Ute band of 90 warriors who were camped on the junction of the Ogden and Weber Rivers took up the spirit of revenge, together with his band of warriors, and joined the Terikee band, and with a war-whoop, feathers flying, rode at full speed toward Frederick Barker's home in a little log cabin on a sagebrush flat some distance east of Washington Boulevard and 12th Street, then only a wagon trail through the sagebrush."

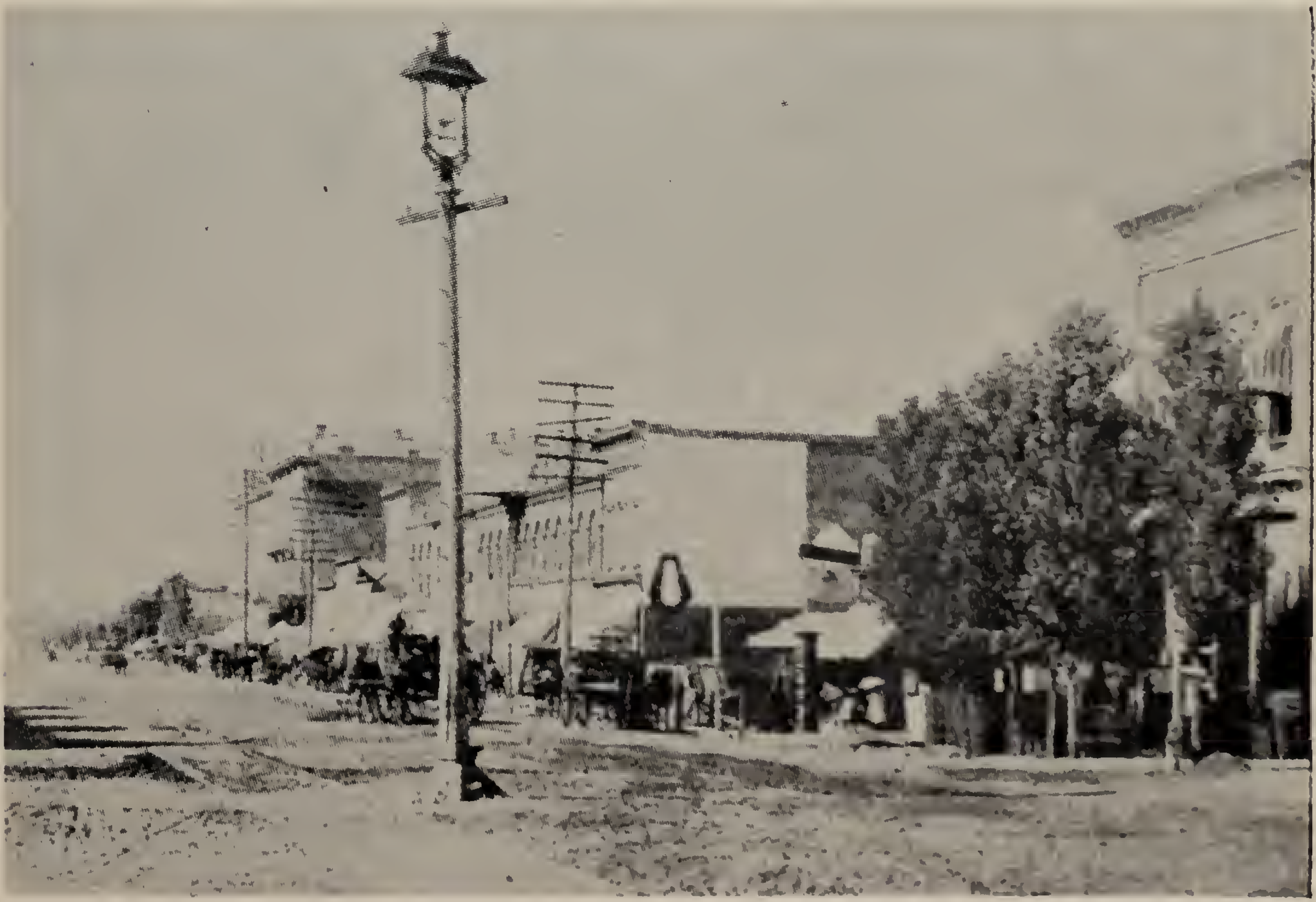
Indians On Warpath

Living a short distance from Widow Barker, David Moore, hearing the war whoops and firing of guns, went out of his house to see the cause of the commotion. To his great surprise and fear, he saw a band of Indians surrounding the Barker home, yelling, firing guns, and riding around the house. He expected every moment to see the house ablaze and the finish of the Barker family. Little Soldier then saw Mr. Moore, on the outside of his cabin some distance away and made a dash at full speed for him. Mr. Moore, knowing the temperament of an enraged Indian, also the tragedy of their Chief, realized the seriousness of the situation, and believing the end was now at hand, grabbed his rifle and prepared to fight to the end. As he was walking across the room, a voice plain and distinct said, "Don't take your gun." At that, he put the gun back in the corner and walked out with his arms folded, calm and collected, into the front yard, watching the Indians running at full speed around the house, accompanied with all the vigor and fire that a frenzied band of Indian warriors could make. After a number of circles, Chief Little Soldier lined up facing Moore, together with many of his band. Moore called out to him in a clear, bold voice, saying "Little Soldier, why do you want to kill me?" At that moment, Little Soldier raised his gun and fired directly over Moore's head. Moore thought this was the signal for his finish, but keeping calm, told Little Soldier that he was the Indians' friend, and that all the whites regretted the killing of Chief Terikee; Bishop Moore being an Indian peacemaker and a friend to the Indians, pursuaded the Indians to go up to the White Chief, Lorin Farr, and they would discuss what to do. Little Soldier demanded that Stewart be turned over to the Indians within a certain time, giving a certain period of the sun, designating what time that should be, pointing to the sun.

They all proceeded to Farr's Fort where they met Lorin Farr and discussed a settlement of their Chief's death. The Indians' demands were still the surrender of Stewart, which would be the only solution. Both Farr and Moore being cool heads, and both of them friends to the Indians, helped to soften the hearts of the Indians. Nevertheless, the Indians' demand was Stewart's surrender. No argument or talk could be made until they had smoked the pipe of peace. They then sat down in a large room in the Farr cabin in a circle, and after Farr and Moore passed the pipe around the circle, they proceeded with the discussion. Mr. Farr telling them that he and Chief Terikee were good friends; that Terikee and his family had come to his home and bade them goodbye the day before Terikee was killed. With much persuasion, Farr and Moore told the policy of the settlers to be friendly and helpful to the red men. When the Indians departed nothing seemed to satisfy them except the surrender of Stewart. It seems that before the time set for his surrender had expired, the Indians learned of aid coming from Salt Lake. They then changed their course, taking their Chief's body with them, they headed north. The relief company of 150 men followed the Indians as far north as Cache Valley, but failed to catch up with them and abandoned the chase. I understand that Little Soldier later became friendly toward the whites, and joined the Church.



Top: Ogden City about 1860—Main Street between 4th and 5th St. Now known as 24th and 25th.



Bottom: Looking north on east side of Washington Boulevard from Twenty-fifth Street, 1880's.

Chapter 4

YOUTHFUL EXPERIENCES

On account of the variety of father's businesses, it fell to my lot to participate in most of these activities. As a youngster I was too small for heavy work, but barefooted as I was, I often carried warm dinners to the older brothers and hired help, as well as working on the East Farm, a mile from home, herding sheep and cattle. Sometimes, it was rather difficult going through the tall hay, red top, timothy, and joint rush. Our feet were tough however, and we gave it little notice.

The work grew harder as my age went on, so it wasn't long before I was initiated as a full fledged teamster at the age of 15. This put me in line to get acquainted with the mowing machine, the rake, the reaper, self binder, plowing, cultivating; hoeing, and a hundred different things on the farm, as well as teaming for the flour mill, hauling carloads of wheat from railroad car to mill, and flour, bran, and shorts, back to the car for out-of-town shipments.

What a relief—yes I may say a revelation, when father brought home a mowing machine to cut the meadow which previously had been harvested by the sythe and snath. Soon after, a grain reaper was bought to cut the grain. Oh, the backaches, we missed by their use! But let me say right here it was no easy job to follow the reaper, or dropper, or self rake. All these machines required the hand follow-up binding.

Then, there was the sugar cane which had to be stripped, cut, and topped, and hauled to the molasses mill. The broom corn had to be topped and seeded, then taken to Scowville's broom factory.

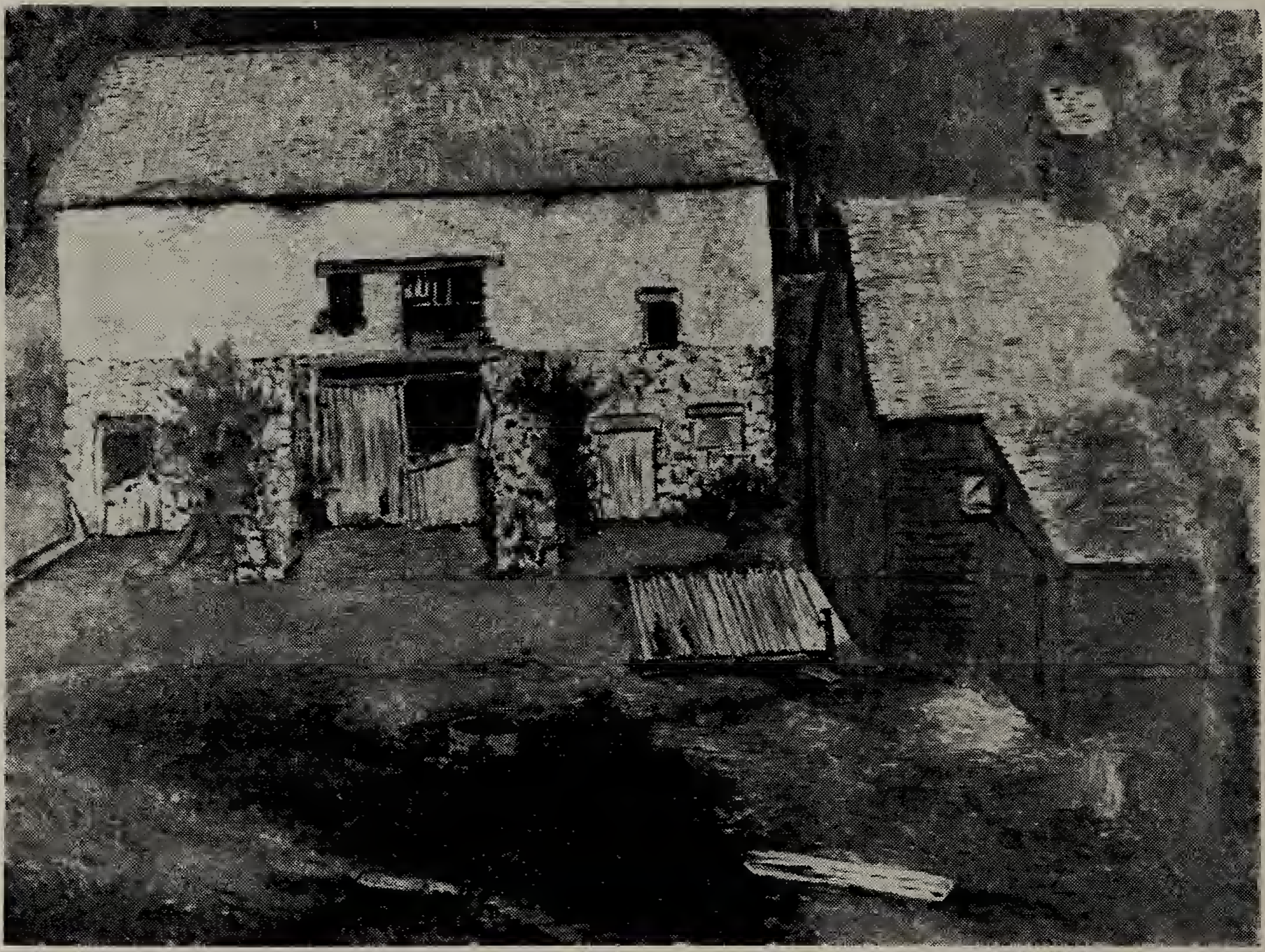
1132088

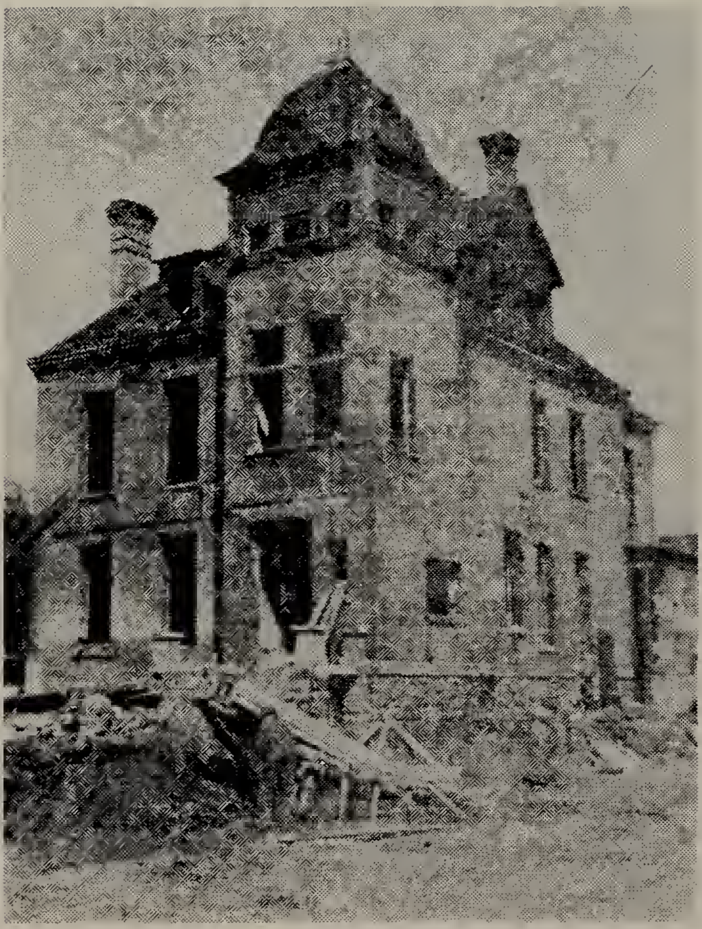
Farming Experiences

Some of the boys didn't like farming too well, so it shoved extra work on those who would. My brothers Tom, Lack, Ase, and I did our share of it and perhaps a little for the others. We used to rebuke brother Newt when hoeing corn, sugar cane, and potatoes. We would all start together at the beginning of the row, and before we were half through we could see a cloud of dust along his row and Newt sitting down at the end resting. The biggest objection we had was when the next day arrived we had to go over his row again. That's the way we equalized things; so it was the old saying, "George, you do it."

So my young life was full of a variety of pioneering, a mixture of farming, flour mill, store, hauling wood from the canyon, fighting high water to protect our land, as the river ran through a mile of it; fighting hords of grasshopers, railroading, assistant school teaching. A mixture of many such activities made life one round of experiences.

Father was pretty reasonable with us. We could quit any time during the day, early or late, except when we were working on a special job; but we always had so much work to do it was hard to quit very early. Our usual time to get up was about 5 A.M., when we would feed, harness, and curry the team, and milk the cow. Then, we were ready for breakfast—early enough to get our team on the wagon, ready to start our day's work at 7 A.M. Quitting time was usually between 6 and 7 P.M., with nothing to do but go home, attend to the team, water and unharness, bed them down, feed them oats, corn, and hay; then after attending the cow and milking, we were ready for our suppers; after that the wood had to be cut and brought into the house—all this was just part of the day's chores.





Top: From original painting of Lorin Farr barn by Birde Wotherspoon Reeder, 1906.

Coming down . . . built in 1889 by Ogden's first mayor, Lorin Farr, this house at Twenty-first and Washington was one of the finest in the intermountain country in its day. Razing of the home to make way for a food market illustrates the spread of business houses northward along Washington boulevard.

THE OLD ADOBE BARN

The old adobe barn was the winter playground for the neighborhood—the barn being 90x100 feet, three stories high. The center of the ground floor was used for carriages and machinery, while the two sides for horses and grain bins. Hay-racks were built so the horses could be fed sufficient hay for two days before replenishing. The second floor originally was used for a threshing floor, where all kinds of grain, beans and such items were flayed and fanned by the wind, ready for the grist mill. Loads of hay were driven in on the second floor to be unloaded into the north and south bays during the summer cuttings for winter use.

As soon as time and labor were available, a fanning mill was added, after which Tim Terry came with his four-team power threshing machine. The horse power was connected to the machine by a long drive shaft and belt. It was a welcome machine for the farmer; but let me tell you, to stay all day at the tail end of that machine and mow away the straw was something pitiful, and a job to be avoided if one could get out of it. Yet it was just another day of farming.

In the winter, the second floor of the barn was used for milking and feeding the cows their mess of bran and shorts, pumpkins and squash and hay, as well as keeping them warm and dry while milking. The second floor was also a common playhouse for the neighborhood children. The hill on each side of the barn was well patronized in the winter for sleding, which was indulged in by old and young alike. Apostle John Henry Smith, coming to Ogden, would avail himself of the fun and mingle with the boys and girls on the hill-side frolics.

In the summer time, a semi-circle open shed, adjoining and east of the barn, was usually used for the neighborhood sleeping quarters for many unmarried men and boys. The shed, about 300 feet long, was constructed of pine poles for posts and stringers, covered with cane squeezings and straw. The shed petitioned off in pens for the bulls, cows, lambings, was partly enclosed in summer. During stormy weather, the boys would roll up their bedding and rush for the barn, with Indians sometimes crowding in. The straw stack was common sleeping quarters. A very common practice was outdoor sleeping for unmarried men in the summer.

A cool spring under the barn was piped or boxed, and ran out from under the barn to about 40 feet in front, where it was enclosed in a box for watering horses and livestock. The horned stock and the sheep watered from a stream of water which ran through the two acre corral east of the barn. On the hill flat south of the barn Indians often pitched their winter wicky-ups. Speaking of oddities, we had one horse named Charlie who was never known to have lain down to sleep.

Hauling Lumber

Hauling native lumber from the sawmills east of Monte Cristo was one of the early industries which supplied the material for the building of the majority of the early houses, barns, sheds, and bridges. One of my trips occurred in this manner: Lumber hauling was not an easy job, nor necessarily a hard one, but an early necessity. Driving over old rocky, rough, rutty, precipitous, narrow mountain roads with a load of native pine freshly sawed and still green, made lumber hauling expensive. This was due to the excessive breakage of wagon tongues, hounds, wheels, axles—in fact every part of the wagon; the greater the carelessness, the more the breakage, one must be skilled in passing over the solid rock jump-offs. It was so easy to dish a wheel.

Camping at nights in rain, snow, and frozen lumpy ground was only part of the day's work. The canyon roads were rough, full of rocks, ruts, tree stumps, mud holes, steep pitches with turnouts on a one-way road for opposite passing. The whole 30 miles of canyon were more or less strewn with broken wagon equipment. Most all the lumber for building material was hauled this way until outside lumber was brought in by the railroad.

On one occasion, brother Lack (Valasco) and I were sent to the Downs saw mill, east of Monte Cristo each with a separate team. After putting on a half load at the saw mill on each wagon, we would double up with each wagon in order to get to the top of Monte Cristo Divide, and then return to the saw mill for the other half. After getting each load to the top of the Divide and binding the lumber, so it would not slide forward, we were ready for the down-hill grade after dark. I took the lead wagon, sitting on top in front of the lumber with my feet dangling over the horses' tails, line in one hand and rope in the other, holding the Mormon brake.

The down hill was very steep and road sidling made it doubly difficult to keep the wagon hub from striking the lower bank of the road. I thought I was doing pretty good in keeping the front wheels from sliding down into the bank, when all of a sudden my front hub slid and struck a large stump root which threw one of my horses on his side on top of the bank and there I was—my wagon jammed in the bank on a steep grade down hill with one horse on his back, unable to get up and the night growing darker. Brother Lack, seeing what had happened, yelled out, "I told you to keep the horses heads up." Well, I tried my best but it stuck just the same. After an hour or two we eventually got loose from the stump and started down again. As brother Lack was passing the same place, he, too, struck the same stump, and there was another delay, with lots of thinking, language, and hard work.

Eventually, we were on our way again. The night was dark as a stack of black cats, and each one of us with our feet dangling over the horses' tails. We gave the horses their heads, and with a firm grip on the brake ropes, allowed our wagons to go over the rough roads slowly. We finally got to the bottom of Dry Bread Canyon in Beaver about 11 P.M. After watering our horses and giving them a little oats and hay, we threw our blankets on as soft a rock as we could find, and were soon in slumber land. A couple of skunks kept running over the bottom of the bed to get at our lunch box. We didn't dare throw a boot at them; it was just too dangerous; so we raised up carefully and shewed them off a number of times during the night. Of course, at daylight the next morning, we were on the road for home, and this became just another trip.

On other trips, we were usually warned by the horses if any bears or other wild animals were around searching for food. This was quite common during the night; we took little notice of such experiences.

Accidents, Sanitary Conditions

They say accidents happen in the best of families. One of mine happened thus: one day while walking down the hill back of brother Ren, he threw his ax over his shoulder and knocked out two of my teeth. And on another occasion, while I was feeding the ax with some white willows for the old kitchen stove, well, my right hand center finger got in the way of Ren's ax and about an inch was severed off, leaving only a little skin to hold it together as it lay in the palm of my hand. Father, using some pioneering experience, splintered it back, Now, after eighty odd years, the scars are still there, but there was no doctor bill.

Well, to get even with brother Ren, while we were playing in the old blacksmith shop, by the side of the old ox-shoeing rack, we threw a rope over the center beam, then tied the rope around me, and pulled me to the top several times. Then, Ren's turn came, and with his aid at the rope we soon had him to the top, when he said, "Now, I'll let loose, and you hold me up." The result was, I started up, but let loose, and he came down head first, breaking his collar bone. With mother's aid, we carried him to the house, so you see we evened the score and the world goes on and on.

Experiences with crickets, grasshoppers, army worms, and wood ticks were common; but I remember an occasion when we became infested with body and head lice from an unfortunate brother, who with his wife and two children occupied our upstairs rooms for several days. When they left, those little animals—the lice—seemed to have organized themselves into an army as a bodyguard, and we found them entrenched in the bed. Oh, my, just what would you do?

Well, mother sure got busy. I'm glad she was a good natured saint. The blankets and quilts went into the wash tub; the bed straw out into the yard. Then, a general house cleaning began, including a sulphur fumigation. I guess mother will get her reward in heaven. She surely didn't get it here. Nevertheless, her home and her services were always available to poor people, especially new converts, who needed help.

In the early days sanitary conditions were not the best. It was sometimes hard to keep the milk separated from the manure. A yarn is told about Moses Thatcher giving instructions to his hired man, who was going out to milk the cows. "Take two buckets," instructed Moses, "one to put the milk in; the other to put the manure in." Such precautions were often necessary.

Many primitive and amusing things happened. Long before street paving started in Ogden, water ran down the dirt street gutters from the old Weber Bench Canal, then running along the foothills from the Weber River to the old mill race at 19th street. Laterals coursed down the graveled gutters from 21st to 28th Street. Flash floods were common during rainy weather; otherwise, the water was clear, and thirsty throats were often quenched from the ditches.

One day, while passing 25th Street and Grant Avenue, I saw a squaw with her newly born baby, the baby sitting in the ditch, the mother holding the baby's head out of the water, while she gently gave it its first bath. Then, she tenderly wrapped the new-born babe in a warm blanket, and with comely dignity walked away.

I guess this could be duplicated today if necessity required.

CHAPTER 5

SCHOOL DAYS

A wide variety of items logically come under the heading: "School Days," experiences from kindergarten to young manhood, in the classroom and out, work, play and sports, as well as activities involving self education.

For myself, I like to think of my school days as beginning by my mother's side, she being schooled in the manners of a good Norwegian home, where she developed special qualities, later instilled into the hearts of her children. My father's constant urge to promote early schooling by building both private and public schools was also a natural influence in my life. But much of my education was gained by hard knocks doing the jobs required of me in a pioneer community.

Settlers in Weber County, as elsewhere among the Latter-day Saints, lost no time in getting an educational program started. As early as 1849-50, Charilla Abbot held school in a private home near Brown's Fort. In the fall of 1850, the 20' by 30' building in the center of Farr's Fort was completed, and Mr. Walton and Sanford Bingham gave instruction during the winter of 1850-51. The next year, Mrs. Judkins became the teacher. At Brown's Fort, also in the fall of 1850, a one room log house was built for school and church purposes. Soon, there was a school at Bingham Fort; and by 1853-54, a school at North Ogden contained 50 pupils.

Those who managed the first schools in the Ogden area were dedicated to their jobs, and unusually resourceful in their ability to make the most of their limited facilities. In 1854, the school marm at Bingham Fort devised an effective and unique method of keeping order in the classroom. She kept a supply of small wooden blocks about an inch in diameter, and required her pupils to put one of these blocks in their mouths, when necessary, to keep them from talking. Other teachers cut out blocks to represent the letters of the alphabet, or devised paper cuttings. Interest in education was always keen in spite of the physical limitations. Dirt floors, split log seats, and almost a complete lack of books and supplies might not seem very inviting compared to our modern day, but youngsters were eager to learn then as now. By the time I reached school age, we had better buildings and equipment, but the conditions were still of the pioneer type—many grades for each teacher, crowded quarters, and only a few months of school a year.

I first learned my ABCs in father's private neighborhood schoolhouse which was located at 2039 Washington Boulevard. It was a 20 by 30 building, used for school, meetings, and recreation functions until larger and better accommodations were available.

I remember back as far as when Frances Porter and Mamie Poulter were teachers. We had home-made wooden combined seats and desks. With slates and slate pencils, we would copy letters and figures written on a blackboard back of the teacher's desk. This was a private building, but used free of charge by the whole neighborhood. As the population grew, better accommodations were made. The first was a frame building located where the Grant Avenue school is now, about 2250 Grant Avenue.

As I grew to deacon's age, I was ordained a deacon, with other boys acted as janitor, building fires in the wood stoves, and filling the box behind the stove with sufficient wood to last for whatever service was going on; sweeping the floor, dusting the desks, or taking the desks and chairs out for a good old fashioned dance. In our Sunday school, being short of books, one bible or book would be used. As the class sat in a circle, we would read a verse, pass the book to the next person; and in that way, we were learning to read as well as getting some of the contents of the subject.

Prof. Louis F. Moench

I attended school in the Grant Building until 1878, when Prof. Louis F. Moench was secured as superintendent, and held his first year of school in the Weber County Courthouse on 24th Street. In the fall of 1879 the school was moved to Hadlock Hall, about 475 28th Street. The following year, 1880, the institution was moved to the Central School, a new building, where I attended two more years, making four years with Professor Moench at the beginning of the academy. The last year, I assisted as teacher, and many times was in charge of the school while the professor had outside interests to attend to. Ricey and William Jones, also Hattie Critchlow, were assistant teachers later.

When a boy was old enough to work in those days, his school year was shortened to the period from October 15 to March 1, at which time it was necessary to bring out the plow and prepare for the spring planting.

In class work, Professor Moench's desk was in the center of the room, against the north wall. As each class was called, the pupils would sit in a circle facing the teacher. Reading, spelling, geography, grammar, and all other classes would recite by reading or catechising. For instance in geography, Professor Moench said to me, "John, please arise," and after questioning me about the main cities, rivers, and countries, etc., he said, "All right, John, you don't have to study geography any longer." I must have been satisfactory, as that was my passing certificate, by word only.

On one occasion, while I was a student of Professor Moench at the Central School, the question came up as to the correct way to identify the century in which we lived. I thought the 1800s, for example 1890, should be in the 18th Century. The teacher had me go to the board and write down a series of figures, representing the centuries as they passed. Finally, I could see that the centuries were not counted until they had passed, therefore, we were always living in the century following the one last counted. 1890, therefore, must be in the 19th century.

But I still thought there must be something wrong with the Professor's reasoning, for it was evident the days of the month and the days of the week didn't work that way. So I asked the professor if he would go to the board. Good naturedly, he consented.

My request, however, was unusual, and no doubt embarrassing to him. The class was beginning to enjoy the contest of wits, and tended to take sides with me. Feeling began to mount; and I began to drive my questions home. The first thing I knew, Mr. Moench himself was confused, and the class was getting disorderly. At this, the teacher began to lose his temper, and severely scolded me before the class, very much to my anger and embarrassment. I hung my head and took it. But as soon as the class was dismissed, I picked up my books and walked out. Whether I was right or wrong, I had the sympathy of the entire school.

The professor met me in the hall and asked me to come back the following Monday. He regretted the incident very much. I agreed to return.

The result of that little misunderstanding turned to good. From that time on Professor Moench and I became the best of friends. Even after his retirement, he would come to my office and chat when he happened to come by, and our friendship lasted until his death.

Owing to mother's experience she was often called for sickness. During the black small pox rage in 1876, she went to her sister Caroline's aid, and a family of thirteen. Evidently the Lord prepared her for this strenuous occasion—all thirteen were confined to bed at the same time. Fortunately, mother was the only one who did not take the disease. Some of them at death's door, some with their whole body covered with black pox, two so badly pocked it would be hard to find a pin spot clear from the scab; the eyes, nose, ears and the whole body were covered. While people were dying in isolated fear and unable to get help, as most people were afraid to take the deadly risk, mother took care of her sister's family, including the children and a nursing baby. Many times, the babe on her knee, spoon with medicine in her hand, she would fall asleep before raising the spoon to the child's mouth. Fortunately, and with the help of the Lord, she did not take down with the dreaded disease, and was able to bring the whole family through the ordeal without a death. Almost daily I would carry chicken, meats, food to their home, place it on the inside of the fence, then go out in the middle of the road to talk to mother.

Farr's grove was filled with tents where many were taken for isolation. Father was one of them. I took mail and other articles to him, always walking in the street while receiving instructions from him. It was a nightly job for a wagon to carry off the dead victims to the cemetery.

Strange to say, during the great black small pox epidemic Prof. Moench came to mother and begged her to come and nurse his first wife, Ellicta, who was suffering from the disease. Mother though nursing her sister's family did what she could. The 13 were all saved, but sorry to say, Professor Monech's wife died, like hundreds of others.

The first irrigation water taken from the Ogden River was put upon the farm and Fort in the spring of 1849 by Ezra Chase and family and others.

The sawmill received its first power from the Penstock wooden paddle system, the saw being operated perpendicular with a straight saw. Later the power was increased and changed to an overshot cup wheel some nine or ten feet in diameter. In later years when the wheel was abandoned we boys would start the wheel rolling by turning on the water, jumping inside and trying to keep up with the speed of the wheel, many times falling, rolling and tumbling until the wheel was stopped from the outside.

The Mill Race running across Main Street after leaving the mill had a narrow bridge on the east side, but on the west side of the street, the Mill Race was used as a ford to water stock as they traveled along the road.

Another little incident occurred at the Mill Race. On December 19, 1883, we broke the ice just above the mill where I was baptized for the 2nd time. (It was the custom in those days to be baptized before marriage in the Temple). My first baptism, at the age of eight, was in the same stream west of the road in Thomas Williams' corral the usual place of baptism for the people on the north side of Ogden. The old swimming hole was about 20th and Grant Ave, in the grain field of Thomas Williams.

Part of my education was by private bookkeeping classes in night school. I have also tried to take advantage of every opportunity in study, travel, church activity, missionary work, and business all my life since the age of 21, as well as the opportunities in ordinary daily life, which have been difficult and varied. And now at 94, I still find there is much to learn.

RECREATION

The recreations of young people, and their various pastimes, are always closely associated with their education. In the winter, it was customary to have dances, attended mostly by the teen-agers and young adults. Home dramatics were also held in popular esteem. Many a time, the meeting house or the school house would be jammed to see a show, locally produced and sponsored. We often enjoyed music and singing.

Much of the life of the old settlers has disappeared. The young of today can hardly conceive of the crude, rough, happy pleasure that was enjoyed. Spring had its May-day bonnets, fine dresses, plumed hats, and other evidences of woman's pride. Summer had its baseball; and in the evening such rousing games as pomp pomp pull away, run sheep run, woolly, etc., attracted crowds of boys and girls, whose laughter and shouts kept the neighborhood in a lively mood until bedtime. The fall gathering of crops brought a wholesome amount of fun in addition to the hard work. There were cutting bees, stacking and hauling corn, pumpkins, and squash, some of which would be almost three feet in diameter. Then, there was threshing time, usually accompanied by much feasting; and finally when the work was done—grain in the bin, hay in the barn, and the plowing completed, we got ready for our fall hunting. What hunting we had in those days! Ducks, geese, wild chickens, deer, elk, mountain sheep, bear, and late trapping for muskrats, beavers, and other fur bearing animals—all these were plentiful, and hunting them in season was one of our chief sports.

Then came the winter with its delightful bobsled and cutter riding, where hundreds of sleighs of every conceivable design filled the streets with men, women, boys, and girls tucked away under warm buffalo robes or blankets, sitting side by side on a bed of soft hay, all hitched to a spirited single or span of horses, racing through the smooth frozen snow. Often many boys and girls with hand sleighs were in the street to hook a ride if an opportunity came; and often the whip was applied to the horses, and away we went for a wild ride through the snow as long as we could stick on going over the bumpy ground and turning the sharp corners. Not only would small groups go sleigh riding, but sometimes schools, churches, and other large groups. The sound of sleighbells was music to the ears of almost everyone.

A clipping from the newspaper of many years ago conveys the flavor of the winter activities of those days: "A delightful sleighing party was enjoyed by Hon. Fred Foy of Slaterville, and his friends, with merry jingling of bells in vari ous parts of the county. Hon. Foy's two-story residence in Slaterville was lighted up in every room, and for miles away the mansion loomed up like a huge hotel or opera house. Although the weather was rather cool, still the well lighted building told all that a warm reception awaited them after the sleighing party. Progressive high five was enjoyed by country and city players. The supper which was served made many of the so-called Ogden banquets look like a lunch.

"After the supper, there was singing, recitations, and speeches. Master Ora Foy made a great hit reciting "The Collier's Dying Child," "Little Jim." Moroni Stone delivered "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Dr. Condon arrived by cutter and delivered Patrick Henry's oratory and poetry, and William Glasman received great applause for his splendid speech."

After going through the common school of that day until I was 20 years old, and after my marriage, when I went into business for myself, I did some of my hardest studying. Keeping my own books in long hand, writing business letters, and carrying on other correspondence, I constantly tried to overcome my mistakes, and at the same time to repeat the good. I used to pride myself in my hand writing, and still think it surpasses 98 per cent of the school teachers and attorneys of today.

Some of the men and women of my time had the good fortune to take a university course, but I did not. Principally what I have gained has been by constant plugging away. As yet, I have found no time for idling, whether at home or on vacations. It's a pleasure to find some interesting object or subject to write about.

CHAPTER 6

SUNDRY DEVELOPMENTS

NEED FOR CLOTHING

THE clothing situation was more serious before the woolen factory was built. It was mostly up to the mothers to provide clothing for the children, except cowhide boots for the boys, which were made by the shoemaker. The boots were coarse and when wet were very hard to get on and off. In the summer, we always went barefoot, which was mighty disagreeable in herding sheep and cattle in the sagebrush, prickly pear flats, and mountain brush, rocks and thistles, leaving us boys with stone bruises, skinned and barked toes.

Mother, being an expert at hand carding and spinning, she was kept busy not only providing for her own family, but for some of the other members of the family who were not so well acquainted with such work. Father would buy blue denim by the bolt so that all the mothers could make pants and shirts for the boys. Mother would also knit all-wool yarn stockings, mittins, jackets, etc. I received my first overcoat at the age of sixteen.

In 1862, preparations were being made to erect a woolen factory. After consultation with Brigham Young and other authorities, my father, Lorin Farr, proceeded to organize a company ,and in 1867, a company was formed composed of William C. Neil, Lorin Farr, and Philip Pugsley, with Alfred Randall as superintendent, who also supervised the installation of the machinery. The factory was located on the old grist mill site on Canyon Road, then the property of Lorin Farr. While the old stone grist mill building was being carefully remodeled for the installation of the woolen mill machinery, Wid Fuller and Alfred Randall Jr. were dispatched to Julesburg, Nebraska for the machinery, taking with them large heavy bungling freight wagons, drawn by nine span of mules to each wagon and trailer. The machinery weighed 55,000 pounds and cost $60,000.00, including the freighting over the plains.

On the arrival of the machinery, in the fall of 1867, and the building remodeled, it was ready for the installation, which was done early in 1868, and everything was ready for operation. As the factory was a major industry in northern Utah, the occasion called for a celebration; and a banquet, dance, and general good time took place. Many of the general church and civic authorities were present. People from all over northern Utah came in sleighs, wagons, and any old contrivance, bringing with them refreshments of all kinds in an old fashioned style. Alfred Randall acted as master of ceremonies; and after remarks by Franklin D. Richards, Lorin Farr, William Clayton, and others, the celebration continued until 2 A.M.

It was an inspiring affair; such an institution so early in the life of Northern Utah, which would bring to the people some of the comforts they had not had for many years, was enthusiastically welcomed. They would have more protection from the cold, wintery blasts, and, with some degree of comfort also, they could cover their scantily covered straw bed ticks and old fashioned home-made beds. Wool yarn stockings were still made for the kiddies by their mothers to protect their legs from the deep snows and drifting sands that were so prevalent in those days.

The machinery was powered by water from Mill Creek, once used by the grist mill, which had been moved to another location. Later on, a forty-horse power boiler was added to supply extra power at low water periods. The building was well lighted with about 1200 panes of glass. Some of the machinery consisted of a wool picker, carding machines, spinning mule, four narrow looms, two broad looms completed, and one in course of installing.

The factory manufactured nothing but all-woolen goods; cotton mixture was not used until the early eighties. In 1875, litigation ensued, and by court order the entire property was awarded to William C. Neil, Lorin Farr, and Philip Pugsley. Later, Lorin Farr became sole owner by purchase, and the company name was changed to Farr Woolen mills, with Enoch Farr superintendent, Ezra Farr, factory foreman. Much new machinery was added, and new buildings constructed, giving additional employment.

In the early eighties, about 150 men and women were employed, and with the additional machinery just added, the factory became one of Ogden's leading institutions. In 1881, there was in operation two wool picking machines, one spinning mule with 360 spindles, one spinning jack with less spindles, three large blanket looms, twelve small cloth looms, scouring plant, dyeing vats, drying racks, yarn machinery, finishing, packing, storing, warehouse, shipping and show rooms, with other necessary facilities to carry on an industry of this kind. There was also a rock building boarding house across the street.

The factory produced some of the best and finest woolen goods and yarns that ever came to Utah. Such goods as broadcloth, cashmere, linsey-woolsey blankets, yarns, etc., were all manufactured according to the times, circumstances, and needs of the people to give maximum wear and comfort. The majority of the stockings were hand knit by the mothers from yarn made in the factory. These stockings were long, heavy, and warm to suit the climate and out-of-door conditions, so necessary in those days of relentless cold. I started to work at the woolen factory as an apprentice under Lomoni Grix, as a card operator. The card machinery consisted of three large machines, each machine having one large cylinder with several small cylinders, all covered with steel wire cloth. After receiving the wool from the picking machine, it went through the first breaker on to spools and after 48 bobbins were filled and placed on the second break rack, it, too, went through another process of refining on to bobbins or spools, which required 48 of them to go on the rack of the finisher. These 48 spools were further refined and ended in many threads on a 36 inch spool, ready for the mule or jack spinning machine.

To attend all three machines was hard work and tiresome. It required constant watch to keep the broken threads spliced, as the threads were constantly breaking and must be immediately connected with the broken end. It was a two-man job when I entered the factory, but I finished alone before the second year had gone. It was hard work as I labored both day and night. The day time I put in at the factory, and at night, splicing broken threads during my sleep. I thought I had enough and quit my job. The manager regretted my leaving, I didn't blame him as I was doing two men's work for $1.50 per day. I made the broadcloth for my own wedding suit.

Railroads

In 1864, when the first surveyors came through Utah and talked up an interest in railroad building, it was at the home of Lorin Farr that the group was entertained. Already a proposal had been circulated that two railroads be built—one from the Mississippi River, and the other from the Pacific Coast.

Lorin Farr met the vigorous Leland Stanford several years before the railroad came to Ogden. It was during a visit of Mr. Stanford that father proposed a meeting with Brigham Young. When Mr. Stanford met Brigham, he solicited his aid in behalf of the Central Pacific. President Young would not committ himself, but did say he could have the services of Lorin Farr in grading the road and employing the necessary help. The contract for 200 miles of railroad grading for the Central Pacific Railroad was originally made by Lorin Farr; and by request of Brigham Young, Ezra Taft Benson and Chauncy W. West were brought into the picture as partners.*

The construction under this partnership consisted of the grading between Ogden and Humboldt Springs, Nevada. The work was done under the direction of Governor Leland Stanford of California, head of the Central Pacific. It was on this grade, about fifty miles west of Ogden at Promontory that the golden spike was driven, May 10, 1869, in a ceremony noting the completion of the Trans-continental railway system.

Chauncey W. West, the treasurer of the local construction group, usually took out the payroll in cash on location while the gang was far out on the road. Two hold-up gangsters, expecting West with the pay money out on a lonely road, held up John Gay, my brother-in-law. They asked him if he was Chauncey West, and he remarked, "Hell, no, I'm only the damned old mule skinner. West is about three hours behind." They passed on, not knowing that Gay had concealed amongst a load of oats, a payroll of $100,000 in gold that Mr. West had asked him to take out just on this one trip. Gay refused to take out any more pay money, notwithstanding he had been one of the pioneer stagecoach drivers. It was too risky to have that much money on your person out on a lonely desert.

The railroad of 1869 brought prosperity to Utah farmers: oats, $14.00 per hundred; potatoes, $7.00; flour, $20.00; sugar, $21.00; and employment to many convert arrivals. Lorenzo Farr started the first coal yard in Ogden and brought in the first coal from Castle Gate, at the time the Denver and Rio Grande entered Ogden in 1882.

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*Whitney Vol. I, P. 251.

In the fall of 1869, several months after the railroad was completed, Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, coming to Ogden in connection with some of the final business on the railroad contract, dismounted at father's big barn, and started to the house when he slumped to the ground with a heart attack. My brothers Mark, Tom, Ezra, and Willard carried him to the house where all possible aid was given, but he passed away soon after. I was present but too young to give any assistance.

Samuel Mitchel Witten and Family

Chapter 7

THE GIRL I MARRIED

I have always thought the greatest event of my life was my marriage to Miss Rachel Ann Witten, daughter of Samuel Mitchel Witten and Martha Jane Heninger. My own history would be very incomplete without weaving into it a sketch of the girl who became my wife, including her parentage and ancestry, and other factors contribubting to her character and personality.

Ray and I first met in 1881 at the Central School—then the academy, under the leadership of Professor Louis F. Moench. As I was sitting in one of the classes, she entered the room with that southern air, and such striking appearence I could not forget her, with beautiful brown eyes, black curly hair, and fair complexion. As I became better acquainted, I learned of her noble character. She was kind and considerate to everyone, as well as honest, just, and wise in all her decisions—and carried beauty wherever she went.

The Witten Family

The Wittens belonged to an old and distinguished Virginia family, located in Tazewell County, where Ray was born

September 23, 1863. They were classed among the F.F.V.s (First families of Virginia), deriving that title from Thomas Witten, who was the first white settler in Tazewell County, and also known in his day as a famous scout. The Wittens trace their ancestry back through Lord Baltimore and other noted men in history. The family of twelve brothers and sisters were prominent in building Tazewell.

My wife's mother, Jane Heninger, also came from a noble and honorable southern family, which before the Civil War possessed great wealth in farms and slaves. Many slaves were freed by the war, and considerable wealth vanished, as her father had fought with the Confederate side. They still retained sufficient means, however, to come to Utah, after joining the Church. Both parents and grand-parents passed from this life faithful members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

The Wittens came to Ogden in 1869 on the first railroad emigration train, when Ray was five years of age. However, becoming dissatisfied with conditions here, they returned East as far as Johnston, Missouri, where they made their home, Samuel, Ray's father, becoming a school teacher. Here Ray grew to young womanhood, and had many friends, including a young man to whom she became engaged. But again the call of the West, and a desire to be with the main body of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, brought Samuel Witten and his family back to Ogden. It was after this second move to Utah that I first met Ray. At that time, she was still writing to her sweetheart in Missouri.

But it seems he was not very friendly toward the Mormons. In one of his letters, he wrote, "I hope you have not joined the Mormons. If you do, our engagement will be ended."

Rachel wrote back, "I have already joined the Mormon Church, so our engagement is off."

My Marriage

My acquaintance with Rachel developed very rapidly into courtship; and about two weeks before I reached the age of twenty-one, our wedding day was set, December 20, 1883. I was still working for my father, teaming and other kinds of work incidental to his many interests, and had no designated wage set, receiving only a dollar or two now and then for pin money. For the great event, he gave me a twenty dollar gold piece to pay my fare to Salt Lake City and the temple fee of $5.00. When I got back I still clung to $5.00.

On arriving home, a big old fashioned wedding supper was waiting for my wife and me, and my father, who had accompanied us to Salt Lake City. There was a long table filled with all the delicacies that a fond mother and sisters could devise. After many guests had arrived, and the presents were placed in another room, the elderly people and some church officials sat down to the first serving, after which followed the other guests until all had enjoyed a full sized meal. There was an abundance of chicken, both fried and stewed, with dumplings, baked ham, and roast beef, baked beans, which was always a wedding dish; hot biscuits, a number of vegetable dishes, pumpkin and old fashioned mince pies, cakes by the score, some brought in by the neighbors; pickles, fruit, coffee, cider, etc. While about 150 guests were eating, the Ogden City Brass Band (unsolicited) serenaded us with a number of selections. After this, they were invited into the house, partaking of the refreshments, and mingling with the guests until midnight.

The Wittens and Heningers In Virginia

For the benefit of my children and others interested in the genealogy of my family, I am including some of the known facts of importance concerning my wife's people in this chapter. As I have previously mentioned, she was the daughter of

Samuel Mitchel Witten and Martha Jane Heninger. She was their second child, born September 23, 1863, in Tazewell County, Virginia.

Her father, Samuel Witten, was the son of James Wilkensen McKinder Witten, who was the son of James Witten, the scout, the son of Thomas Witten, the first white settler to take up permanent residence with his family within the limits of Tazewell County, Virginia.

The Witten and Cecil families were so intermingled by marriage both before and after thy came to Clinch Valley, as this part of Tazewell is called, that it will be necessary to write of them in a single sketch.

The Wittens were of Teutonic origin, but left Saxony and migrated to England as early as the ninth century. They became identified with the Anglo Saxons who had conquered the Britons and given the name, England, to ancient Briton. The Cecils were of pure Celtic blood, and native of the British Isles.

Tradition and documentary evidence reveal that the progenitors of the Wittens and Cecils in America came from England with the Calverts, and settled in Maryland, then Lord Baltimore's colony.

In 1776, Thomas Witten and Samuel Cecil, men with large families, neighbors and kinsmen, moved from Maryland to the region known as Virginia. Thomas Witten's wife was Elizabeth Cecil, a sister of Samuel Cecil. Thomas Witten located temporarily on Walker's Creek in Giles County, Virginia. Cecil pitched his tent at Dublin in Pulaski County, where he lived until his death in 1775, and where he and his wife are buried.

John Witten, the eldest son of Thomas, temporarily stopped at Otter's Peaks in Bedford County, but later moved to Clinch, four miles west of the county seat. The log cabin he built was still standing in 1920, perhaps the oldest house in the county. John Witten has a number of descendants in Bedford, but they spell their name "Whitten."

In the spring of 1767, Thomas Witten moved to the Crabapple orchard tract on the Clinch River, 650 acres bought from the Loyal Company, bringing with him five unmarried sons, Thomas Jr., James, Philip, Jeremiah, and William; and one married daughter, Mrs. John Greenup, and her husband. William was a small boy on arrival on the Clinch; and James, only 15 years of age. Philip married Ruth Rickens, and moved to Witten's landing on the Ohio River. William married and moved to Tennessee.

In 1772-3, during the Indian trouble, Thomas and his sons, assisted by his neighbors, built a stockade fort on the Clinch near Pisgah. This was one of the first forts in Tazewell County, and a place of refuge for all the neighborhood when the Indians made hostile excursions to the Clinch settlements.

Thomas Witten Jr. and James gained much distinction as soldiers and scouts. Thomas was not only a scout, but an ensign in the colonial army during the Revolutionary War. In recognition of his services, he was granted a pension of $24.00 per month by the United States Government. Also, he was elected one of the first members from Tazewell County to the Virginia General Assembly, serving during 1801, 02, 03. He married his cousin, Elnora Cecil.

James Witten, second son of Thomas, while a youth, distinguished himself as the first among his equals as a woodsman and hunter. Even before his majority, he was recognized, by the military for his skill and daring against the Indians, who at the time were a constance menace against the young settlers.

When any duty required bravery, firmness, and prudence, James was invariably chosen. Many incidents of interest are related of him, and should be preserved. Tazewell County and Southwest Virginia was one of the high spots of war and cruelty during the French and Indian wars which involved the colonies. In 1763, and a number of years thereafter, scalps were at a premium. The French made a treaty with the Shawnees, furnished them with guns and ammunition, and gave a price for every English scalp. And in reprisal, the English gave as high as $50 for French scalps. This was not only between the French and English, but included all the settlers, men, women, and children. Cruelty was especially common with some of the English Colonial governors during the American Revolution.

James Witten married his cousin, Rebecca Cecil, daughter of Samuel Cecil in 1788, and located his home, now known as the old Wilk Witten farm.

Both families were noted for their delightful hospitality, where the poor and humble received the same courteous attention as more wealthy and distinguished guests. James was noted for his unusual skill in securing game (not for pastime but for the necessities of life). It is recorded in the "History of Tazewell County," by William C. Pendleton, to whom credit is given for some of the Witten history, that in hunting James paid particular attention to the winds, rain, snow, frost; for almost every change in the weather altered the location of game. He knew all the cardinal directions by the thick bark and moss on the north side of trees, so that during the darkest night he could find his way home or to camp. He knew the natural habits of each animal; he would imitate the call of the turkey, the howl of the wolf, and the sounds and calls of other animals and birds.

If in hunting, he saw a deer at feed, he stopped even if he be open to it. He did not seek to obscure himself, but stood stone still until the deer raised its head and looked at him; he continued to remain motionless, not even a wink of the eye, until the deer was satisfied that nothing moving was in sight, and then continued feeding. He would then begin to advance if he be in the wind of it, if not, he retreated, and came up another way, so as to place the deer between himself and the wind. As long as the deer's head was down, he advanced until he saw it shake its tail. In a moment, he again remained the same motionless object until it put down its head. In this way, he would approach within sixty yards, when his unerring rifle did the work of death. It is a curious fact that a deer never puts its head to the ground or raises it without shaking the tail before doing. Game was plentiful. Mr. Ebenezer Brewster killed 1200 bears during his lifetime."

Clinch Valley was a place of scenic grandeur and varied beauty, where once roamed the mastidon and other large animals in pre-historic times; a paradise enjoyed by such animals as the four-tusked elephant, saber-toothed tiger, the lion, giant wolves, bears, wild horses, camels, mammoths with tusks fifteen feet long, and many varieties of fur bearing animals which roamed in various parts of America.

This was the picture enjoyed by the Indians, long after most of the large animals had disappeared, but who tenaciously tried and fought so hard to hold to their favorite hunting ground.

Chapter 8

STRUGGLES TO MAKE A LIVING

A Trip To Idaho

In April, 1884, with my brother Dave, cousin Wid Farr, and Al Powers, I started for Idaho to take up a farm, Wid and I filed on 160 acres each, under the Desert Act, at Eagle Rock, in later years known as Idaho Falls. The traveling was slow, muddy hub deep for many miles. But with a team of small mules and a light wagon, we reached Eagle Rock the sixth day out.

The first night we spent at Peter Nebeker's in Willard; the second, at Moses Thatcher's in Logan; the third at Portneuf Canyon in Idaho; fourth, at Blackfoot; and the fifth, at Eagle Rock. Before reaching Blackfoot, the sands were so deep we all had to walk about six miles, and even the mules were all in before we reached the city. We camped in the center of Blackfoot, a wild western town, with many mining and great long freighting caravans and outfits, each with six to eight yoke of oxen, or four to eight span of large mules. The loaded wagons and trailers were strung along the streets. The mule teams were driven by jerk line; each teamster had a loaded blacksnake and a loud voice, both of which the mules and oxen feared along with the language of the driver. Often, long, bloody streaks would appear over the animals' backs from the lash; how they would squirm and get down to hard pulling.

After eating supper, we strolled through the main street business block, dropping into one of the gambling houses, which seemed to be the most popular place in town. We watched the card players, usually four men to each table, the card dealer with a colt revolver on the table at his side, and many others with guns on their hips. This made everyone safe as long as everything was on the square. We were in one of those places only a few minutes when several sharp cracks of a gun warned us that all was not well. It did not take long to clear the room. When the smoke cleared away, a lifeless body was taken to another room, and the card players were soon back in their chairs, everybody quiet, with scarely a sound, except the gamblers' language, "I'll pass etc." A gambler was perfectly safe if he was on the square, but woe be unto him if he tried to cheat or pull a crooked deal.

The next morning, we pulled out for Eagle Rock, arriving there in the middle of the afternoon. Eagle Rock was a railroad division and shop center, a western town, wild in every sense of the word. The main Utah and Northern railroad shops were located there, north of the Main Street. The south side of Main Street was principally saloons and gambling; the north side of the street was practically vacant, except for the railroad shops in the rear. The windows of the gambling houses on the south side opened to the street, and the card dealers would shout to the passer-by, "Come in and try your luck."

The following morning, we expected to go to Pool's Island, some distance up the river. We crossed over the toll bridge, which cost one dollar. After getting us on the other side, the keeper informed us we were on the wrong side of the river for the island, and would have to go back to the east side. Starting to return, the keeper said, "Hold on, boys, it will cost you another dollar to go back. After considerable discussion, we found we could not prevail on him to let us go back without the dollar fee. We refused to pay. He said "All right, stay on this side then." Not wanting to be beaten, and not wanting to lose that dollar, after considerable discussion, we unhooked our mules and led them back singly over a two-side rail foot bridge, and pulled our wagon back by hand over the railroad bridge. At any rate, we didn't like to get swindled that way. We thought Harkness had enough without that extra dollar. The bridge was owned by Harkness, a banker who seemed to be the high man of the community.

Leaving Eagle Rock, going east to Sand Creek or willow Creek, we pitched our camp for the night, just beyond a 200-foot sand dune. It was about noon the next day before we got on our way again. It seemed that a state wood tick convention was in progress for our benefit, and we had pitched our bed in the main auditorium. We arose next morning, stripped ourselves to the skin, and began a murderous carnage on those pestiforous ticks. After picking all we could see, we turned around to each other and finished each other's backs. Well, we got the majority off anyway, and then turned to our bedding. After making peace with the ticks, we continued over the sagebrush flats to Uncle William Walker and his family of boys, who were located close to Snake River.

After locating 160 acres each, cousin Will and I returned to Eagle Rock, and filed on the land under the desert act. William proved up on his but I lost mine by default on account of Will not getting the water on mine after I paid him $75.00 for doing so as per contract. After filing, we returned to Ogden.

Working On Mule-Team Street Cars

I continued to work for father until May 15, 1884, at which time the Ogden City Mule Street Car Grade was roughly constructed, and two small second-hand cars with mule equipment were brought up from Salt Lake City. These were the first street cars in Ogden City, and they were powered by worn-out mules. Charlie Middleton took out car No. 1; and John Farr, car No. 2. Charlie continued with the company but a short time. Pole McEntire took his place.

The cars were small, bobtailed, and it was almost impossible to keep them on the track in stormy weather. There was no vestibule to protect the driver from the cold, and winter storms. My mule team was small, old, and the laziest west of the Rockies.

The cars were so small they ran off the track very often; and in order to get them back on, we would run along the grade until we found a rail lower than the grade. The mules would pull the front wheels on to the track, then I would get my back under the rear round guard rail, and bounce and lift the rear wheels back on to the track, ready for the go ahead. Sometimes, I would have a passenger get on the front so it would add a few pounds in helping me raise the rear end. This happened many times, but I was strong and managed to handle it. In snowy weather, often the car would be off the track for blocks. If a heavy snow came during the night, all hands would go to the barn about 3 A.M.; and with two span of mules hooked to the snow plow, go over the full course of track in time to make our regular runs at daylight.

We always met all incoming passenger trains at the depot, one block west of the present passenger depot. Also, we were required to meet summer excursions from various resorts outside the city, many times until 11 and 12 P.M., and 1 o'clock in the morning. Our regular time was from 10 to 18 hours per day, for the sum of $1.50 per day, or $45.00 per month—seven days a week—no time off. If we had a day off, no pay.

The cars had no working conveniences; small, long side seats; no protected vestibules. The driver who also acted as conductor wore rubber coat during stormy weather. At each end of the line, we dropped the doubletrees, and again coupled them to the other end of the car, ready for the return trip.

About one year passed before turntables were installed at the end of each line. Fresh mules were brought in from Promontory—vicious, wild mules, never before roped or haltered. It was hard to harness them, or even put collars on. It was quite common for the mules to come at us with feet in the air, pawing and striking as we backed out of their reach. We would work with them until we got a noose on, which placed them under our control; and after being hooked to the car with an old broken mule, the young one would usually start out bucking, kicking, and plunging. Well, that's the way it worked and the days went on.

The line of trackage extended from the old depot which was one block west of the present depot, one line extending to the Ogden River bridge and the other one to 28th Street on Washington.

Back To Farming

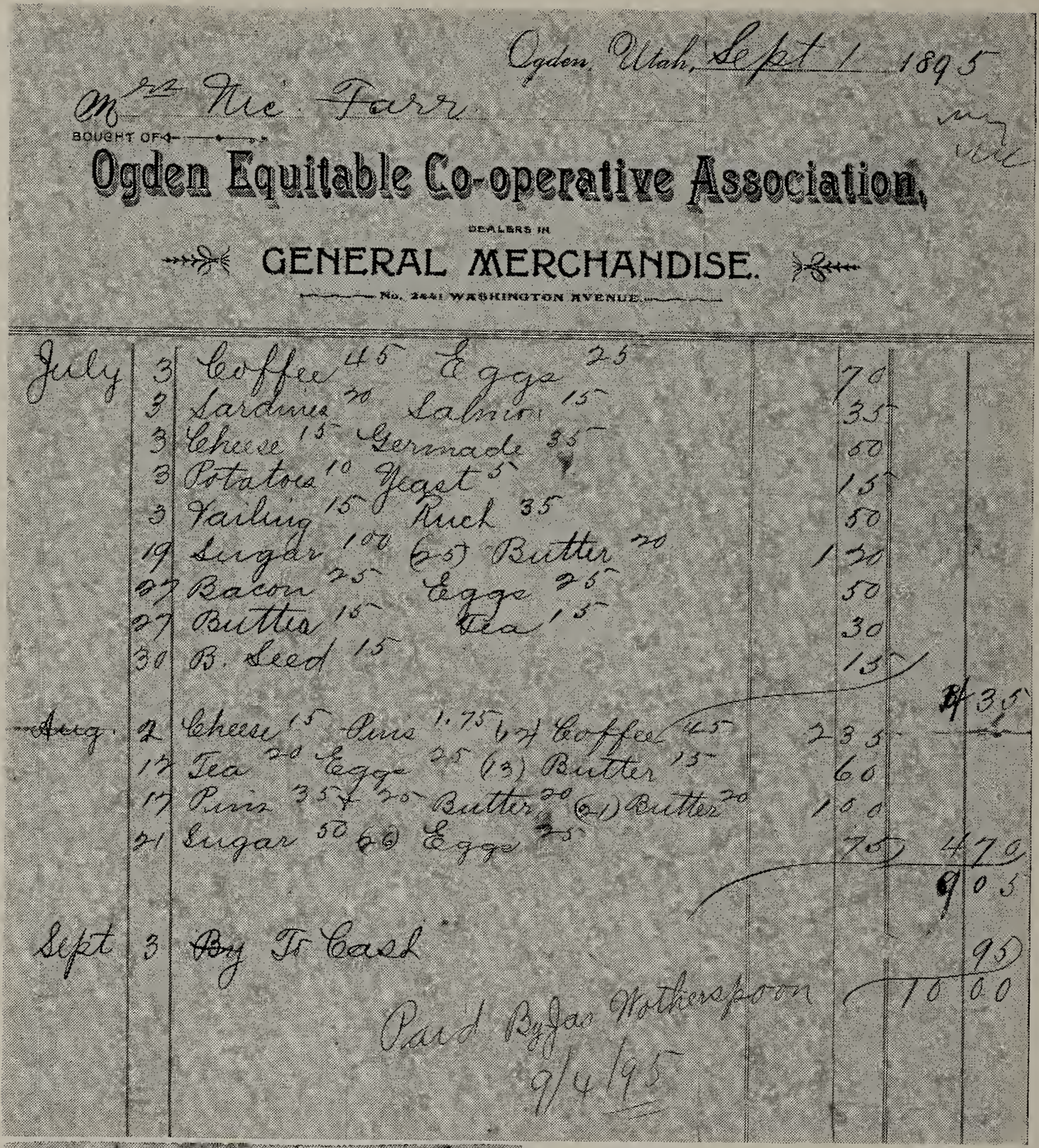
After two years with the company in April, I left, and took up farming and stock raising on the west farm, where is now located Utah's general depot—West Second Street. With my wife and two children, I moved to a four-room adobe house—just plain four rooms without a sink, closets or other conveniences. We just had a water bucket set on a bench. It had a summer shanty attached to the rear and included a basement. It had few conveniences—no water well. We had to carry our water for all purposes from Mill Creek, some five or six hundred feet from the house. The following year, I put down a two-inch flowing well, but owing to the brackishness of the water, we could not use it for culinary purposes.

Later, we set out an orchard of fruit, but owing to the mineralized water, the fruit trees soon died. The water was good for lucerne hay and a number of other crops. We had about 160 acres, principally in meadow and pasture, using about 20 acres for various crops, such as corn, grain, and vegetables. We had an exceptionally large barn and sheds to house the horses, cows, and calves.

It was hard and discouraging work; the extra produce, we had to sell. Hay was going at $4.50 a ton, wheat 60 to 65 cents a bushel, butter 12½ to 15 cents a pound, and eggs 12½ to 15½ cents a dozen. I worked from daylight to 9 P.M., and after; and still I believe my wife had the harder job —not only to care for the house and children, but we lost our third child at the age of two months. Then, Fern, our fourth child was born, Dcember 23, 1888. My wife had many things to watch over—the house, the children, sewing, mending, knitting stockings, mittens, and making dresses, pants, shirts for the older children, and a red sweater for myself—she said, "So I can tell where you are when you're down among the other animals."

Working on the farm was quite an experience, and, oh, such hard work for so little money both for my wife and myself. One, two, and three o'clock in the mornng, was just a daily occurrence for her, along with all the household necessties and four babies to look after. We would spend from an hour to one and one half hours churning butter, then many times it would come soft, which had to be cooled before paddling to get the butter milk out of it and put it into butter molds. Not having scales, she usually put from one to two ounces more than a pound in for good weight, then spent a half day taking it to town, where she would get the magnificent sum of 12½ cents a pound! I hope the Lord will forgive me for keeping her so long under these conditions. Just imagine how some people get along. Well, our children always looked clean and neat and happy. Can you realize how much labor was required to produce the four basic farm products—wheat, hay, butter and eggs? Try it without any modern conveniences.

Nor was that all. Often in the summer time, just before dusk, a black cloud of mosquitoes could be seen coming out of Mill Creek, the pasture swamps, and the bullrushes. Hearing the buzzing in the distance, the cows would make for



Ogden, Utah, Sept 1 1895

Mrs Nic Farr

BOUGHT OF

Ogden Equitable Co-operative Association,

DEALERS IN

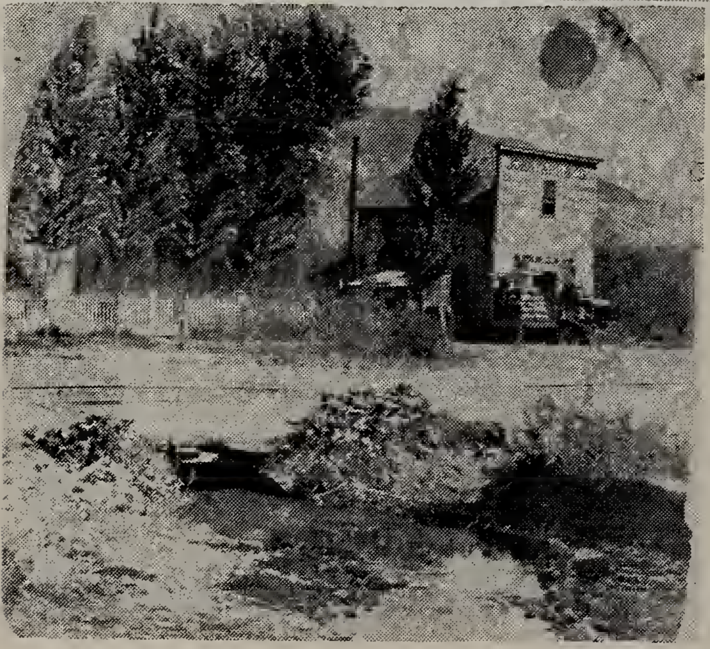
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

No. 2441 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

July	3	Coffee 45 Eggs 25	70	
	3	Sardines 20 Salmon 15	35	
	3	Cheese 15 Germade 35	50	
	3	Potatoes 10 Yeast 5	15	
	3	Vailing 15 Ruch 35	50	
	19	Sugar 100 (25) Butter 20	1 20	
	27	Bacon 25 Eggs 25	50	
	27	Butter 15 Tea 15	30	
	30	B. Seed 15	15	
				4 35
Aug.	2	Cheese 15 Pins 1.75 (7) Coffee 45	2 35	
	17	Tea 20 Eggs 25 (13) Butter 15	60	
	17	Pins 35 + 25 Butter 20 (21) Butter 20	1 00	
	21	Sugar 50 (26) Eggs 25	75	4 70
				9 05
Sept	3	~~By~~ To Cash		95
				10 00

Paid By Jas Wotherspoon
9/4/95

Top: Receipted bill to Mrs. Nicholine Farr, 1895, by Ogden Equitable Co-op.



Bottom: Feed mill built in 1888 by John and Lorenzo Farr, 18th Street and Washington Boulevard.

the shed; and if our milking had not been done before, we would have to put it off till after dark. At the residence, if there was a hole in the mosquito cloth, we would fight them most of the night. Of course most of the flies would go to sleep on the ceiling, and many times it was hard to tell whether the ceiling was painted black, or just spotted paper. It was necessary several times each day to open the outside doors and windows, and with cloths and towels shew the flies out. Later, several sheets of fly paper were filled each day. Where we have one fly now we had millions then.

I Enter Feed and Grain Business

I found that common farming was hard work and little pay, so having some insight into the milling business, my brother, Lorenzo, and I concluded to enter the chop feed milling business.

In 1888, we bought a piece of land from the city, just north of the Ogden River bridge for $500. I borrowed $300 more from D. H. Peery, and $200 from Bill Shaw on my personal note. I also sold a lot for $1000 cash. Then, brother Ren, covering the same, we were able to buy machinery and finish the building, and installation.

We installed an upright boiler and engine, chopping machine, and other necessary machinery, and started to grind grist for the farmers as well as general sales. Business picked up rapidly, as all farmers had horses, cows, pigs and chickens, all of which required feed, so it began to look encouraging. We then began to buy on the eastern market, purchasing corn in Nebraska for 55 to 60 cents per hundred. Freight was low, and this enabled us to sell chopped corn for $1.35 to $1.75 per hundred. We shipped in many carloads until the following year when corn rose too high to be shipped in.

The mill dust began to work upon my lungs and this necessitated a change in environment. In the meantime, two or three times a day, I would run over to Joseph Parry's asphalt plant, breath and inhale fumes of the burning or heating of cold tar, which he was using for sidewalks. These were the first asphalt sidewalks in Ogden City. The inhaling of the fumes of that asphalt seemed to check all future lung ailments, and I believe kept me from consumption.

In the Ice Business

In the spring of 1890, we sold our property for $6,750. This with the profit accumulated, enabled us to go into the ice business. We therefore formed a partnership of three brothers, Lorenzo, Elijah, myself, and Mark Hopkins and entered into the ice business. Lorenzo was a prosperous coal merchant; Elijah was at Ann Arbor studying law, and I was now free to handle the ice. We purchased the Thomas Farr Ice Company for $7,000, and the G. Griffith Ice Company for $6,200, a total of over $13,400. Elijah and Ren were to manage the Griffith end of the business, and I, the Farr part. But for all our hard work and managing, at the end of the ice season, we fell in the red almost beyond recovery, for we found the business not as represented. We found that the city had drained the cemetery into the Farr pond, which killed that part of the business, and Griffith failed to fill his pond with water; therefore, losing further use of his pond necessitated finding another location for another ice pond.

The next season, three more ice companies entered the field: The Ogden City Ice Company; the Farr Brothers Ice Company, under the management of Valasco, David, and Asael Farr; The Mountain Ice Company of Salt Lake City, managed by G. Lynch. A year or two later, the Zion Ice Company, James Ice Company, Gordon Ice Company, and Trecedar Ice Company had entered the business, so at the end of two years some seven ice companies were in the field.

Partially owing to our inexperience, but mostly due to the dishonesty of the other two companies, at the end of the second year, we were hopelessly in debt. My brothers, Ren and Lige, said to me, "If you think you can pull out, go to it. We're out. If not, fold up."

Well, it was up to me, and I decided to stay with it. I borrowed money and ran in debt some $3000, built a new ice house and pond; and with countless hours of hard work, eventually pulled through to success. I surely would hate to think that I, or any of my children, had to go through that same ordeal again. It seems to me that but few people have gone through harder work to bring success, but perhaps it required just that to bring success and to kick some sense into that dull skull of mine.

Nor was I alone responsible for it; my wife worked just as hard, suffered just as much, in trying to rear eight children honorably and be a good citizen. But after all it pays (no matter how hard it seems) to be honorable in one's dealings, and always requesting the aid of our Heavenly Father.

The natural ice business is a hard business and is no longer in existence. The colder the weather, the closer attention must be given it. It demanded personal attention, even at zero weather, when the wind was blowing a blizzard and drifting snow made it impossible to see a rod ahead. It seemed as though all exposed parts of our face and hands would freeze.

Many times, I have broken through the ice at zero weather, several times entirely over head and under the water. I found it no particular pleasure to be up to your neck, with the current sucking your legs farther under the ice, and you fighting to keep your head above; or if the ice was thin, break the ice in front until you were rescued, or work yourself to the edge of the pond. After getting out, I would have to go a mile to get home, and my wife would have to assist me in getting out of my frozen clothes.

Often, I have stayed up all night working on the ditch to keep sufficient water coming into the pond. If the water stopped, our whole crop was lost. At the same time the east mountain wind kept up its unmerciful speed—all this work was out in the open, unprotected from those cold blasts.

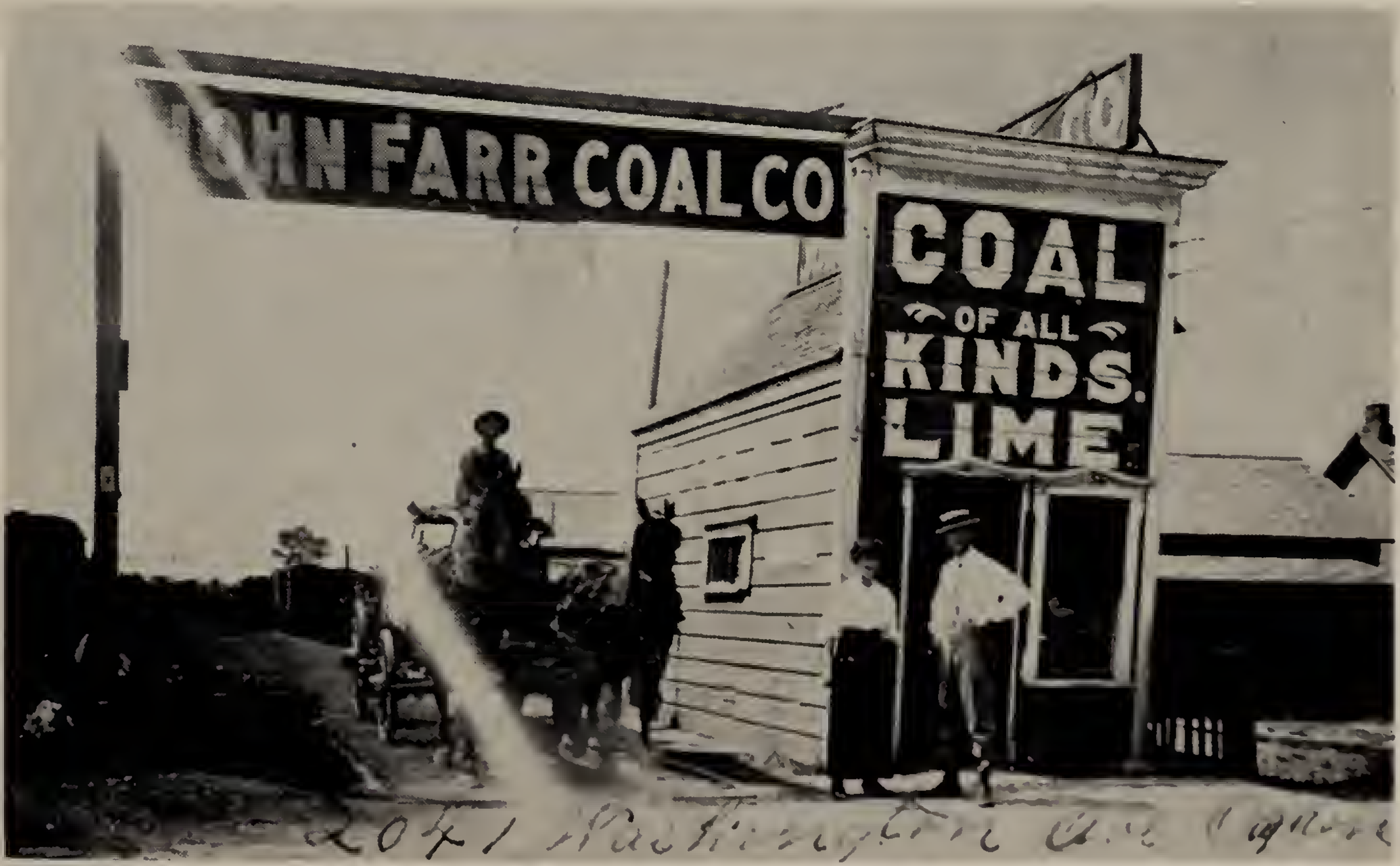
At first, we used to cut the ice by hand, and later ice plows were used, and snow scrapers to remove the snow. When the ice would bend, the horse would quicken his pace to reach the opposite bank. So many times the load got too heavy and the poor helpless horse with the scraper or plow would go down with the load. If the ice was thick enough, several men could get hold of the collar, belly-band and britching, and pull the horse out of the water on to the ice, and help the horse to his feet. Many times, he was almost frozen stiff, and it rerequired several hours of rubbing and warming up.

After the ice was cut and sawed into length 22x36 inches, it was floated by pike poles to the ice chute, and conveyed into the ice houses, where it was stacked on edge. When the house was full, from three to five thousand tons, six inches of sawdust was placed around the edges and on top about eight to ten inches. It required constant care to keep the ice covered, both sides and top, and the air soon melted any exposed parts. It could be reasonably certain of one third shrinkage during the season.

The delivery of ice was hard work. We had to be at the ice house at daylight with team and wagon, ready to uncover the ice, bar it loose, drag it to the door, and slide it into the wagon. We usually had two to three tons to the load to be delivered. After loading we would stop at home long enough to grab a little breakfast on the run. The retail wagons could handle about 200 families to the wagon, and we would get through with deliveries from three to four P.M. The Old Mill Pond, as it was known, was a great winter pleasure resort. Hundreds of skaters enjoyed the two and one half acres of smooth ice. Old Father Jost spent many hours on the pond in fancy skating.

The wholesale ice wagons furnished the butcher shops, saloons, and stores. At one time we had fifty-six saloons to ice each day, or every other day, according to the size of the icebox.

I was in the ice business 18 years, an experience which gave an understanding of competitive business and heartless saloon life. I saw drinking, gambling, quarreling, and gunplay, as well as the shooting to death of three people—two of them at the gambling table. It was heart-rending to me to see a few of our old pioneer boys go the downward path by drink. But very few, if any, of our Latter-day Saint girls would ever be seen to take a drink of liquor. The law prohibited the entering of saloons by women and minors. Any woman who



Coal office built 1883 by Lorenzo and Lorin Farr. Property purchased by John Farr in 1911. First domestic coal in Utah, from Castle Gate, was sold here. The house at right was Lorin Farr's private school, and John's first home after his marriage.

entered a saloon was considered an underworld character. She usually entered through the back door.

A Coal Yard Acquired

Not only farming, milling, and the ice business occupied my time, but the coal outlook seemed very promising at the time of the entry of the Denver and Rio Grande into Ogden in 1882. My father and brother Lorenzo opened a coal yard at the corner of Wall Avenue and 21st Street; and in 1883, moved up to 2041 Washington Avenue, following the moving of the railroad. In the course of time, Farrs were doing a very prosperous business. Unfortunately, Ren broke his leg, a misfortune which took him away from the office.

At this time, the coal industry was under the control of the two railroads, the Union Pacific and the Rio Grande, with J. M. Moore as U. P. coal agent, and E. L. Carpenter as R. G. agent. By the trickery and deceit of one of our influential citizens, the Rio Grande was pursuaded to transfer the coal agency from the Farrs to another man. This compelled Lorin Farr and son Lorenzo to go to the Union Pacific for supply, which was from Rock Springs, Coalville, and the Central Pacific mine at Castlegate.

In 1888, I bought father's business and gave some attention to the coal end as well as the feed and grain business. In the early nineties, we worked up a large trade, reducing the other coal company patronage in our favor. Such strong competition embittered the Rio Grande and its agency to such an extent that it brought on a bitter price coal war, which lasted several months, but the competition still was in our favor. So Mr. Carpenter of the Rio Grande called a meeting and the price war was called off. He then requested us to send in our orders for all grades of Castlegate coal.

Since my entering the coal industry, many changes have taken place. At least a hundred have entered the coal business and dropped out. First class coal veins have been worked out and closed. Many new openings are now in big production. Of the many coal operators who started in Ogden, I can't recall that any of the original men are now alive. I have had personal charge of my coal business for some 65 years, and interested financially for over 67 years.

The coal business has been a peculiar business. Many men believe there is a great profit in it, and they have entered the business with a double barrel cut, presumably expecting to take the trade, but usually winding up by losing their financial hide. At the present time, 1957, Salt Lake City, Provo, and Ogden have taken a double summer-sault backwards in favor of natural gas, which is now installed in most new homes, and many old ones are being converted to gas.

In the early stages of the coal game in the Intermountain country, coal was delivered by team and wagon, with sleighs in winter, receiving 35 to 50 cents per ton; now by truck, delivery costs are 75 cents to $1.25 per ton. Lump coal in the nineties costing at the mine $1.80 to $2.25, freight from 80 cents to $1.00, retailed, delivered to your bin, for $4.50 and $4.75—slack at $2.75 and $3.00 and hard to get rid of at that. Now, domestic slack sells for $10.78 and tax—a total of $13.00, and lump is $14.25. At one time, we shipped 15 cars of anthracite coal from Colorado—and today none.

Perhaps, I am the oldest living coal operator in Utah who has lived to see the industry grow from infancy to great power and profit, only to dwindle to a commodity of lesser domestic use.

CHAPTER 9

EXPERIENCES IN BRITISH MISSION

A LETTER FROM BOX B

John as he appeared in 1899, while on mission in England.

By the summer of 1897, my efforts in business had become reasonably successful. Hard work and persistence, with the blessing of the Lord, had brought us the comforts of life, and a degree of independence. We now had six children, and were expecting another — quite a little brood to look after. But we were very happy with our responsibility; and my dear wife was exceptionally diligent in taking care of the home and the children.

At this time of satisfaction with our lot, and confidence in the future, I received an expected surprise. A letter came from Box B, calling me on a mission to Great Britain. The letter was signed by President Wilford Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith. There was no doubt in my mind about this being a call from the Lord, and I accepted, agreeing to leave as soon as I could arrange my affairs.

In preparation, I had many obstacles to meet. It was necessary to sell or lease the coal and ice business. Many other details had to be looked after to assure the comfort of my family during my absence. The most important item was the expected arrival of a baby—a little girl, who came January 18, 1898, and we named her Afton. As soon as my wife was strong enough to look after the multitude of household affairs, I advised church headquarters I was ready. By return mail, I was requested to take the steamship "Belgenland," which left Philadelphia April 9, 1898.

Having already been ordained an Elder by Uncle Winslow Farr, December 19, 1883, at the time of my marriage, I was ordained a Seventy March 23, 1898 and set apart to the British Mission by John Henry Smith of the Council of Twelve, my brother-in-law. For several days before my departure, I was partially confined to the house by sickness; but I was determined to leave as requested by the appointed time. I went to bid my mother and sisters goodbye, returning to the house about 9 P.M.; and to my surprise as I opened the door, there stood my steamer trunk sitting on end, and six little children standing or sitting around the table, with the infant babe in the cradle. I watched my wife prepare a little lunch for me to eat while on the train. There she stood, not saying a word, with great streams of tears rolling down her cheeks. Of course, my tears came also, notwithstanding I tried so hard to hold out. A mission, for a man with a large family was a tough assignment.

In the early days, there were but few conveniences for the family left at home: hard work and lonesome hours for the wife, care and sickness all hours of the night for the wife and children. There was fuel to be gathered in, the cows to milk and feed, the pigs to slop and bed, chickens to tend, and water to carry. There was the churning and butter molding; yes, and a thousand other chores to be done, not counting the daily washing for the kiddies. The family was often deprived of necessities—all this to make it possible to keep the husband in the mission field.

How different are today's missions! Dad and mother furnish a two-year outfit to start with, then, $50.00 per month for maintenance, all the books and pamphlets needed, a little money for side trips and pleasures, and very often a sightseeing tour at the end of the mission.

As I desired to visit a few days in Chicago, New York, and Washington, D.C., before leaving for England, I left Ogden, March 30. My sister, Mrs. Belle Sears, met me at Chicago, and took me for a two-day sightseeing jaunt. We were visiting the Rush Medical College, my brother-in-law, Heber Sears, and I were walking through the anatomy room when a large chunk of human flesh slammed up against the wall just above my head. Heber whispered, "Don't take any notice of it," so we kept on walking. We also sat in the gallery watching several operations on 'stiffs' brought there for that purpose. It seemed that unclaimed bodies were scattered all over the large room in various stages of amputation. It surely was a ghastly sight.

From Chicago, I went to New York, where I visited Joe Ballantyne, and made my headquarters at the Church Conference home. Many interesting places, Brooklyn Bridge, 32nd Street, theaters, museums, and a thousand other places kept my attention for another couple of days; then, to Washington D.C. for another two short, exciting days visiting, before going to Philadelphia, my embarkation point to England.

In company with 16 Elders, two lady missionaries, Inez Knight and Jennie Brimhall, 70 cabin, and 45 steerage passengers, together with a crew of 100 officers and men, we put out to sea at 11:30 A.M. The Belgenland was a second class boat, 420 feet long, and 38 foot beam, and it made only one more trip before being overhauled. But it carried us safely across the Atlantic.

EXPERIENCE ON BOARD SHIP

That evening during a concert on board ship, a large German, Theodore Schaller by name, came in the salon while Sister Jennie Brimhall was giving a reading, and began to talk rashly in German. Fortunately, Brother Richards and one of the Elders could talk German, and they kept him entertained until we could get in touch with the Captain. The Captain and Purser soon entered, at which time the German recognized them and jumped up, exclaiming the police were pursuing him. He made a dash for the door with the Captain at his back and the purser in front. On reaching the railing of the boat, the German grabbed the Captain by the throat and almost threw him overboard. Help came and the man was placed in a straight jacket for the night, but was released in the morning with two guards. While Sister Brimhall, Inez Knight and I were leaning over the rail looking down at these three men, a manical yell came from the German as he gave a leap over the rail. I gave the alarm to the pilot, and the boat was stopped. I kept my eye on the man overboard until the Captain reached the rear with his field glasses. The ship was backed up, a lifeboat was lowered with two men, and soon they had the German in the boat, which appeared high on top of a wave, or sank deep out of sight between the waves. The victim was brought back to the ship, but it was too late. The life had gone out of him, and the poor fellow was lowered into the ocean at 4 A.M. next morning.

Nothing of great importance happened during the remainder of the voyage, except some very rough weather. I was sick pretty much all the way over. We ran into high seas, the waves rolling over the entire deck, the water pouring into the dining room. Sometimes, we were below the level of the sea, which looked like a valley between two hills. With waves striking the boat broadsides, every timber creaked as if it would break asunder. A number of passengers, much frightened, fell on their knees in prayer. It did not affect me to any alarming extent, but it looked mighty dreary.

April 20, I arose at 5 A.M. sighting the first land on our voyage. The air was warm but refreshing; and the appearance of the green Irish coast most pleasing. , Many small fishing boats were passing, bringing a welcome human touch to our surroundings. By this time, my sickness had left, and I resumed my old practice of walking briskly around the deck of the vessel.

At 8 A.M., in a heavy fog, we left the Belgenland after being 12 days on the ocean. President McMurrin, Elder Nole and Will Knight were there to receive the company. They took us to 32 Islington Street in Liverpool, where we were appointed to our various fields of labor. Brother Coombs, William Gaugh, and myself were appointed to Nottingham Conference. I think Sister Morris had something to do with this, as she requested that I be sent to labor among her relatives.

I well remember my first dinner in England. The company sat down at a long table, well filled with eatables, including two 18 inch cod curled upon platters, one at each end of the table. I was placed at the head to cut and serve the cod to both Elders and women visitors. Well, if those served had nothing else to eat except my serving they would have had plenty, as those fish were about four inches thick, and the slices I cut pretty well filled the plate. One consolation, they were not compelled to eat it all.

On the 22, I called on Harry O'Gorman's parents, who were somewhat bitter against the Mormons, and would not receive the Elders. But as their son, Harry, was working for me in Ogden, they treated me like a prince, and entertained me with a fine dinner. I trust my visit mellowed down some of the enmity existing against the Elders, as they took my picture and gave me a hearty invitation to return.

ASSIGNED TO NOTTINGHAM

About 3:45 P.M., we were off for Nottingham, our field of labor, enjoying the beautiful rolling green hills, with many sheep and cattle grazing on the green, as we rode through the country side. On arriving at Nottingham, we hired a man with a hand cart to take us to 49 Sabina Street, where we were to live. After supper, I went out to my first open air meeting and was called on to pray.

From that time on, I was busy at regular missionary work. On arising in the morning, we had prayer, then breakfast, after which we had a period of study in the forenoon. In the afternoon, we tracted; and in the evenings, held meetings and made visits, or just relaxed and wrote to the folks at home. Always before any undertaking, we had prayer—prayer being a great factor in missionary work. Nottingham, together with several smaller towns surrounding it, is a large industrial center, noted for the weaving of cotton cloth, silk hosiery and other textiles. Here, early in the 19th Century, the inventors, Hargrave and Cartwright set up their spinning frame and spinning jenny, which started the industrial revolution. The city, located on the Trent River, has crooked cobble stone streets and solid rows of brick and stone houses. There are also beautiful parks, museums, art galleries, and a university. Historically, it goes back to early Anglo Saxon times, showing many evidences of its age. To a group of young Americans reared in a very new community, it presented many interesting sights. But our main interest was to preach the gospel. Some of the following highlights from my diary show the variety of my daily experiences.

May 5th, my companion, Joseph Udell, and I left Nottingham and went out to Sutton and Mansfield. Neither one having had any missionary experience made it exceedingly difficult. In a strange land it was not easy to know just how and when to act. So to start street meetings, we walked out five miles to a little town to get a little experience. We stopped on a street corner and started to sing, but couldn't pitch the tune. Then, we heard a man call out, "They are practicing to sing."

At that, Brother Udell said, "Let's go."

I said, "No," and stepped out without singing and offered up a prayer, then told the people who we were, stating my brother would now speak to them. Well, I put him on the spot; it was up to him to make good. I never heard him give a finer talk during his entire mission than the one he gave at that first street meeting.

May 25, we laid away the beautiful 27-year-old wife of Richard Tomilson. Being one of the pall-bearers, I helped carry the casket and remains on our shoulders from the home to the cemetery. This was the usual custom for short distances; and many times as many as four caskets would be laid on top of one another in the crowded burial places. The services were conducted by the Elders in the cemetery chapel.

Once a month we were called to headquarters to report our labors, and receive instructions from the conference presidency. We were always glad when this time came around, as we would meet many of the Elders and saints, and sometimes, the general authorities. Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of Twelve, was present on one of these occasions, July 29, 1898, and delivered a lecture on "Utah and Her People" in Town Hall, many non-Mormons attending, 700 in all. This was under the direction of President Joseph Stringfellow, President Cartright having been released June 2.

On the 13th day of June, we moved to new quarters at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Parsons at Sutton in Ashfield, non-members, but very kind and friendly. Mrs. Parsons did more for us than a member could have done, as she was constantly praising her Mormon friends. She also invited us to several socials.

I called on one of her friends, Mrs. Allsop, while tracting; and in our conversation, I doubt if anyone was ever so much abused by a woman as I and our people. Well, I was at the front door; and as her anger rose, she would back to the kitchen door; and three different times I called her back; and with a smile told her I would not harm her, but would like to tell who we are.

Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Parsons questioned me concerning her friend, Mrs. Allsop. The latter had admitted to her that she had been very abusive of the Mormons in her conversation with me. But she said, "Before he left, I rather liked him." Well, I thought this sounded strange, but I didn't mind it. I rather enjoyed the experience.

Missionary Experiences

While out tracting, I saw a very pitiful sight in a poor section—a circular court of stone slab pavement and small old brick houses. On a front doorstep, lay a tiny infant, perhaps 18 months old, with scarcely a pound of flesh stuck to its tiny bones. It was asleep, and evidently in a dying condition; no clothes, except a diaper. Its little arms, legs, and body stretched out on the cold stone floor. A board blocked the doorway, preventing even a feeble effort to crawl out into the open sunlight or cry for help. Well, my first impulse was to go inside and put the little one on the dirty looking bed; but I was afraid the mother would prefer housebreaking charges against me. So I went to the next door, and asked the lady if she would pick up the child. She replied, "Oh, she (the child's mother) is down to the pub." (saloon). Two days later, the child was taken to the cemetery. I wonder who will have to pay for that child's life.

Brother Udell and I took the Great Northern train for Grimsby and Cleethorpes, a watering resort, passing through

Lancashire, with many fields of ripened grain. We stopped at Grimsby docks, and from our pockets ate a small lunch. The harbor was filled with various freight vessels, mostly lumber. Then, there were the dry docks, gates, light house tower, fishing smacks, fish market, and many other places of interest to sightseers.

Walking along the beach about a mile, we came to Cleethorpes, where we saw two strange gentlemen leaning on the wall watching the tide come in. I leaned on the wall beside one of them, and asked him how Salt Lake was getting along. He said he was from Utah but not from Salt Lake. I introduced Brother Udell and myself, after which the two Elders took us over to their lodging, where we met five more Elders. We accepted their invitation for dinner, after which we took the wrong train for Sutton; and at the end of the line, had to spend the balance of the night in the railroad station, as all the hotels were closed for the night. The station agent was kind enough to let us occupy the waiting room unlocked. Leaving at daybreak, we arrived at Sutton at 10:40 A.M. Sunday morning. After cleaning up, we started on our regular Sunday duties.

During an open air meeting on the Mansfield market, two ministers drove up in a carriage, jumped out, and rushed to where we were speaking, and began shooting a dozen questions at us. Fortunately, I managed to answer as fast as they sent them. Finaly I fired a few back for them to answer. After three or four questions, which they could not answer, they quickly got into their carriage and drove off, the crowd shouting, "Cowards, the kid has licked you."

During the best seasons, England's landscapes are most beautiful, the hills with a velvet green like waving carpet spread over the land, with sheep and cattle browsing contentedly; and as one passes over the hills, climbing stiles, and following paths through waving, ripening grain, his mind wanders back through the past ages, when the Lord in His wisdom led the children of Israel out of the land of Assyria, guiding them into the north and west countries, ever moving toward that choice land, America, "Choice above all other lands," at the proper time to establish His Kingdom on the earth, where the unknown or lost sheep, which were scattered in the north countries and the isles of the sea will come in remembrance before the Lord, and their prophets will no longer stay their hand but will smite the rock of error, superstition, and prejudice, which flows down at their presence, and the great ocean highway (ocean vessels) will be cast up in the great deep. And the Lord will send forth springs of living water, that the parched land may blossom as the rose, and Zion be established in the tops of the mountains, yea, how true!

Chapter 10

MORE MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES

President Woodruff Dies

September 5th, Brother Udell and I took a trip to Manchester, visiting many interesting places—the Zoo, Art Galleries, Louise Paintings, Belveau Gardens, and Fire Works Display. The Gardens are one of the world's famous resorts; the Fire Works display, beyond anything I have every seen.

Sept. 11th. Owing to the death of President Wilford Woodruff, we turned our evening sacrament meeting into a memorial in honor of our good and God loving leader. The meeting was held at Sister Chambers' home in Worksop.

After one open-air meeting, about 75 children followed us up the street, ridiculing us, and yelling like a pack of hyenas. It was quite amusing. Three young men called on us to give us their belief in religion, stating that there was no spirit, but life was just the breath, and as soon as the breath was gone, that was the end of our earthly existence, but at the resurrection, God would again breath the breathe of life, and we would become a living soul. They believed in faith, repentance, and baptism, but all other principles to them seemed a blank.

October 6th. We attended the Nottingham Goose Fair, a celebration looked forward to by all the people. To me, it was a wild, noisy, funmaking amusement. The market was filled with several merry-go-rounds, side-shows of all descriptions, with men and women at the door of each show, yelling at the tops of their voices, ringing bells, tooting horns, and every imaginable thing to make a noise. At night, parties of 20 to 100 young men and girls would string along single file, push through the crowded street with such power that no one could stand in their way. At the end of the evening, the street would be strewn with confetti two or three inches deep.

15th. Brother Udell and I by request attended the funeral of Mr. Parson's mother at Skegby, leading the funeral procession from the residence to the cemetery chapel. After a few remarks, and prayer by the pastor, the casket was taken to the grave, headed by the family, followed by Brother Udell and myself. Before the casket could leave the chapel, the funeral expenses must be paid, 6 shillings for the grave, 1 shilling for the bell, and 1 for the parson. On returning to the residence, refreshments were spread upon a long prepared table; but the pall-bearers met in another room, where beer was served. We, of course, did not partake of the beer.

Conference At Nottingham

31st. Conference at Nottingham with council meetings at 49 Sabina Street. President Junius F. Wells of the British Mission presided, and Joseph Stringfellow conducted. Seventeen Elders were present. J. W. Knight and his sister, Inez, Jennie Brimhall, and Lettie Campbell were visiting missionaries. Sisters Knight and Brimhall were the first lady missionaries sent to Great Britain.

Not all is rosy in England—much trouble and contention in married life. The high cost of divorce, 40 to 50 pounds, prevents divorce and keeps contention in the family.

There are many fine married people who endeavor to live good and happy lives. But women drinking is so common, there are many heart-aches and broken families. At this time, statistics claim almost 40% of first babies born are out of wedlock.

Today, November 23, about 7 inches of snow fell.

December 12, Brother Udell and I left for a visit to Sheffield for three nights, the last turning out to be a sleepless one. Between the fleas and the bedbugs, we were busy until 3 A.M., when we carefully crept downstairs and left the house, not to return again. Every time we turned on the light, a herd of bugs could be seen scampering to their retreats, so we decided we couldn't stand any more.

I answered a slanderous attack in the Daily Free Press. On my way home, I stopped to see Mr. and Mrs. Watson, where we always received a small baked potato with drippings. The couple were getting old but always glad to see us; and before I left for home, they requested baptism. They were fine, honest people.

Dec. 20th. Brother Udell was transferred to Lancaster District, effective January 1st. The weather continued cold and foggy, like a dripping rain. Our clothes hung on us like wet blankets. You can imagine rising mornings and stepping into wet clothes, or sleeping at night with wet covering, with your knees up to your chin to keep warm. That was the case for over a month; and on going out of doors for several days it was impossible to see a rod ahead. But thank goodness, there was some beautiful weather later.

Continued cold and stormy. Again I answered a Free Press article against the Elders and the Church.

CHRISTMAS IN ENGLAND

On 24th, we were invited to a Christmas dinner at the home of Sister Anna Oakden. We walked 11 miles to reach her home. There were 24 missionaries including the sisters, besides her own family present. Leave it to the Elders for eating, and how they did enjoy the occasion. Sister Oakden is capable of putting on a spread that any dispeptic would envy; baked ham, roast beef, potatoes, cabbage gravy; and all that goes with it for dessert, that famous plum pudding, finished with her special fig and brandy pudding sauce. After tasting the pudding, President Ruff remarked, "Brethren, you are supposed to eat what is set before you and say nothing." The Elders had no objection to the advice.

In the evening, Brother Painter and I joined a party of glee singers and toured the city, serenading the more wealthy families. We received 8 shillings during the evening. My share was sixpence, which I turned over to Sister Oakden.

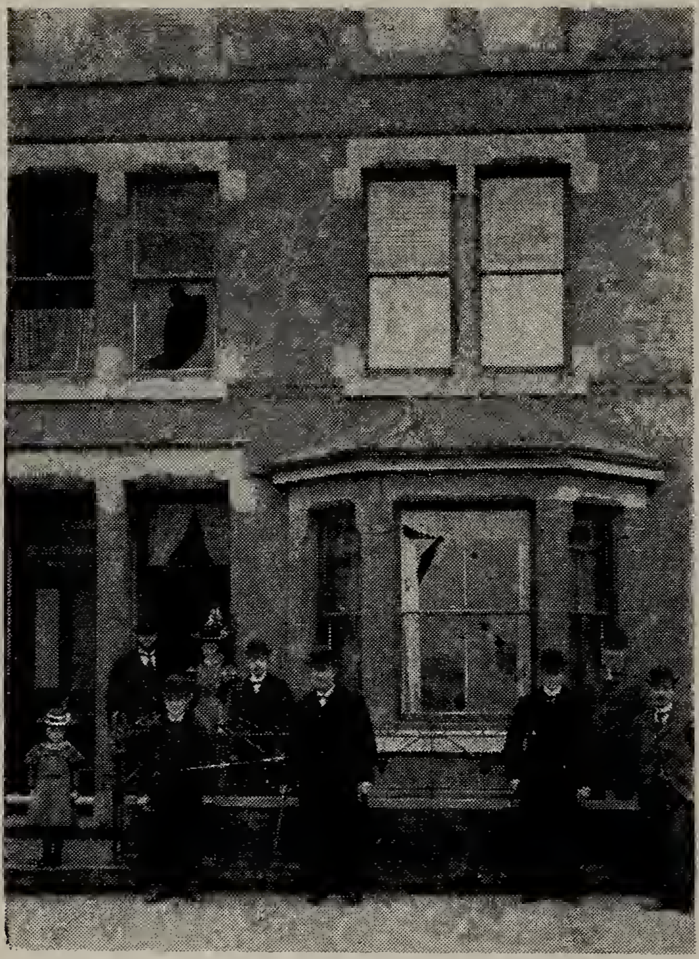
Christmas day, Sunday, Brother Painter and I left for Sutton in Ashfield, where we had another Christmas dinner.

January 1, 1899. I knelt down in prayer, giving thanks for all the blessings that had been bestowed upon me both at home and abroad. The day was cold, stormy, foggy—later in the evening mixed with rain and snow.

January 4th, 1899, the most important day of my life, 36 years old today. Just another day of missionary work. I am the father of eight children, two boys and six girls, seven now living. One boy, Eugene, died at two months old. My youngest girl, Afton, was two months old on my leaving for England. (Another son, Kenneth, was born January 6, 1902.)

There were four seasons today: spring, summer, fall, and winter—the day winding up with rain and snow. For some time the weather has been very changeable; fog is prevalent, and mighty disagreeable to me. I have to wear a lung pad when outdoors during the fog. It has a heavy, pressing feeling on one's chest. To me, the cold, clear air of Utah is much more preferable.

PERSECUTIONS



Church headquarters in England wrecked by mob.

February 5th was set apart as a general fast day in connection with our petition to the British Government to stop the persecution of the Elders, as we in Nottingham have just passed through a stormy period of persecution. Our headquarters have been pretty well wrecked with stones, bricks, and about everything else that could be thrown. Every window in the house was broken, and the Elders compelled to get into the inside rooms for protection until the police arrived.

The attacks were caused principally by the malicious lies printed in the daily papers by some irresponsible person. I answered several letters in the Daily Press, and believe it did considerable good. A number of our meetings have been broken up, and we have been hissed and booed by unruly crowds.

2nd. I blessed Brother Ellis's baby, "Winifred Ruby."

We were transferred to labor in Darby. Many of the saints and friends regretted our leaving Sutton District. Streams of tears rolled down the cheeks of Mrs. Joseph Paggett as Brother Udell and I closed the gate in her front yard, while she and her fifteen-year-old son stood in the door to bid us goodbye. Mrs. Paggett, a non-member, owing to her husband's objection, was an honest, good woman. She remarked as we left the house, "It's like burying a loved one."

March 18th, continued cold, with snow almost all day. We stayed in the house; had boiled onions for supper as a special dish.

23rd. Brother Harold P. Jennings, wife and mother arrived in Darby. I accompanied them to a Catholic Good Friday service, very different from ours. The priest, reading part of Chapters 18 and 19 of St. John—Christ's prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, and the Crucifixion.

April 3rd. In company with other Elders, and sisters, I attended the church wedding of Brother Charles Holmes and Sister Clairie.

April 4th. A severe cold snap still hangs on; we have been confined close to the house for several days, sleet, cold, and snow.

13th. Brother Stringfellow baptized six. Four of the six were confirmed on the 15th by Brother Jennings, Stringfellow and myself. The other two were confirmed in Nottingham at conference.

On the 19th, all the Elders were called to Nottingham for a three-day conference. The visitors were President Henry W. Naisbett and Hatch of Liverpool, and Sister Adams of Sheffield.

On the evening of the 26th, Brother Udell and I left for a visit to our old field of labor in Sutton and Mansfield. We returned to Darby May 4th, after a short visit with our friends in our first field of labor.

May 19th. I baptized Mrs. Ellen Lord, a very fine woman, confirmed by Harold Jennings.

20th. Brother Jennings and I were routed out of a street meeting by a mob of three or four hundred, who would push, shove, spit in our faces, stick their faces close to ours, and call us every conceivable bad name. It was almost more than I could take. Brother Jennings caught my arm and prevented me from resisting their attacks, and probably saved us a trip to the hospital, while the police battled to get us out of the jam.

We returned to Darby on the 22nd at the closing hour of the publics. We saw many drunks, both men and women, staggering down the streets, some with little babies. No wonder child mortality is so high.

The following evening, our open air meeting was broken up by a mob. Sister Jennings got pretty well excited, fearing for our safety.

Many open air meetings were held in the market place. For example, on the night of June 3rd, as soon as the Salvation Army concluded their meeting, including a 10-piece band, we followed up, announcing our meeting. At the same time there were four other sessions being held close by—all in calling distance of one another. The Temperance Society, and an Organ and Singing Group were near us; in the rear were The Fish Anglers; and a brass band on another corner. Just imagine, if you can, how one can concentrate on a subject. Notwithstanding all this confusion, we held a good sized audience.

June was exceptionally busy; many changes of Elders to different districts. President Bennett was a visitor. Elders Joseph R. Price, Buckwalter, and Burton came to labor with me in Darby. Stringfellow was transferred to Lincolnshire; and Jennings, to London with his mother, sister, and other relatives. President Ruff, with Elders Parkins and Cole, left for Utah, after making farewell visits among the saints.

There were also many meetings, held in church, private homes, and in the open air.

Some funny experiences occasionally came along. One happened to Brother Price while out tracting. A nice looking, well educated lady opened the door and invited him in, and told him to sit down, while she sat on a sofa on the opposite side of the room with a pistol lying at her side. Well, Brother Price was as interested in that gun as he was in their conversation, being new at misionary work. He was glad to get out of this uncomfortable situation as soon as possible, though no word was spoken of the gun. Still, Brother Price was unable to get his mind to stay on the gospel.

A Mr. Heathcothe, accompanied by a friend, came to our house, stating he had been baptized into his church, and now came to ask us to give him the Holy Ghost. We informed him this was not according to our religion. We explained the gifts and blessing he might obtain, however, by complying with the principles of the gospel as we taught them. Though he talked to us until 11 P.M. he was not interested in our religion.

Another time while standing on a slight hill grade, we saw two men with a cart load of coal, coming up the road, each man leading his horse tandem fashion. The lead man with an armful of green hay in front of his horse's nose to coax him along—a good way to make a bawky horse pull.

July 1st. Sister Reynolds was still seriously ill. We Elders of the Darby District fasted three days in her behalf; administered to her, giving her great relief. In all cases when administered to, the patient received much benefit.

July 4th, being a holiday in the United States, the Elders did no particular missionary work. In going through the city, we saw the Stars and Stripes flying at one place. Wishing to celebrate, we bought three pounds of strawberries. In the evening, we went back to work, holding our usual open air meeting.

Trip To Blackpool

On the 10th, Brother Udell and I took a trip to Blackpool, one of the interesting pleasure spots of Old England. We took the 6:30 train, arrived in Blackpool at 11 A.M., going directly to the Aquarium where thousands of sea specimens had been gathered from all parts of the world, and classified according to species. Some with almost human faces stared at you from the opposite side of the glass tank as if trying to understand what you were talking about.

There was the devil fish, the octopus, shark, and hundreds of various kinds, shapes, and colors. Some were beautiful; and some, ugly and frightening. The whole spectacle portrayed much of the unknown life of the sea, which like the heavens is yet to be explored. All of these various forms of life have their different attributes, intelligences, and habits—each to fill its own specific destiny.

After visting the Aquarium, we had lunch, then went to the menagerie, where many of the jungle beasts were gathered from Africa, Asia, India, South America, and other parts of the earth. Especially did the children enjoy the funny tricks of the monkeys.

We soon arrived at the tower, stepping on the elevator, which lifted us 500 feet and then we walked 50 feet farther, where we had a beautiful view of the city.

The 14th, we visited the St. Luke's Church (High Church). After the pastor had taken us through various parts of the building, he favored us with three musical selections, and rang the bells at the top of the belfrey. I personally was permitted to wind the old church clock. The church is beautifully sculptured, painted, and decorated, especially the pulpit and crucifix which are finished in gold.

The 16th. District report meeting was held. President Henry W. Naisbett, Emeline B. Wells, and Sister McCune were visitors.

July 24th. Being Pioneer Day, the Elders, Saints and a few friends put on a Utah Pioneer Celebration at Matlock Baths, a beautiful spot for such an occasion. At the close of the exercises, prizes were awarded. I received for my foot race a volume of "Waverley."

The 26th. Sister Buckley at Darby Abby was seriously ill, and called for the Elders. She felt much improved after we administered to her.

July 28th, I baptized four people, Arthur Gibling, Mary Ann Brough, Minnie McDonald, and John Bradley. Brother Buckwalter was a witness. On August 2nd, I confirmed Mary Ann Brough; and August 6th, confirmed Arthur Gibling. John Bradley was confirmed by Elder Buckwalter; and Minnie McDonald, by Brother Price.

An open air meeting was broken up by the "Anti Mormon Society," led by a man named Barker.

August 7, 1899. Brother Joseph Fielding Smith Jr., and Elder Sanford of the Nottingham Conference, the two Elders who had recently come to the Nottingham Conference, came to Darby to spend the day with us. We all took a stroll through the city, visiting the Aquarium, parks, etc., after which we returned to our apartment, and enjoyed the balance of the evening in singing and general conversation. This being a National Bank holiday, nearly all of the stores were closed.

CHAPTER 11

I GO TO NORWAY

A VISIT TO MOTHER'S RELATIVES

HAVING a great desire to see my mother's native land; and if possible, to present the gospel to my relatives there, I obtained permission to make a trip to Norway, which later included a brief excursion through the other European countries. August 8, 1899, I paid ten pounds, fourteen shillings (about $50) for a second class continental tour.

The trip was one of the great experiences of my life. Not only did I have the glorious opportunity of meeting my Norwegian relatives, but also of learning something of the culture and habits of the people in Europe. I could appreciate more fully the wisdom of our Heavenly Father in bringing the faithful souls who would accept the gospel to the free land of America, where He could establish his kingdom on earth.

Leaving Nottingham August 10, I took the 3 P.M. train to Newcastle, stopping there overnight with four Elders at 37 Cavindish Road. The next morning, accompanied by Elder Toone, I visited Jasmond Dean and Armstrong Parks, also the main business district, walking up the 108 steps down which Dick Turpin rode his famous Black Bess to escape capture.

At New Castle, I boarded the Steamship Steerling, sailing down the River Tyne into the open North Sea. At 8 P.M., the dinner gong sounded, and I found a place at a side table with several other men. But when the waitress came with a plate of sweet soup, one whiff of it caused an upheaval in my stomach which lasted from Friday until Sunday morning, the 13th, when the sea voyage ended. By this time, I was so thoroughly crystalized it was not necessary to have a crystal ball to look straight through me. At 9:30 A.M., we docked at Arndall on the Southern coast of Norway, where the crew unloaded cargo and passengers. Accompanied by an Englishman and his wife, the only two on board, with whom I could carry on a conversation, we walked through the town. We read the window signs, picking up as many Norwegian words as we could.

At 7:30 in the evening, we left Arndall for Christiana; and by this time, my appetite was so much improved that I enjoyed the five-course dinner served on the boat. It was amusing at Arndall Harbor to see many children swimming around the boat, diving for pennies and other coins thrown overboard by the passengers. Usually, the coins would be picked up before reaching the bottom of the sea. Two little children, a boy and a girl, probably five and six years of age, were out in the harbor alone, sailing a small boat. They seemed unconcerned and happy, though the sea was quite choppy, and their tiny craft bobbed up and down like a cork on the water.

After a good night's rest, I arose at 6 A.M. to enjoy the beautiful scenery of the mountains as we sailed up the channel, the hillsides dotted with small villages and summer homes. Before long, we docked in the great harbor of Christiana, arriving at 8:30 A.M., ahead of schedule, so there was no one there to meet me. But I was soon seated in a carry-all on the way to 27 Osterhausegade, Norway, where I was made welcome by the Elders.

After breakfast with the Elders, Brother Hyrum Olsen of Salt Lake City and I strolled through the city, getting a birds-eye view of the business district. We called on my Uncle Andrew Straun at his place of business, meeting him for the first time, and his niece Dagny Olsen, my cousin, who worked as his clerk. We had an hour's conversation with them, and received an invitation to dine at the residence.

Cousin Dagny is the daughter of Aunt Severena of Fredrickstadt. Uncle Andrew is a rather large, honorable, intelligent looking man, a devout Congregationalist, very much against the Latter-day Saints. At our evening conversation, Elder Olsen and Uncle Andrew got into quite a heated argument. Later, a table was set out on the second-story veranda, overlooking a good portion of the city harbor. Uncle is comfortably situated—in a position to enjoy life pretty much as he desires.

Many delicacies were placed on the table, such as pastry, sweets and milk, and other foods for which Norway is famous. By using considerable tact and wisdom, Elder Olsen soon gained Uncle Andrew's confidence, and we spent a very enjoyable evening. Cousin Dagny seemed to be exceptionally interested, and did all she could to make our visit a pleasant one. My impression was that Dagny might become an interested investigator.

Morning of the 15th, Elder J. E. Balstead and I started to take in the city, visiting first the King's Palace, then to a boat to King Oscar's Hall where a 800-year-old building and relics had been removed from one of the Northern towns to this place. After a couple of hours, we returned to headquarters. The weather was warm and pleasant.

The following day, Elder Olsen and I visited the Hong Kollen, taking the trolley car about 10 A.M. to one of the notable play-grounds around Christiana. At the top of the tower, we had a beautiful view of the city, sea, and surrounding hills. Returning to the city, we took dinner at the automat, a new and up-to-date invention, where one puts a coin in the box and helps himself to his own fancy. At another eating place called the Dompkyoken where you pay 50 ore (13 cents) you get meat, potatoes, gravy, pudding, and some kind of sauce. I tried it and lost my appetite after a few mouthfuls, after which I turned my thoughts to more pleasant things by calling on Dagny Olsen for an hour.

The 18th, Elder Hyrum Olsen and I started out as usual for a day's sightseeing, first through the market, where fish, vegetables, and many kinds of ware are sold; then, to the Wickenship, a boat found in 1884, buried in the shore sands one thousand years ago. In the boat are seen the bones of a human being, a piece of canvas, oars, shields, hammers, and many household articles, some of which are in a fair state of preservation.

Sight Seeing

After lunch, I took the S. Y. tourist trip through the Christiana Fjords, a most delightful experience, passing close to the rugged shorelines rising in grandeur from the water's edge, featuring many beautiful views of summer cottages built on rocks or among the forest trees which came down to the shore. There were houses of many designs, surrounded by flower gardens, with boat houses conveniently situated.

The waters of the fjord are crystal clear to a depth of seventy-five feet. I got a great kick in watching the little boys dive for the coins thrown overboard by the passengers. At other points, we could see fish of various kinds darting around the boat. Going through steep craggy passes, one after another, we continued to find the hillsides dotted with homes. People were sitting on their porches, watching the water traffic; and at convenient points on the shore were many private bath houses, and strips of sandy beach, where many people, especially children, could be seen amusing themselves.

Being in the ice business myself, I could not help thinking how wonderful these deep, clear inland fjords must be for the production of natural ice in the cold, Norwegian winters. I learned that considerable ice was gathered from the pure waters of the fjord for summer use in the larger cities, and for ocean going vessels. We saw a ship taking on ice as we passed.

After two and a half hours of sightseeing in the harbor, I returned to 27 Osterhausegade; and after supper, attended a meeting. About eighty people were present. I was asked to make a few remarks, interpreted by one of the Elders; and at the close of the meeting, I was asked if I would like to learn the Norwegian language.

"Yes," I replied.

Brother Olsen taught me some words. "Now, go and repeat these words to a young lady," he instructed.

I said, "Certainly," and obeyed at the first opportunity.

"Nay, Nay," she said quickly.

Then, I discovered I had asked the girl to marry me. Well, this called for a laugh from the Elders at my expense.

18th. I got Brother Olsen to go with me in an attempt to find my Uncle Olef, one of my mother's brothers, who had changed his name from Erickson to Olsen. But not knowing he had changed his name, we were unsuccessful in our search. Up to this time, Uncle Andrew had refused to tell us where Olef lived, his excuse being that Ole's wife had just died, and he would not want to see me. So I had to keep looking, using whatever clues I could find myself.

After taking dinner with one of the saints, we met cousin Dagny at the St. Haus Gardens. I presented her with a nice "Voice of Warning," and we had a pleasant talk on religion and family affairs. We later went to a hotel for a cup of cocoa and cake, the hotel being a popular rendezvous for people of the upper class.

The following day, I accompanied Brother Olsen to visit among the saints, and to arrange a funeral for one of the members who had died. I also called on Uncle Andrew and Dagny, bidding them goodbye, as I expected to leave the next day. Uncle Andrew refused the specially bound "Voice of Warning" I tried to leave with him. His bitterness toward the Latter-day Saints was unrelenting. "No, I'm glad to see you, but I don't want anything to do with your religion, as your church took away two of my little sisters." He was of course referring to my mother and her sister, Aunt Caroline, who had joined the Church in 1852, and emigrated to Utah in 1853.

UNCLE OLEF

At 8 P.M., I started out to make another attempt to find Uncle Olef Olsen. I was deeply concerned for fear I might not find him at all. But we were directed to the second floor of a large house; and to my great good fortune this proved to be Uncle Olef's home. We were met at the door about 9:30 P.M. by his daughter Ingeborg, and finally invited in. Uncle Olef and his son, Olef Junior, had retired for the night; but on learning of some strange man claiming to be a nephew being in the house, they hurriedly dressed and came into the room.

This meeting, as well as the others, with beloved members of my mother's family, stirred deep feelings within me. It is a strange experience to come face to face with close relatives whose language you do not even understand, and who seem completely indifferent to the great spiritual truths in which you anchor your life. By the ties of kinship, they are near, yet they are far, and seemingly almost inaccessible.

We introduced ourselves, and they made us welcome. We sat around the table in lively conversation until 11:30 P.M.; a very enjoyable evening. Uncle Olef could understand English; Olef Jr. could carry on a good conversation in our language; and Ingeborg, quite fluently. Olef Jr. was a government engineer, and Uncle Olef, a retired government postoffice superintendent.

August 20, by appointment, I met Uncle Olef at the docks to visit his son Regnvald, who was stopping at his summer cottage about 14 miles out among the Christiana Fjords. He took us out to his home, which commanded a beautiful view of the mountains, fjords, and sea. Regnvald, a pleasant, good looking, and quite affable man about 35 years of age, was a congenial host. We spent the day pleasantly, wandering through the forest in conversation, and about every two hours we were served with refreshments.

We sat upon a rocky ledge in religious conversation, while I explained the history of our people, and the principles of the gospel. He was very much interested, and he gave the closest attention. Sitting on a rock beneath me, he looked up with a touch of wonderment in his eyes, as he listened to every word I uttered.

The next day, Regnvald picked me up at the conference home, and took me to a swank hotel, in company with his father. I enjoyed the full course dinner, as well as the long conversation after.

While at the hotel, cousin Ingeborg came and informed me that I was wanted at the residence of Uncle Andrew, whom I had already bid farewell. Upon arriving at his home, later, I found a long table set with many dainties. Uncle Andrew apologized for not knowing where his brother Olef was, until I had accidently, and with considerable trouble, found him; and we all had an enjoyable evening together.

I again bade them goodbye, as I had made definite arrangement to leave Christiana in the morning of the 22, at which time Elder Olsen, Uncle Olef, Regnvald, Ingeborg, and Dagny, came to the station to say farewell. Pinning a beautiful rose on my coat lapel, the girls told me how much they had enjoyed my visit, and expressed the hope that they would hear from me again. Their eyes filled with tears as we said farewell. I regretted very much not having met them earlier in my visit. By the time I had to leave them, I realized my Norwegian relatives were very dear to me; and with many pleasant thoughts, I recalled the happy hours I had spent in Christiana, one of the great cities in my mother's home land, with its beautiful fjords, high and picturesque mountains, large comfortable homes, clean streets, tidy, courteous people, and large progressive harbor.

My mind also went back to the swim Brother Olsen and I took in the harbor. While I was sitting on top of a pile driven in 25 feet of water, he remarked, "I wonder if they found the man who was drowned here Sunday." Well, I took one plunge back in and made for the pier, and was soon out of the cold, deep water.

Boarding a mixed train, both passengers and freight, I left for Fredrickstadt, 40 miles from Christiana, proceeding slowly through the rocky, wooded hills, covered principally with pole pines, six to twelve inches in diameter.

Occasionally, small farms dotted here and there along the sea coast. The farmer could often be seen, busy gathering his crops, usually hay. He would be using a high wheel cart, drawn either by an ox or a horse. This small scale farming was very different from the large acreages often tilled by American farmers using modern machinery. I was reminded of pioneer days when scythes and sickles were used for cutting hay; and the cradle, for grain. I had much experience with these simple implements; but thanks to modern inventions, we have found easier methods of farming.

MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE

At Fredrickstadt, my mother's birthplace, I expected to be met by Elder Jacob W. Olsen. (It seemed that half the people in Norway were named Olsen), but instead of Jacob

Olsen, a young lady, Miss Anna Olsen, of San Francisco, now on a visit to Norway, tapped me on the shoulder, and said in English: "Are you Mr. Farr?"

"Yes Mam," I admitted.

"We are looking for you." She led the way to a carriage, containing Aunt Severena's husband, and my cousin Marie Olsen; and the four of us drove to Elder Olsen's lodging, which was back of a corral, over a barn, and was used as a chapel as well as a dormitory. Going up the back stairs, Miss Olsen following, I met Elder Olsen. He was untidy, and the house was poorly kept. This was the only time in my travels I was ashamed of the quarters in which I found the Elders.

After a short interview, I was taken to Aunt Severena's home, and was met at the gate by Aunt Severena and Aunt Regina with great kindness. After supper, Miss Anna Olsen, my interpreter, was unable to stay, owing to another engagement; and I went back and slept at Elder Olsen's barn. The following morning, 23rd, together with Elder Olsen, Miss Olsen, my interpreter, and Cousin Axel's wife, I went to the docks, where we met cousin Axel Olsen, captain of a river steamer and passenger boat. We took a 21-mile trip up the river to Sarsberg Falls with him. For 16 miles both sides of the river were literally jammed with logs, sawmills, and factories; and at the falls, an American pulp factory was in operation.

At intervals, there were land openings between log flows to pick up and discharge passengers. It was astonishing to see Axel, the captain, swing that steamer in and out to fit just into the proper opening without accident. There were many impressive sights, including the large factories converting the logs into lumber, and pulp, much of which was probably used in the United States for publishing magazines and newspapers.

I could even fancy that the folks at home might soon be reading print from some of the millions of logs we passed.

We got off at Sarnsesund for lunch, after we visited the falls, a beautiful sight on the very large river, where electric light plants generated the power for so many mills and factories. After viewing the falls and the king's army training grounds, where the King's guards were preparing to receive King Oscar the following day, we returned to Fredrickstadt. On arriving at Aunt Severena's home, we had a light lunch, and spent the evening in conversation. I have been very much impressed with the Norwegian habits. As near as I can observe, food and refreshments are served about every two hours.

24th. My congenial interpreter, Miss Olsen, and I went to see about my railroad ticket. We called on Elder Jacob Olsen, also witnessed the passing of about two thousand soldiers on their way to the King's reception the following day. After dinner, Aunt Regina, cousin Marie, Miss Olsen, and I started to the old homestead where mother spent the first sixteen years of her life before leaving for America. It was about two and a half miles from Labroton. On nearing the farm, we climbed a cliff to a small elevation, and stopped to pick blueberries. We then continued, and soon contented ourselves lying on the green grass near the spot where the house had stood in which mother was born. The old house had been torn down and part of the material used to construct another house several rods down the slope.

I felt I was on sacred ground, and fell to contemplating the scenes of my mother's childhood at this beautiful place. Yes, my thoughts roamed about the pleasant surroundings: the family, the neighbors, as they were in mother's childhood; the quaint old home, the green sloping valley; the wide river, abundant with fish, flowing majestically through the bottom of the valley; the thriving wood industries; the well kept sheep, cattle, and horses grazing knee deep in grass and meadow clover. This was a scene to remember!!

Yet all this beauty and charm was not sufficient to hold back two young girls, whose testimony had begun the morning when two Mormon Elders came walking up the road with the gospel message. Only the night before, Caroline, the older of the two, had seen in a dream these men coming to the door. From then on their course was set toward Western America eight thousand miles away. And notwithstanding the beauty of their surroundings, the love and affection of their family, and the difficulty of parting with their friends, to say nothing of the hardships ahead of them, they undertook the arduous journey to the promised land they hoped to discover. Such faith and courage! How could I ever repay my mother's faith and devotion?

After resting for a short time at the old homestead, we crossed the green valley, and was introduced to an elderly playmate of mother's some forty-six years before. This good woman was the nurse who took care of grandmother at the time of her death. She said almost daily, grandmother would speak of her two little girls, and pray to God that He would keep them safe from harm.

On learning who I was, she caught both my hands in hers, and shook them long and sincerely and her wrinkled face beamed with joy, demonstrating to me her love for my mother. To meet the son of one of her dear playmates who had disappeared so long ago almost overwhelmed her. Her attitude was not passive; her face shone with the happiness that can only come from the heart. As she had always supposed her playmates had been lost by getting into the clutches of the Mormons, my presence seemed like someone returning from the dead.

We had two pitchers of ice cold milk, fresh from the spring cellar and some Norwegian pastry together, and talked of many things, trying to make the most of the few precious hours I had, I answered her questions about mother, and tried to exlpain a few points concerning the gospel. I assured her mother was happy, and had not regretted her decision, though she had missed her loved friends and relatives in Norway, and had never forgotten them. In turn, I eagerly asked questions about mother's childhood experiences, and about her old friends here in this beautiful land. My short visit to mother's birthplace ended too soon. I had to be on my way. We returned to Aunt Severena's and the following day, I bade the folks goodbye, and took the train for Goteberg, Sweden.

My relatives in Norway did everything they could to make my stay with them pleasant, and I came away proud of my connection with this wonderful land. I had only one regret; my inability to extend my trip on northward to Bergen, and other points in the land of the midnight sun, where I could see the enchanting colors, and the glow of the Northern Lights, and more of the great forests, the tall, rugged mountains, and the ever grinding glaciers.

Some twenty miles out of Fredrickstadt, the train stopped for the King's celebration, where red jackets and dogs were running over the hills; many people, pleasures, people in charge of the celebration, all busy.

To my surprise, Miss Anna Olsen, my former interpreter, and an American friend of hers from Maryland USA, came running along the train, looking in the windows facing my seat. "I don't see him," said Miss Olsen.

I stepped off the train to see what was going on. "For whom are you looking," I asked.

"You," was the reply. "We want you to stop over here for the celebration."

"The conductor has taken my ticket," I replied rather regretfully. The two women caught hold of me, one in each hand, and away we dove for the conductor, at the office, and through the train, but no conductor in sight.

The woman from Maryland said, "It's so good to see an American. You must stay over." Unfortunately, we could not find the conductor, and I was soon on the road again, forced to leave the young women behind.

Chapter 12

MORE TRAVELS IN EUROPE

Sweden

My train crossed into Sweden, another of the clean, beautiful north countries, of which we hear much. I continued to observe the passing landscape, much impressed by the deep valleys, sheltered by bold, forested mountains. On the small farms, men with scythes and cradles, and women with rakes and pitchforks worked side by side, some cutting and binding grain, others pitching hay on one-horse carts, and hauling it to the barns.

I arrived at Goteborg at 8:30 P.M. As I had previously sent a card asking some of the Elders to meet me, I was not surprised to see two young Americans standing on the platform waiting. While I was getting off the train, one of them glanced at me and said to the other, "I bet that's him."

I said, "You're right," and introduced myself. Elders Charles Forsberg and John Johnson then quickly made their identity known to me, after which they took me to the conference house. We found a singing practice going on at headquarters, and promptly joined in with the others. Later, I was presented to the group, after which we had supper, followed by a good night's rest.

Goteborg is a large seaport city, located on the southwest coast, five miles from the mouth of the Gota River (population, 1899, 160,000). It was founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1611, and is famous for its herring fisheries, as well as being an important center of the shipbuilding industry. The next morning, with Elder Fred Schade of Huntsville, Utah as my guide, I set out to see as much of the city as possible in the limited time I had.

The people proved to be accommodating and friendly. I enjoyed the band concerts being held in the parks as a regular feature during the summer months, and found plenty of other attractions. Many of the local customs were different from our own in America. In the hotels and cafes, the customers were permitted to help themselves smorgasbord style, a plan then entirely unknown in the United States, but since, widely accepted in this country. In the Public baths, women were in attendance, going freely in and out of the private booths to give assistance in washing your back or perform any other needed service.

Our sightseeing rambles naturally took us to the fish market, where we met the queen of the market, a good natured 240 pound woman, who delighted in exhibiting the various species of fish and crabs. It was quite amusing to see her showing the perfect condition of a live eel, while it wiggled through her hands for the benefit of a well dressed lady considering it as a possible purchase. The queen was also expert in exhibiting the various kinds of live crabs and lobsters as they crawled around the basket and boxes, the customers frequently picking them up to see if they were in good condition.

My stay in Goteborg was all too short—only twenty-six hours. I thanked the Elders for their courtesies and boarded the train for Malmo—Swedish seaport at the south end of the country—just across the channel from Denmark. This proved to be another all-night ride, which was none too pleasant. Not knowing the Swedish language, I was unable to understand what the conductor told me. I was forced to appeal to a couple of women, who appeared to be of the English upper class. At least, they were snobbish, and gave me a snobbish, unsatisfactory reply, which left me none the wiser. Fortunately, a Spaniard in the next compartment, observing my predicament, invited me to let him settle my language difficulties. I have often thought those women had very little of the milk of human kindness.

About midnight, the train stopped at a high elevation in the mountains; and I wearing only a common suit, fell asleep. Upon waking some time later, I was chilled through and through. I got off the train and ran up and down the wooden platform to get my blood into circulation. Finally, somewhat out of breath, I glanced into the coffee shop, which was completely empty. But having learned that the food was free to the passengers, I approached the counter filled with eatables, and helped myself to whatever looked good. After eating all I wanted, and regaining a little warmth, I returned to my car compartment, and found my Spanish friend snuggled down on a bench covered with a large, heavy fur overcoat. Soon we were on our way again, and the night dragged on. At 7 A.M. we arrived at Malmo.

The coastal mountains rise abruptly along the west side of southern Sweden, then spread out into numerous fertile valleys toward the east; and I was able to observe that the country between Goteborg and Malmo, though mountainous, continued to be an important farming and dairy section. Literally hundreds of cows could be seen staked out along the valleys and sidehills where grass was plentiful. This frugal custom was generally observed, rather than turning them loose so they would waste some of the feed or do damage in the cultivated fields.

In Denmark

At Malmo, I quickly changed from the train to the small channel steamer, and was soon crossing the silvery waters of the Kattegat, the narrow strip of sea separating southern Sweden from Denmark. I particularly enjoyed this trip.

The water was shallow, and so clear we could see the bottom most of the way. The incoming ocean breeze was fresh and invigorating, as we headed toward the crowded harbor and looked upon the massive buildings of the great city of Copenhagen, capital of Denmark.

At 9 A.M., the boat docked; and I disembarked, along with the rest of the 250 passengers, on the soil of old Denmark. Taking a taxi directly to Sank-Paulgate 4, the conference house, I met President Petersen of Logan, who presided over the entire Scandinavian Mission. Later, Brother Rasmussen took me to the Hotel Goteborg, where I changed, and dressed for Sunday services.

As it turned out, the afternoon meeting was held upstairs above a cheese factory, and the smell was terrific; but the spirit of the gospel was there nevertheless, and about two hundred people were present. I attended in company with some visitors from southrn Utah, a Brother Petersen (same name as the mission president), and his wife and daughter. The four of us were called on to speak at the meeting, President Petersen acting as interpreter.

Copenhagen is a great and beautiful city, situated mostly on the east coast of Zealand, the nucleus of the city spreading over low lying ground between the sea and a series of small freshwater lakes, part of it spilling over to a small island—Amager, connected with the mainland by bridges. There is a fine harbor in the natural channel between Zealand and Amager.

The oldest part of the city was surrounded by moats and ramparts, dating back to the middle ages, when it was often subject to attack by enemies. Through the centuries, however, it has become famous as a city of commerce, a gathering place of merchants. The word "Copenhagen" itself translated into English means "Merchant's Harbor." It has beautiful parks, a university, a great library, museums, and the magnificent palaces of the Kings of Denmark.

As I was unable to stay over during the entire week-end, President Petersen advised me, along with some of the other vistors, to visit "Tivioli Gardens" Sunday morning after meeting. He sent Sister Fynn and two daughters with us as guides. Tivioli Gardens is one of the worlds most noted pleasure spots, and all who visit Denmark should see this place. It would take a gifted pen to describe a Sunday evening at this resort. Many beautiful designs are made by the electric lighting; and the Grand Opera Concert Band of fifty pieces rendering lovely music is one of the features. We passed a most enjoyable evening.

The next day, August 28, in company with the Petersens of Southern Utah, I took a stroll through the city, viewing the noted statue of Charlemagne, the great king of the Franks, who became Emperor of Western Europe, and a great promoter of western culture and education in the early part of the ninth century. I had a special interest in the statue, because Charlemagne is one of the great kings to whom we trace our family ancestry. We also went to the top of the King's Round Tower, where a team and carriage can wind around and around to reach the top, 160 feet from the ground. There, we saw a good view of the city, as well as the drill ground of the National Guard. We also visited the "Paul Gudde" after which Brother Rasmussen and I went to the theater.

The following day, by appointment, we were guided through the famous Thorwaldsen Museum, a gift of Albert Thorwaldsen, Danish sculptor, 1770-1844, to his native city. The building, constructed in pure Greek style, contains 80 statues, 130 busts, and three long alto-relievos, done by the artist's own hands. In the center of the building is the highly decorated tomb of Thorwaldsen himself. We next visited the Zoological

Gardens, where a great collection of birds, and about 1600 live animals of various kinds are located—gathered from all parts of the earth.

I have never forgotten the impressions I obtained in these places; Copenhagen is a highly cultured city—one of the finest in Europe. Unfortunately, however, while I was there, a strike was on, and many people were out of work. To meet this emergency, soup kitchens had been established, to enable those without food to get a little sustenance. I was interested to see, adjoining our hotel, about 200 children sitting at temporary tables, enjoying one meal a day; and as each child finished his lunch, he bowed politely and said, "Thank you."

My visit to the three Scandinavian countries impressed me with the kindness and honesty of the Scandinavian people. I am sure there is much of the blood of Jacob scattered through these countries. It seems very probable to me that the Ten Tribes after leaving the Assyrian bondage traveled north and west, and that their descendants, the blood of Ephraim, are scattered throughout these nations.

Sightseeing In Germany

At 8:15 P.M., I boarded the train for Hamburg, Germany, and after two hours of railroad travel, I transferred to a boat to take me across to Kiel, the big German naval base. Unfortunately, I boarded the wrong vessel; and the captain, discovering the mistake, had to send a guide to take me to the right boat. We ran along the docks in the dark—in fact it was as dark as pitch, and it looked as if we might not make it. But just in the nick of time, we reached the boat, as they were pulling up the gang plank.

At 3 A.M., I passed through the customs house at Kiel. A drizzling rain prevented me from paying the city a visit; but from my incoming vessel, I could see there were hundreds of war vessels of various kinds, as well as many other types of sea-going craft, lying idly docked in the harbor. This was part of the power Germany unleashed on the world a few years later in 1914.

From Kiel, we traveled south through the fertile lowlands of Holstein, one of the provinces Germany took from Denmark in 1866. It is a rich farming district, especially the dairying sections. There were also many orchards and vegetable gardens close to the cities. This seems to be the general rule in Europe, as the heavy production of dairy and row crops is in great demand to feed the teeming population. Grains, which require large acreage and limited cultivation, and which are less perishable, can best be imported from frontier countries like United States, Canada, and Australia.

At Hamburg, I took a cab directly to the conference house, Spauldingstrassee 27, where I introduced myself to Brother Richard T. Haag, editor of the German Star, and several other Elders, including Lewis Cannon, son of President George Q. Cannon, who happened to be there at the time. Later, Elder Cannon and I took a boatride up the Elbe, a stroll through the city, and visited a resort known as "Little Tyrol," where many beautiful paintings were hung, depicting the life and people of the Tyrol district in Austria, a very picturesque and mountainous area bordering Switzerland and Germany. A concert was in progress, while people sat and enjoyed refreshments. In the evening, Brother Haag took me to supper at the home of a Brother Stephens, where we enjoyed a cup of barley coffee and cake.

Hamburg has a population (1899) of 600,000 people, beautiful parks, public buildings, and amusements, including numerous restaurants, concert halls, and every other type of entertainment. Tables and chairs arranged along the wide sidewalks for blocks, are conveniently ready at all times for people to sit down and be served food and drink, while listening to orchestras, or just chatting, and enjoying themselves socially. Electric lights by the thousands glistening with mirrors were arranged to reflect the beauty as desired; and great chandeliers with their myriads of cut glass ornaments, gave the scenes at night spectacular effects, and drew thousands of pleasure seekers.

Situated on the Elbe River, which empties into the North Sea, Hamburg is perhaps the greatest commercial port in Europe. It has over five miles of river frontage, and was one of the important cities in the Hanseatic League, which flourished during the middle ages, and brought most of the world's trade to western Europe. I was very eager to see as much as I could; and after breakfast, September 1, 1899 at Brother Steffens' place, Elder Cannon and I visited the art gallery, where there were many famous paintings by the great masters, and also many examples of the finest sculpture, work, such as the traveler finds in all the great cities of Europe. Hamburg has its full share, the collections here being greater than any I have previously seen on my European journey.

After dinner, I took a small steamer trip around the harbor, which being one of the world's largest, had many attractions to offer. I was especially impressed by the monstrous cranes used in loading and unloading the numerous ocean-going freighters. It was really amazing to see the great amount of shipping that passed through this one harbor.

Elder Cannon and I were much amused by a sham battle we witnessed on the river, supposedly the battle of San Juan Hill between the United States and Spain, during the Spanish American War, which had taken place not long before. It was very spectacular. After shooting of cannons, fireworks between the two opposing navies, with boats afire, soldiers falling and jumping from the boats in the water, the blazing of guns, the raising of the white flag by Spain, then a monstrous U. S. flag was unfurled. I have never seen anything more beautiful than the Stars and Stripes floating in the breeze. My feelings can only be appreciated by one who has been away from his native land nearly two years as I had been.

Brother Cannon and I jumped upon the bench, and our voices could be heard above all the others. Yes, it was a beautiful sight to see the old flag of freedom, waving above the smoke and debris and confusion of battle.

Going from Hamburg to Cologne, I passed many miles of peet beds, peet being a vegetable growth which becomes so dense it almost becomes a solid body. The roots become dry and decayed, thus making it something like wood, inflamable; and when it is cut out in uniform pieces, and pressed into stove size, it is sold on the market for fuel.

Stacks of peet were scattered over many fields—a fact which indicated that this product was the main source of heat for many people—perhaps the poorer people who could not afford coal. The vein appeared to be some three to six feet thick, running on a flat surface. Peet may be considered as coal in the process of being made; for in the processes of time these peet beds often become impounded in the earth by upheavals and the changing of ocean beds and the accumulation of sediment until they are pressed and solidified into coal.

Peet can also be plowed and cultivated, and it will produce wonderful crops. If a fire, however, is started, and permitted to burn, the entire field will eventually be consumed. Many years ago, a small peet bed in the bottom grazing ground at Eden, Utah, took fire and burned itself out.

In Germany as in Scandinavian countries, there was much dairying; and the cows were often staked out. In other places men and women were busy plowing, principally with oxen, preparing for fall grain, the women keeping up their end of the work in the fields. It appeared the hay was all cut by scythe, as I did not see one horse power mower.

I arrived in Cologne at 10 P.M., going directly to Hotel Salvador, had supper, costing 1 M 10 centimes. September 3, went to church headquarters in company with Brother Jamasson. I visited the Cologne Cathedral, one of the most pretentious and beautiful buildings of its kind in the world. It is of gothic architecture. The foundation was laid in 1248 A.D. and it was not completed until 1880, a period of 632 years, a period characterized by many bloody wars, and vast social and economic changes. The height of this edifice is 521 feet; the center aisle, 400 feet long by 150 feet to the ceiling, and about 50 feet wide. Like most of the cathedrals, it is built in the shape of a cross. Its bells weigh 27 tons, and were cast from 22 cannons captured from the French in 1870. Forty-seven men are required to ring all the bells at the same time.

Cologne Cathedral is built of rock and marble, the entire structure of exquisite design, with great towering pillars. The inside, rear end of the center aisle is separated by an iron fence, the enclosure used for prayer and sacred service. The outside room is beautiful ornamented with great paintings and sculpture. Some say the bones of the three wise men who came to visit the infant, Jesus, are buried within the iron enclosure. Services are held in Latin, one being under way as we entered. I saw many kneeling in prayer, and at the same time, hundreds of others were moving freely about the building. Many were at the contribution and confession booths, paying their tribute to the church, while the effigies of dead saints appeared to be looking down on them from the sculptured walls. The priests were performing the sacrament ritual, personally eating the bread and drinking the wine, and with outstretched hands blessing the people.

Leaving the Cathedral after mass, we took a long boat ride up the beautiful Rhine River. In the evening we visited the sidewalk cafes and sought other types of popular amusement.

Belgium and France

The following day, I took the 1:45 train for Brussels, crossing the border into Belgium, and passing through beautiful mountain scenery, and beautiful castles surrounded by wooded parks. At Brussels, I called on Elder G. J. S. Ables, who happened to be out of the city; and not knowing the language, I had some difficulty in finding suitable accommodations. At Elder Able's lodging, however, the family sent for a neighbor who could speak a little English; and I accepted an invitation for dinner. We had quite a time during the meal to interpret each other's talks. There were eight of us around the table. The young lady sitting next to me offered me a cigarette, which I graciously refused. The girl would take a puff, then hand the cigarette to her boy friend to take a puff.

Brother Ables returned to the city and found me at the hotel Waterloo. We started out to see the city, visiting the museum, the Palace of Justice, various theaters, the public baths, and several monuments, including the pyramid marking the Battle of Waterloo.

Like the other European cities, Brussels has its great art galleries, museums, and public parks, which we visited before I had to take the train for Paris, where I arrived in a few hours and found lodging at the Hotel De Denmark on Rue Saint Augustine, where I spent the evening writing and resting. There is only one great and glamorous City of Paris in the World, and here I was in it.

The following morning, I went to Cook's Excursion office and made arrangements for a three-day sightseeing tour, costing 21 francs ($5.00). With a party of twenty, I started for a full day's sight-seeing, stopping first at the Magdalene Church, then on through Manance Gate built by Napoleon in 1804 to celebrate his continental victories. Next, we came to the Presidio, 210 feet high from which a good view of the city can be seen. This is the only part of Paris not occupied by the Germans in 1870-71. The Concert Hall, lined with paintings of the decisive battles by Napoleon fought during his campaigns between 1790 and 1815. We saw the hat worn by Napoleon on his return from Moscow. I also visited the tomb of Napoleon, and the tombs of his brothers, Jerome and Joseph, the last Emperors of Spain.

In many ways, Paris, which is the cross-roads of Europe, defies description. For centuries it has been the cultural center of western Europe. Straddling the Seine River for eight miles, and strewing its banks with the fantasies and solid masonry of human endeavor, it reminds the traveler of the infinite variety and charm of the French imagination. To see this great city as a whole in a few days was impossible; but what I saw impressed me and I have never forgotten.

The Statue of the Republic ;the Statue of July, in honor of Independence day; the market in the oldest part of the city; the guillotine; all brought impressions and memories. My missionary companion from Nottingham, Joseph Udell, arrived at my hotel and spent a few days with me. We went sight-seeing together. September 8, we visited Versailles, passing many beautiful parks and woodlands, the first stop being at Shakespeare's monument, the Sparc, Monceasi Bois De Bauglane, the artificial lake, the race course of Longchamp, and the private residence of Madam Castelain (nee, Miss Anna Gould.

Passing through the Fountaine Park of St. Cloud, consisting of 2250 acres, we arrived at Versailles, visiting the stables where the royal carriages and harnesses were kept, examining the carved, decorated, and gold trimmed carriages, one specimen of rare design costing 40,000 pounds sterling and weighing seven tons. The grounds are artistically laid out with many fountains paying, all manner of beasts and human forms in statue arranged so when in full display one get a most gorgeous picture. The art galleries, among the greatest on earth, are beyond description.

Back in the city during the evening, we kept busy seeking entertainment in various places, the houses glittering with all the brilliance of man's imagination, bands and orchestras playing, mirrors and glass chandeliers glistening. Another day with the Cook's party, we saw the Louvre, the Coliseum Ven Dome Gardens, Tuiliers, Palace of Justice, Tribune of Commerce; and stopped for lunch at the Palais Royal, a good dinner for two francs. We visited several historical churches, including the Cathedral of Notre Dame, saw the Luvinborg galleries, and went through a carpet manufacturing plant where exquisite tapestries are made.

The 10th being Sunday, Elder Udell and I want to Church —the Church of the Magdalene, all services being in Latin; then to the Palais Royal for lunch, after which we boarded a river boat for a two hour trip up the Seine—a beautiful and restful trip. On our return, we stopped off at the Eiffel Tower, 800 feet high, at the top of which we had a magnificent view of the city.

11th. After spending the day with the Cook's Excursion party, visiting the sights, we joined up again in the evening with a party of 12 people. Our first stop was the palace of Heaven and Hell.

Well, Hell was quite an imaginative, spooky place. We entered a large basement with a long table set for refreshments, the table decorated with beautiful vases and many dishs. The walls were also hung with attractive paintings; and after some light refreshments were served, one of the ladies from the audience was asked to go to the end of the room and stand upright in a box about two feet wide and six feet high, at which time they turned off the light and the whole picture changed. The lovely vases, the plates, the sugar bowls, pictures on the walls, all turned to skeletons, both human and animal—many hideous forms. We could see ghosts with grinning teeth, and gruesome forms of death and decay.

The lady from the group standing, not in a box but in a beautifully draped coffin, was seen to smile; but becoming sick, began to die, the gradual changes of her face indicating the various stages of life in passing to death. Her face and body gradually disintegrated, as she faded away; and soon there appeared nothing but a skeleton. If that is hell, it is a very unpleasant place to go.

But Heaven was very different. We went into another room, beautifully decorated with the most exquisite paintings, flowers, women, landscapes, and everything beautiful that the imagination of man could devise. This was Heaven.

After spending more than a month on my European vacation, I was ready to return to my field of labor, where I could once more talk my native language. September 12, 1899 we bade farewell to the great city of Paris, and headed for London.

CHAPTER 13

GOODBYE ENGLAND: GREETINGS USA

BACK IN LONDON

SOMEONE has said, "Paris is a woman's town, but London is a man's town." It does seem there is a sparkling gaiety about Paris suggestive of the feminine. As for London, when we took the bus at London Bridge and rumbled through the streets to 36 Penton, Islington, I was impressed by a certain sedate, somber quality about the British capital quite in contrast to Paris. Perhaps, the more stolid qualities of the English race do stress the masculine.

But it seemed good to be back once more where I could be on common terms with the language spoken by the general public. I was really tired of looking at art collections and visiting museums, though my tour of the continent had been valuable schooling which I could have gained in no other way. I came to one important conclusion; people are basically the same regardless of their different languages and customs. Many are good, honest, God fearing souls, while others are worldly and loose in their morals, not realizing that their actions often bring sorrow and a general lowering of life's purposes.

September 13th. Now, in the world's largest city, I still had a few days more of my vacation time left; and together with President Hendley and several other Elders, began the tour of London's historical and interesting places, such as St. Paul's Cathedral, which is not nearly as elaborate as the Cologne Cathedral; then on to Hyde Park, Kensington Palace, the birthplace of Queen Victoria. We continued our visit to the

Royal Albert Hall, and Royal Albert Monument—both of beauty and culture. And reviving my interest in museums and art collections, I went to South Kensington museum, and became very much interested in the collection of Chinese and Japanese art and relics.

The following day, in company with Brothers Udell and Clegg, I took the train to Crystal Palace grounds. There, we saw a great variety of things: horse racing, polo, theaters, circus stunts featuring Lylie Langtry on the trapeze, beautiful fireworks at night displaying an assortment of war scenes and historical events.

15th. We began the day with a leisurely visit to Westminster Abbey, famous depository of kings and queens of the past, and the place of coronation of all British rulers. Effigies and tombs everywhere; armor, weapons of war give a vivid impression of how soldiers were equipped for battle before our present age. The south transept of the Abbey, contains the tombs and monuments of the famous poets, and is known as Poets' Corner. This is the most frequented part of the edifice.

We were soon at the National Gallery, its display not equal, however, to those at Paris, Hamburg, and Copenhagen; at Crystal Palace, grounds and display beautiful, but not equal to Tivioli Gardens at Copenhagen; at Kensington Museum were statues so real they seemed about to speak; ship models, ancient and modern; old types of arms, such as shields, spears, bows and arrows. These simple weapons in the hands of great armies have changed the destinies of nations. But two hundred men of today with modern equipment could turn back a great army of the ancients.

The 16th was another busy day. In company with five other Elders, I went to the Tower of London, the most noted and cruel relic of all Europe. The blood of many, both innocent and guilty, has flowed down the trough into the outer gutters. It was here Ann Bolyn, second wife of Henry VIII, and Lady Jane Gray, and a host of others met their doom. In the White Tower is a collection of Her Majesty's jewels, including the Queen's crown with twenty-seven hundred diamonds and other precious stones. We also saw the old baptismal font with its rich and costly ornaments.

From the tower, we took the underground railroad to the House of Parliament, but were somewhat disappointed with its unpretenious construction. After a boatride on the Thames, and several hours spent window shopping, visiting restaurants and places of amusement, I brought my London tour to an end.

I was about to leave the British Mission, having received my release while in Paris, and having a new appointment from President Lorenzo Snow to go to the Southern States Mission, where I was to labor among my wife's people, principally in Virginia. September 17th, however, after morning prayers, I went with seven other Elders to Regent Park and held an open air meeting, this being my last in London. I was called on to speak, and occupied about fifteen minutes.

Going to Nottingham, I spent the last few days of my stay in England visiting old friends in my first field of labor. September 4, at sacrament meeting, I took up the time, giving an account of my continental trip, and bidding farewell to the mission.

Back to our old lodging to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Parsons who had done so much in bringing friends to us.

September 28th, my last in Nottingham, I purchased a few articles, and packed my trunk. Elders Joseph Fielding Smith, Buckwalter, and others, accompanied me to the depot, where I took the 12:30 midnight train for Glasgow, Scotland.

Homeward Bound

After a brief period of sight-seeing in Glasgow and Edinburgh, I took passage on the City of Rome, an 8000 ton vessel, 640 feet long, carrying 800 passengers and 300 crew. A short stop at one of the Irish ports near Londonderry, enabled me to go ashore, with several others, and enjoy a jaunting cart ride. We went spinning down the road, singing, laughing, everybody having a jolly time on the soil of old Ireland. Beauty was all around, and nature seemed to breath contentment, love, and good will—even the blue waters, birds and hills, fields, trees—the whole landscape responded to our cheerful voices. The experience sent a thrill through the hearts of everyone in the cart, and the Irish wit of the driver topped it all.

First class passengers on ship board have splendid accommodations, but the second class fare rather common, and the third class or steerage—well, I would call it rotten. With three or four Elders, I visited the steerage—a well kept pig pen would be preferable. The smell was truly sickening, making our visit a short one. I had already disposed of considerable food and strength, therefore, returned to the deck. I suppose, however, it becomes a necessity for many to ride steerage. In fact millions of good people have found their way to the new world in this way.

Nothing unusual took place for three or four days. The water was comparatively smooth. On October 6, however, a strong northern wind with rain struck us in sudden fury. The ocean became part of the raging tempest, and the waves mounted to mountain height. The City of Rome began to toss, pitch, and roll, as the waves grew larger and larger. The vessel acted like a cork on the sea.

Looking through the storm windows while the wild waves rolled over the entire vessel, I was aware that the boat was plunging into and disappearing from view, then reappearing on the top of another high wave, looking down into a deep valley below, surrounded by tempestuous peaks. The heavens grew dark and darker as the waves mounted, and the vessel shivered and cracked. Then it was that my stomach tried to keep in tune with the elements; and with an explosion which sent me reeling to a depository, I unloaded a great amount of waste material, after which I crawled to my stateroom, and fell sprawling on the bunk, my eyes to the ceiling, while the City of Rome continued to plow over, through and under the angry waves.

While I was on my back, too sick to sit up, it seemed as if the vessel was headed for the bottom, and I waited every moment to hear the boat crash; but no, the sturdy vessel just kept plowing on through the mountainous waves. Finally, the storm subsided, and the sea grew calm again. Then my stomach became normal, and my appetite grew enormously fast.

The following day, just before the setting sun, the ocean was peaceful, with the silvery rays of the sun glittering upon the water; when a great school of porpoises came plunging from the water, like hundreds of hogs racing to catch the boat to get some of the refuse from the kitchen. The active creatures glistening in the sun as they rose from the smooth sea made a most beautiful picture.

Our evenings were full of life, concerts by the passengers, mingling to get acquainted with the various groups. The concerts were made up principally from the second class passengers, the common people. For several days, I stayed close to my bed, fearing another upheaval of my stomach. Thursday night, the fifth at sea, a grand concert was given for the "Sailors' Orphan Society" of Scotland. Meanwhile, I managed to take daily exercises by walking around the deck, thus increasing my strength.

The morning of the sixth, the weather was very pleasant, but at noon the clouds began to gather. The wind and rain was once more upon us. The waves became so high the second class passengers were confined to their cabins, and but few were able to sit at the dinner table. I was again sick until the sea calmed the next day.

We now passed the foggy banks of Newfoundland, where the mournful sound of the horn was constantly warning anyone along the path of the ocean liner. It reminded me of the danger spots of the gospel. As long as we follow the correct path of the gospel, the vessel life passes through the ever foggy banks of error and human weakness. But if we get off to one side, we often strike failure, sorrow and remorse.

By noon of the 7th, the sky cleared, the sea calmed, and from that time on we had good sailing. By 8 P.M., we docked at Sandyhook, the quarantine door to the United States. I arose at 6 A.M. the morning of October 8th, packed my luggage, and had my hand dressed by the doctor, having had an unfortunate accident by the breaking of a rotten wash basin. By noon, we passed inspection and put our feet again on the land of the free.

We were taken to the Cosmopolitan Hotel and there enjoyed a good American dinner, after which we went over to Brooklyn, the Church Headquarters. Here, I received a letter from my wife, notifying me that she and my father were on the road to New York to meet me.

In New York With Mrs. Farr

Back in the United States, I was soon very busy with a number of activities requiring my attention before going to Virginia, where I was to complete my mission laboring among my wife's relatives. October 9, we helped the Elders and saints leave for their homes, and new fields of assignments. I stop-

Mrs. Ray Farr, taken in 1898

ped at Church Headquarters at 50 Concord Street, Brooklyn. The following day, in company with my brother, Mark Farr, who was then a missionary in New York, I visited Joseph Ballantyne, calling also at a number of other places of interest. The next two days were spent sightseeing in New York. After receiving a telegram advising me of their intended arrival, Mark and I met father and my wife at Grand Central at 8 A.M. the morning of October 13. This was a happy moment to embrace my wife, whom I loved so dearly, and my ever thoughtful father.

This was one of the happiest days of my life—after being separated from my wife and family for nearly two years, and now meeting her in New York. We went directly to the Smith and McNell Hotel; and on arriving at our room floor, I passed my wife out first, then directed father to follow. This was his answer. "No, after you, my son. Never step between a man and his wife." If this advice were strictly followed, what a change it would bring to the world! What a a sermon could be preached from it!

On the 14th of October, father and I were busy arranging for his railroad pass from New York to Vermont, his birthplace. Father's railroad pass, and that of my wife, included passage from Ogden to New York and return. But this did not include father's trip up to Vermont. We were able, however, to extend his pass to include this side trip. May I say that for many years father had annual passes for himself, and special passes for members of his family. He was an extensive traveler, as his railroad connections rated him these pleasures. The reason for his passes may be summed up from the letter of introduction given him by President Burt of the Union Pacific Railroad at Omaha to the President of a railroad line out of Buffalo, which read as follows: "This will introduce President Lorin Farr of Ogden, Utah, who has done more for Western railroads than any other man, and any courtesy you may show him will be greatly appreciated," Signed, President Burt.

I was amused by an incident which occurred when I paid for our breakfast at the hotel. I presented a ten dollar gold piece. "What is it," asked the cashier, showing it to the proprietor to see if it was genuine. "Our money here is nearly all greenbacks." Well, I suppose our present generation will scarcely know what a gold coin looks like. I would like to see the gold coin come back again before the Europeans and other nations corner it.

On the 17th, we separated from father at Grand Central station, bidding him God speed and a pleasant visit to his native Vermont, as well as a safe return to his home in Ogden. Having a little time on our hands, we went down to the navy yard and boarded the Cruiser Chicago, a naval vessel; we also visited the great ocean liner, Oceanic—the largest liner afloat at that time, 705 feet long; also a torpedo boat, and saw other interesting items at the navy yard. After watching the breakers, colored by the shining moon, and the many lights glistening across the water, we returned to the hotel for the night.

On the 18th, we visited the Stock Exchange; also bought a pair of shoes, after which we went to the railroad office to get ministerial clerical rates to Virginia, but were refused, as they stated that the railroad company had decided not to issue any certificates to the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We returned to the hotel, packed and were soon on the ferry, crossing the bay where we took the train for Washington, D.C. We arrived at 10 o'clock, and went directly to Mrs. Keefer's home, finding her in bed; she was kind enough to get up and give us her bed. We were soon fast asleep.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

On the 19th, we visited the National Capital and congress. The capital building is very beautiful, especially when lighted. The Library of Congress, however, is perhaps the most beautiful and elaborate building of its kind in the United States—and one of the most expensive at the time it was built. It cost six million dollars. The following day we went sight seeing again, visiting the Botanical Gardens, the Treasury Building, the East Room of the White House, which was the only room open to the public at the time, except on special occasions; then to the War and Navy Buildings, where we examined some old relics, including Dewey's sword, gold mounted and set with a diamond, and a pair of brass hinges taken from the Spanish ship, Maria Theresa. At the Washington Monument, 555 feet high, we took the elevator to the top and had a splendid view of the city. I walked down the stairway, an exercise which is good for young people.

The 21st found us still on the move, first visiting the enclosed City Market, then on to the Navy Yard to see some of the great battleships, with their 13-inch guns, which were handled with ease and speed. While my wife was visiting the Art Gallery, I went to the railroad office and secured my clerical certificate, permitting us to travel at half fare, which was not granted in New York.

The 22nd we went to the Soldier's Home, and the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, where many distinguished soldiers and other officials are buried. Our stay in the Nation's Capital was most interesting and profitable; and we concluded our tour by a visit with one of Utah's Senators, Frank J. Cannon.

CHAPTER 14

IN OLD VIRGINIA

AMONG MRS. FARR'S RELATIVES

Note: Family names included here are for Genealogical Purposes.

WE arrived in Tazewell, Virginia, October 22, 1899. Mrs. Farr's cousin was waiting for us at the station. We were taken by carriage to Uncle Tom Witten's home, where several other relatives were gathered to meet us. They were, however, strangers to us, as my wife had left Tazewell in 1868 at the age of five years.

Our visit was one long spell of banqueting in the old southern custom: turkey, Virginia baked ham, home made sausage, corn hoe cakes, and all that goes with it. We had two months of real southern hospitality. At no time were we lacking invitations from relatives, and other prominent people, including lawyers, judges, and the editor of the newspaper.

The Witten family was one of the F. F. V. (First families of Virginia), being descended from Thomas Witten, well known scout, and first white settler of Tazewell County. The family is one of prominence and influence, well respected, and holding many positions of leadership. There were seven sons and five daughters—uncles and aunts to us: Uncle Jim, a staunch Catholic, a statesman with many years service in the Virginia state legislature; Uncle Tom, a straight and tall man, proud of his army and business record; Uncle Gus, a grist mill merchant; Jack and Andy, successful farmers and livestock raisers; Wilk and Bob, in state and government positions. The sisters married prominent men in the fields of business and politics.

Most of their children were merchants, or holders of state or city positions. Harve Peery, a cousin, was the owner of the largest general department store. Wilk was also a merchant. Mr. George, who was a son-in-law, was county recorder.

On my wife's mother's side of the family, the Heningers, were also well-to-do. Uncle Sam Heninger was a prominent man in Burke's Garden. His other brothers and sisters, however, had joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and moved to Utah. Sam owned a large plantation and was active in public affairs.

It appeared that the two families were connected with so many of the influential people in both valleys that they held a dominant position in the entire community. The Peerys, and Gillespies and others included lawyers, judges, and editors, many of them connected with the family. Under such circumstances, we had a wonderful opportunity to present the gospel to many of the people in Tazewell County. One editor remarked, "No other Mormon Elder has been so well entertained." I felt I had been successful in presenting much of the history of our people.

On October 25, we were taken to the Witten homestead, two miles to the west, and found it much as it was when my wife and her family had left it in 1868, when they started for Utah. Aunt Pauline and Andy met us at the old picket gate, with that old fashioned southern back to home welcome. Notwithstanding, all the others met us with a warm, old fashioned welcome, there was something extremely fascinating about this, as it was the home where my wife had lived as a little child. The house with its large rooms, pictures of famous battles and prominent men hanging on the walls impressed us with the mellowing effects of time. Outside, the old pump, the water pail and bench, and the dipper hanging on a nail at the side of the house, for the convenience of the hired men, were about as they had been thirty years earlier. Though void of many of the conveniences of later days, this was a home of good fellowship and love for the family and neighbors. Andy made the remark, "I guess we are a hundred years behind your western ways." Yes, perhaps, in some worldly ways, but a hundred years in advance in love, kindness to neighbors, and honesty and honor among men.

After a most sumptuous dinner, prepared by Seeny the the cook, we spent the afternoon in conversation regarding family affairs which had been sadly neglected since part of the family had moved west. We retired early according to the custom.

The following morning, the breakfast bell rang at 7 o'clock, daylight. We sat down to a platter of famous Virginia ham and eggs, a big pan of hot biscuits, and coffee (elder's tea for me), sauce and preserves. This was just a common family breakfast.

After breakfast, Mrs. Farr, Andy and I started for the top of Potato Hill, where we had a good view of the valley. A destructive fire was raging along the mountainside. It was not long before the large house was filled with relatives, who had come to spend the day with us. There were present, three uncles, four aunts, six cousins, and a number of friends. Again, one of those Virgina dinners was served promptly at twelve. As usual, I was called on to offer grace, an assignment which seemed to be given me at all homes during my entire stay in Virginia.

The day was well spent among Mrs. Farr's relatives. We left a good impression among those present of our western ways, and especially of our Mormon mode of life. Our visit continued the following day. We called upon Uncle Bob

Witten, finding him sick, but met his wife and five children. Uncle Bob has 13 children—eight by his first wife, and five by the second. They are a fine, well regulated family, honored and respected by the community. We returned to the old homestead, where we enjoyed the company of seven, giving a gospel talk, and telling the history of Utah and her people, which seemed to be greatly enjoyed. We were requested to come again.

Virginia Hospitality

We spent an evening with cousin Julia George, a beautiful woman of 45. Her husband, the county clerk, who has a fine farm of 300 acres, with a good income. They are honorable and respected citizens, the parents of four children. She is a daughter of Uncle Jim Witten. They were blessed with a beautiful home, where, during the evening, the guests included Wilk T. Witten, Mrs. Kroll, Harvey and Arthur Peery, and Uncle Jim Peery, several ladies, John and Ellis Heninger (John just returned from a mission in Florida). After a full and profitable evening, I was called upon to offer prayer before retiring at 9:30.

October 30th, Captain Jim Peery sent his carriage for us. On arrival at the large Peery home, we were greeted by Captain Peery, Aunt Marie, their daughters Rachel and Effie, sons Harvey and Paul, also Uncle Tom and two daughters, Rose and Nettie; Uncle Gus, Cousin Julie and son, and sons and daughters-in-law, as well as a few of their friends. Again, so many fine people where they were able to get a little insight into the character of the Mormon people. A number of them complimented us, agreeing the people of Utah must be very nice.

After preliminaries and getting acquainted we sat down to one of those southern dinners. Later, we enjoyed music and songs by six girls (all relatives). Brother Hauzer also favored us with four comic songs. After the guests left, we spent the evening in a long, interesting gospel conversation. At 9:30, before retiring, I was requested to read a chapter in the bible and offer prayer. Thus, ended another day among relatives.

October 31, owing to the rain, we spent the greater part of the day in the house, reminiscing over family relations and Utah history, which they so much desired to hear. And at 10:30, by request, I read the Fifth Chapter of Matthew, and offered the evening prayer.

Next morning, Harve Peery took us to his home for another visit, and a dinner equal to the many others we had enjoyed in Tazewell. Mrs. Peery, Uncle Jim's daughter, was an excellent hostess. Many of the relatives were present: Aunt Susan, Mr. and Mrs. George, Jennie, Nettie, and others. At the close of the day we were taken to Uncle Tom's.

I spent the 3rd at the murder trial of George Martin, charged with killing a negro who had got on a drinking spree. As usual, Mr. Martin, the white man, had the sympathy of the people, and was acquitted.

The morning of the 4th, Harve Peery and his wife Lucy called and took us to Uncle Jim's Witten's some four miles out on the Burke's Garden road. There, we met more relatives: Cousin Myriah, Louise, Lou, Jennie, Tillie, Mrs. Kelley, Patrick, and Floyd. As usual, following the Old Virginia hospitality, a banquet dinner was waiting. It came to a point where I either had to lengthen my waistband or cut down on some Virginia ham, chicken, and turkey. At the close of day, as usual, I was called on to read a chapter from the bible and offer evening prayer.

Uncle Jim was a very devout Catholic, well versed in the bible as he understood it. He enjoyed a good argument, and was always ready to find one. When in a tight place he usually told a story to change the subject. Notwithstanding our differences of opinion on religious subjects, he delighted to be in our company, and was solicitous of our comfort, and insisted on our staying with him. My wife's relatives were of noble character, and while not of my religious faith, they were good, honest people, and always carried out the tradition of Virginia hospitality and good will.

Sunday, November 5, was clear, but the coldest of the season. The beauty of the Virginia autumn was all around us. At 10:30 Uncle Jim and I, on horseback, went to the little meeting house where Brother Hauzer and I were to hold a meeting. However, owing to a misunderstanding on the part of Brother Hauzer, no one came, because of his having the wrong date for the meeting. The following morning, cousins Wilk and Kelley, and I put in two hours on the mountain hunting turkey but saw none. They went out again in the evening, and arrived home with two partridges. Cousins Nettie and Rose were all day visitors. In the evening, I was requested to read two chapters from the Acts of the Apostles and offer the evening prayer on retiring.

The 7th was a day of visiting the Kellys, with another banquet dinner, gospel conversations; and at night by request, reading the third Chapter of Acts and offering the evening prayer. The following day, Cousin Rose came to spend the day with us and also take Nettie home.

About noon, Mr. Wilson was waiting for us with Uncle Sam Heninger's surrey to take us to Burke's Garden. Not withstanding it being late in the fall, the country was beautiful, the mountain streams clear and cold, water trickling down through the meadowed valley, the trees and shrubbery putting on their coats of many shades and colors. Bumping on the rocky, rutty canyon road into a small valley 4 by 10 miles, famous throughout Virginia—Burke's Garden, where the homes of many families prominent in civil and political affairs, people of wealth and legislative influence, are located. We soon arrived at Grandfather Heninger's old homestead, considerably neglected because of litigation and broken family ties—the separation of Uncle Sam and his wife, Jennie.

Uncle Sam greeted us with open arms and plenty to eat, but not the comforts found in the lower valley. His farm was large and the bluegrass grew waist high, from which he filled his large, up-to-date barn. His principal income was from livestock. It seems that his interest in livestock exceeded his interest in his family. This might have been the cause of the separation between him and his wife. His acreage ran over the mountain, where there was a caretaker's house for the use of some of the hired help. Mrs. Farr and I, with Uncle Sam, enjoyed a horseback ride over the mountain, through the oak, birch, and black walnut groves, inspecting the barns, the old apple trees—in general, many of the luxuries of the past. The old residence, however, was badly run down and barely livable. On our return to the house, we spent the evening on family topics, retiring at 10, after reading a chapter in Acts, and prayer by request. We spent a comfortable night's rest in Grandmother Heninger's childhood home.

November 9th, Mary, the housemaid, had breakfast ready at 7 A.M., under the light of the oil lamp, it being the custom to have breakfast early regardless of the long dark winter mornings.

After breakfast, we took a stroll about the barn, looking over some of Uncle Sam's large holdings, consisting of some 3000 acres, with 1800 head of sheep, 200 horned stock, some horses, all well cared for. He also was the owner of 300 acres in West Virginia, and 200 acres in North Carolina, which was said to contain large deposits of copper and iron ore, considered very valuable. He had been offered $50,000 for this property, but had refused the offer.

Visiting Old Landmarks

The following day, my wife and I took a stroll along part of the farm in the mountains—spending the day free and alone, wandering about, looking at old landmarks, and getting a general view of the beautiful valley of Burke's Garden. In the evening, Cousin Lou's son, Patrick, and E. I. Steel came and spent the night with us; and again by request, I read the 3rd Chapter of Acts, offering prayer and retiring for the night.

In the morning, Pat, Steel, and I tried our luck at hunting. After four hours of wandering through the woods, we returned home with one rabbit and a squirrel. After dinner, the boys returned to Tazewell. The rain began to fall, while Ray and I hugged the fire until bedtime.

Following an early morning breakfast, and a heavy rain during the night, Uncle Sam, my wife, and I, mounted horses and were off again to inspect one of the largest and most beautiful livestock farms in Virginia. The morning sun shot forth among the hills, mellowing the crisp mountain air, and making our start very pleasant. Skirting along the mountain, over the ridge to the keeper's home, we obtained a gorgeous view of Burke's Garden. The floor of the valley level, surrounded by rolling hills and low mountains, with streams of clear spring water running down several ravines and canyons into the fields and meadows below, giving life to the tall blue grass and fat cattle, some grazing, some lying down contented in the warm soothing sun.

Soon we were over on the south slope at the mountain home. By its side flows a sizeable mineral spring, its water having curative properties. A number of healings have taken place as a result of drinking this water. Some day in the future, this may be a health resort. The mountain contains considerable timber, such as walnut, ash, pine, and birch.

After going over many miles of winding mountain roads, we returned home at 4 P.M. Mary had supper prepared, and after our long ride, we surely enjoyed that meal. Again on the 13th, my wife and I saddled the horses and rode to the spring—brought back a jar of water, and otherwise spent the day wandering care-free over Ray's mother's childhood home, while Uncle Sam worked building a home for one of his employees.

At 10:30 the following morning Ruff Thompson, an old family friend, came for us to spend a couple of days with them, some four miles away, near the center of the valley. On our way, we called on Aunt Jennie Heninger (Uncle Sam's divorced wife), introducing ourselves and asking Aunt Jennie, her two daughters and son to visit us at the Thompsons. We arrived at the Thompsons in time for another good dinner, after which George Moss called on us for an afternoon visit. Mr. Moss is one of the wealthy, influential men of Tazewell County.

In all our visits, meeting the most respected and influential people, we had the opportunity to present our faith to hundreds of people. Wherever we went, we were treated with the greatest respect and love. Undoubtedly, it was on account of my wife's relationship to so many of the prominent people.

The 15th put us one more day on a flying visit to relatives and friends, Will Thompson taking us to Jennie Heninger's where we stopped over night. We were entertained by the two girls, Bell and Carrie, who were proficient in piano and voice. Mrs. Heninger was the mother of two boys and three girls, the children all intelligent and fine looking. Here, we got considerable biography of the family.

We were then taken by George Moss to his home for another night of entertainment. After spending a peaceful night at Mr. Moss's large, comfortable home, we went with him back to Ruff Thompson's, where Jennie Heninger sent a carriage taking us back to her home for another night, where we were received kindly. After reading a chapter in the bible and prayers, we retired at midnight. The winter drawing near, did not give us any concern, as the weather had been perfect up to this time, and our entertainment so lavish that time ran fast.

On the 17th after a chicken breakfast, Cleveland and Jimmie, sons of Mrs. Heninger, took us to Ruff Thompson's, where we stopped for two nights. The following morning, Uncle Sam, and John Heninger, a missionary, called at the Thompson home, and soon we were on our way toTazewell, stopping at Uncle Jim Witten's for the night—as usual being received with warm welcome.

Monday, Elder John Heninger and I called on Mr. Harman to secure a hall to hold a series of meetings. We were unsuccessful, owing to the high cost of rental. The 21st being court day, the farmers and county people came to town to do their shopping and settle their annual store bills, this being the custom to have all debts paid up annually. Accounts may run into the hundreds of dollars. But at the end of the year all had to be paid, perhaps a custom like paying taxes. One of the pleasures of this day was the meeting of friends and neighbors, talking over old times, and enjoying the society of one another. Pat took my wife and I down to Harve Fielding Peery's place to spend a couple of days.

The forenoon of the 22nd had been about the only time I had to study, while Ray, my wife, was being entertained by Aunt Susan, Sue Floyd, Mrs. George, and others. In the afternoon, I jumped on a horse and rode to Tazewell to transact some business. At night, the usual bible reading and prayer.

23rd, another busy day, having spent two days at Harve Peery's. By way of explanation, Harve Peery is a wealthy man:

has a 200 acre farm, half interest in a flour mill, also a woolen factory. He is a cousin to Harve Peery. In the evening, we went to the depot to see Cousin Sue and party leave for Graham and Pocahontas. My wife and I spent the night at Mr. Peery's.

Mining Town

The following day, we left Uncle Tom's for Pocahontas via Graham, where we stopped with Ray's cousin, R. Richard, Witten, for two hours, taking supper with them, then boarded the train for Pocahontas, a coal mining town, producing a large amount of coal and coke. It has three or four thousand inhabitants—a mixed population of colored and whites. We were met by Ray's cousin, J. M. Newton, a prosperous merchant. Mrs. Newton was the daughter of J. M. Witten

As the days went by, we found relatives constantly calling to see us, dating days ahead. On the 25th Ella, and Mrs. Witten, Mrs. Newton, my wife, and I took a stroll down the side of the steep mountain, and visited the Baby Coal Mine, passing hundreds of coke ovens belching fire and smoke.

The next day in company with Mrs. Newton, we visited the Baptist Sunday School, completing the day with another wonderful turkey dinner. Robert Witten, Mayor of Pocahontas for two terms, informed me that Pocahontas was one of the toughest cities in Virginia, with as high as 7 arrests made in one day, including several killed. Of course that would be only on special occasions. We took the morning train for Tazewell, where Harve George Peery was waiting for us, taking us to his mother's, where Aunt Maria, Nettie, and others were in waiting. Spent the day with them, retiring at night with usual scripture reading and prayers. A heavy rain was falling. After a daylight breakfast with Cousin Harve, we returned to Uncle Tom's. The rain confined us to the house.

ATTENDANCE AT CONFERENCE

On the 30th, I took the train for London, Kentucky to attend conference December 1, and 2, 1899. The train passing through 235 miles of mountain country, the hillsides covered with timber, coal mines and coke ovens, it appeared that the entire region through which we passed was underlaid with coal. There were many sawmills in operation, with red and white oak timber—lumber piles scattered along the way.

After six hours delay at Tom Creek and Norton, I arrived in London at 1:50 A.M., going directly to the Hotel Raleigh The accommodations being short, I was given a lounge and a quilt in a large room for the night I was glad when morning came, so I could stretch out my legs.

Thirty-seven Elders were assembled at the chapel. I introduced myself and was made welcome. Council meeting was called: each Elder reported his labors. President Broadbent and President Lyman were present. They gave good advice and instructions.

December 2, meeting at 10 o'clock. President Ben E. Rich of the Southern States Mission gave a most wonderful sermon, drawing our attention to the goodness of God to the Elders who live the gospel—the happiness they can enjoy, and the great satisfactions of life that can be gained in no other way. At the close of his sermon many eyes were dampened, at the dramatic delivery under the influence of the Holy Ghost. There is one thing noticeable: in all missions the spirit of brotherly love and unity prevail among the Elders. So it was at this place. Strangers who had never met before soon became close friends, trusting each other without the least suspicion or wrong doing. It is wonderful, but it is true in all my thousands of miles of travel alone, in many of the European countries, and in the United States. With all the Elders I have met never have I had one occasion for distrust.

The Elders in Kentucky, the Elders in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, France, England, hundreds of them, all being strangers to me, yet I could drop off to sleep without fear for one moment; but not always so with strangers not holding the priesthood. As when on my return home, the train stopped at a small station 81 miles from Tazewell at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, it being the custom for trains not to run on Sunday. I, therefore, spent the day and night in a little jerkwater coal town in the mountains—a total of 27 hours.

That night, a stranger came into my room about eleven o'clock to occupy a cot close to mine. He wore high-top boots, a belt and gun; and as he pulled off his boots, he laid his gun at his side opposite to me, slumped in bed and never said a word. Well, I wasn't any too comfortable during the night. As day was breaking, he dressed and went out without saying a word. He was about six feet tall, rather lanky built, had the appearance of a backwoodsman, wore a short, black, unkept straggly beard, and common clothes. The room was lighted by lamp, the floor bare, a common chair or two for furniture, and no heat, so I just slept off and on during the night.

My trip to London, Kentucky, was in line of duty but an interesting one. We were well treated by the citizens, especially the hotel proprietors. The country landscape was rather in the rough, with many mountain industries, making the whole trip a most unusual one. On my return during the night of the 3rd, a cold snow came, blustering through the canyons. The old fashioned coaches were cold and uncomfortable; the train arrived in Tazewell about noon the day of the 4th; and I found my wife at Uncle Tom's.

Awakening in the morning, we found the mountains covered with two inches of snow, giving the appearance of Utah. The thermometer registered 16 above. After breakfast, Cousin Rachel and Orley Peery drove us to Aunt Maria and Cousin Jim's, who were glad to see us after several day's absence.

I'm astonished to see the welcome receptions we received on our second, third, and fourth visits. There must have been something about my wife to gain such respect and entertainment from so many. This I can say: She was beautiful, a good conversationalist, good company, and above all, a true and noble woman. We spent the day in gospel conversation and general visiting. I presented them with a copy of "Mr. Durant of Salt Lake City." The weather continues cold at 16 above zero.

December 7, we were driven over to Aunt Pauline's—the old homestead, the birthplace of Mrs. Farr, where Nettie and a number of our relations were waiting for us. The following day, we visited Uncle Gus and wife, Lucinda, two sons, Wilk and Oscar, Minnie, and the two Kelley girls, Kate and Lula. Uncle Gus is a very large man, weighing over 300 pounds. As usual those good and abundant dinners continued to be part of the program.

The following day, Uncle Jack and I went to town but returned early, after which Mrs. Farr and I called on Uncle Bob, and found him recovering from his recent sickness. It rained all night, the 10th. We spent the day with Aunt Susan, Mrs. George, Wilk, and Captain Jim, then to the Baptist Church. The next day we went to Dr. Thompson's who gave us welcome.

The 13th was a busy day, my wife preparing for her return to her home in the Rockies, while Cousin Nettie, a redhead, high strung, religious enthusiast, stood by ready for any emergency. She delighted to talk religion as did her Uncle Jim, which reminds me when we first came to Tazewell, Nettie said Uncle Jim was coming to see us that night and for me to be very careful not to get into an argument with him, as he got excited and might insult me. I told her not to worry as Uncle Jim and I would get along fine. It wasn't long before he entered. Nettie was so nervous she sat down on the floor, her back against the wall, I suppose waiting for the fireworks. Well, Uncle Jim was glad to see us, and it was not long before he got on to religion; and being a heavy pipe smoker, the room was soon filled with smoke, all of which gave me a wonderful opportunity to present the Mormon faith.

Nettie didn't know my capacity, and the many hundreds of opponents I had bumped up against. So at the end of the evening, Uncle Jim and I were perfect friends, and we gladly accepted an invitation to spend a week at his home. In all our stay in Virginia, we made a host of friends, and were treated with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

Mrs. Farr Leaves for Home

But the time had come for my wife to leave for home. I accompanied her as far as Graham, bade her an affectionate goodbye, then returned and continued my missionary labors. Mrs. Farr stopped off at Johnstown, Missouri, on her way home, where she had lived for ten years during her girlhood. Here, she visited the Choats and other friends. It was just two months from the time my wife and father had met me in New York. I feel this was a most profitable period for both of us, as well as an aid to the missionary work. It appears to me that Mrs. Farr's two months among her influential relatives and friends would equal two years of ordinary missionary work. We were able to present the gospel to people whom the Elders ordinarily would be unable to contact. Many families and places in the above account are repeated for future genealogical purposes. Mrs. Farr was a successful lady missionary. Through her activity and her family connections, we were able to touch the hearts of many who had never been reached before. Jim Witten, the scout, who was the first settler of Tazewell County, was the great grandfather of my wife, Rachel Ann Witten Farr.

CHAPTER 15

MISSIONARY LABORS CONTINUED

TRAVELS WITH JOHN HENINGER

AFTER a night's rest at Dick Witten's in Graham, I returned to Tazewell, where John Heninger, a missionary from Ogden, was waiting to be my companion for further missionary work. At 8 P.M., Elder Heninger and I attended a lecture on the "Holy Land," given by a Reverend Hale of Roanoke, Virginia.

At the very outset, instead of the Holy Land, he struck out on a vitriolic tirade against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and the Elders in the vicinity. Of course, that meant me, as I was the only Elder there that had been so well received. At the conclusion of his lecture, I stepped up on the seat and asked for the privilege of the floor. My request being granted, I informed him and the audience that he evidently had been misinformed, as the whole story was incorrect and was a direct charge againt me, as one of the followers of the Church. I stated that the charge had been made publicly, and that I was entitled to the privilege of vindicating my position. As I sat down, applause arose from the audience approving my action. After a few minutes consultation by the minister, my request was refused. Many of the audience left the church pretty well disturbed. The following morning, I received a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the judge of the district court, with his compliments.

We spent the following evening, December 16, watching a total eclipse of the moon. The next day, Sunday, we accompanied Cousin Wilk to the Baptist Church, participating in their class exercises, after which we spent the evening at Cole Thompson's. On receiving our mail the following day, we stopped at John Lett's, then went on our way into the country.

Stopped at Sister Beaver's who insisted on our staying for the night. She seemed to enjoy our company. In the morning, the rain had stopped, the sky was clear, leaving a heavy frost on the ground. We spent the day with the Litz's, Miss Litz being musically talented, favored us with many songs, both comic and otherwise. Music was Brother Litz's favorite pastime, and he was a good entertainer. We made arrangements to hold meeting in the schoolhouse in the evening, giving notice at the day school for the children to notify their parents.

A goodly number attended the meeting. We sold two books and gave away a number of tracts. A fine spirit prevailed. But the following night we went to the schoolhouse according to our appointment and found it locked and nailed up. That didn't stop the meeting. Mr. and Mrs. George Peery offered us the use of a large room in their home, which we gratefully accepted; and at the appointed time, the room was filled with eager listeners. I spoke on "The Kingdom of God;" and Elder Heninger, on "The Resurrection." Brother Litz and daughter furnished the music, leaving a fine spirit among the audience.

Christmas was near. We spent part of the 23rd at the home of Brother Litz's daughter, after which we went to Brother Litz's for the night. We rested well, while the rain continued.

We made arrangements for a meeting in the Baptist Church at 3 o'clock the afternoon of December 24. A goodly audience was in attendance, and the people evidently enjoyed the service, as a strict silence prevailed during the entire meeting. Immediately after the meeting, and bidding goodbye to the people, we continued our trip over the mountain during a cold north wind, which seemed to cut deeply into our faces. Arriving about dark at Sister Beaver's, we were glad to get in out of the cold.

This was Christmas Eve. How different from the year previous in England, where in company with a group of carol singers, I went out singing carols under the windows of wealthy people, reminding the occupants of the great Teacher that lived among us nearly 2000 years ago. We had a quiet, pleasant Christmas Eve, however, with the Beaver family. At 9:30 Christmas morning, returning to Uncle Tom's, where we spent the day. The weather was extremely cold, and the people of the town, quiet and well under cover. I continued to think of my experience a year ago by way of contrast, when 15 of us Elders gathered at Sister Oakdon's of Lakewood, England for a good old fashioned English plum pudding dinner.

My wife was still in Missouri among friends, my children home in Ogden, I hoped warm, and enjoying the Christmas toys, candies and eats. And we, instead of the entertainment and banqueting of the past two months, had settled down to missionary work, taking the cold, inclement weather and social customs as we found them, together with the kind hospitality of the people.

On the morning of the 26th, starting on a tour out in the country, we first called on Brother Litz for a few minutes, then went on to Sister Beaver's, arriving at her home at 4 P.M., cold, and tired, and glad to have a warm bed for the night. Perhaps, it was rather a poor time of the year to start our missionary labors, especially in the mountainous country. Nevertheless, we were on our way. We continued our journey while the snow was falling, accompanied by a disagreeable north wind.

As we journeyed, we called on Sister Slush for a few minutes, then pushed on four miles farther and stopped with a Sister "x," a kindly woman about 65 years of age, whose husband was a non-member, but welcomed us to their humble home. It was a two story frame structure, with sleeping rooms upstairs in the garret. The large living room had a common board floor, with only one small window, with but one broken light. There were two opposite doors, with large openings under each door. A large fireplace at the side was capable of taking a log about four feet long.

The kitchen with a common cook stove, cupboard and dishes, a long board table, had open cracks in the floor and side walls, with a hole in the wall at the side of th door large enough for a dog to go in and out. This was where we had our meals which did not take long to eat, as we still continued to hug the fireplace during the excessive cold spell. Brother John taking one side of the fireplace and I the other, we looked at that big black log, trying to keep warm by turning around and around to expose the other side to the heat. One consolation, there were plenty of logs in the woodpile.

Up in the garret at night, our sleep was short, and the night long. There were plenty of quilts, but it just seemed we could not get thawed out. Despite their limited financial resources, these good people made our stay as comfortable as the weather would permit. In their hearts, the old southern hospitality was warm, and our thanks went out to them for their kindness, and we wished God's blessings upon them.

The next day was a cold blustery one. We secured a schoolhouse for the two following nights, then notified the neighborhood of our meetings. At the same time, we received a welcome invitation to stop at James Sluss's home, who assured us that the latch string was hanging on the outside at our pleasure.

Owing to the extreme cold, our meetings were only moderately attended, but all gave strict attention and seemed to be much interested. Our evening was spent in gospel conversation, and Mr. James Sluss seemed to be well on the road to becoming a member. We visited a woman reported to be 110 years old. From her appearance, that could have been. She was small of stature and seemed to have lost all ambition for life, but her heart still ticked for truth although her mind was somewhat clouded.

Another bitter cold night—we continued to call on the people, principally non-members, who in all instances received us kindly. Notwithstanding the extreme cold, we continued visiting and holding cottage meetings. We received an invitaton from Mr. John Nye to spend a night with them and hold a meeting at the Nye church—had a fair audience, considering the below-zero weather. After dinner, attended the Methodist meeting, where Elder Heninger was given the privilege of speaking. He received the favorable attention of the audience.

This being the last day of the month, the last day of the year, and the last year of the century, we felt it was an important day; and as the Lord had been so kind to us for the past two years, we knelt down and gave thanks to him for His protection, and many blessings, and His continued care over us, and asked Him to remember us during the coming year. My blessings have been many, one of which was having the opportunity to visit my mother's birthplace and her relatives in Norway—to know their good character, the honor in which they were held, the country and environment of her childhood days.

On January 1, 1900, with the thermometer registering close to zero, we were glad to start on our return to James R. Witten's home in Tazewell. Having our faces and ears protected as best we could from a stiff, piercing wind, and drifting snow, we continued on through the narrow valley and canyon, arriving at the Witten mill, introducing ourselves and stopping for a few minutes talk. We continued on until about dark, arrived at the home of John S. Watts, a wealthy attorney and retired farmer. He is the owner of six hundred acres at his home ranch, value $60,000, and 300 acres in another part of the state.

We arrived at the house with a light, frosty snow falling, and a thirty-mile wind in our faces. As we knocked at the door, covered with snow, our faces well wrapped, our suitcases in hand, presenting a pitiful sight, Mr. Watts opened the hall door and said, "Come in boys, you must be cold." These were surely good words to us. He took our overcoats and hats, shook the snow off, and hung them in the hall.

He stated, "I've never seen you boys before, but I know who you are." He then took us into the living room, where a big black log was burning bright and warm, with large leather overstuffed chairs, and a large black walnut table sitting in the center of the room, with books and papers thereon, indicating his position in life. He said, "Boys, make yourself at home while the missus fixes you something to eat." I want to assure you, after two weeks in the mountains with near zero weather most of the time, and the poorest of living conditions possible, running into such a home was a most enjoyable change.

Mr. and Mrs. Watts, having had their supper, Elder Heninger and I sat down to a good warm meal, after which we returned to the fire and enjoyed the company of our host until 11:30 P.M. Mr. Watts was particularly interested in our people and our religion, a fact which gave us an excellent opportunity to present the gospel to them. After entering our bedroom under a warm fire, a most welcome gift after a six mile walk through snow, and a cold, blustering, blinding wind, we settled down for a good night's rest.

The following morning, Mr. Watts wanted us to see his barns, animals, and equipment. After thanking our hosts for the wonderful entertainment, we bade them goodbye, and walked over the mountain to Uncle Jim R. Witten's, who was exceedingly pleased to see us. His daughter stated that every day we had been away, her father paced up and down the sidewalk, always looking to see if we were on our way back. The weather continued cold but was moderating.

On January 3rd, after two weeks of missionary work out in the mountain district, we returned to Tazewell, pleased with our work, as well as glad to get back to our headquarters for mail, and some outside world news, which we had missed. After reading, resting, for a short time, we called on the Kelley family, who were pleased to see us. By request, read a chapter in the bible, sang "O My Father," had prayers at the bedside of Mrs. Kelley, a non-member, who was lying seriously sick, after which we returned to Uncle Jim's for the night.

Now comes one of the most important days of the year, January 4. Just 37 years ago I was privileged to leave the spiritual existence and land in the wilds of western America, now Ogden. At the time of great religious unrest and hatred among nations, and the attempted splitting asunder of our own nation. It was at a time that little was known of the West; yet, with all the uncertainties then existing, I now am thankful to my Heavenly Father for all His blessings to me and my family in keeping us in the fold of Christ. I pray that my family will always be found working in the many organizations of the Church; for I know if they do, it will bring happiness to their souls and be the means of their love for one another, in which true happiness can be found.

We spent two nights with Uncle Jack and Aunt Pauline at the old homestead, and one night at Uncle Bob's, who was still under the weather, with two sick children. The weather is mild; the snow almost gone. Spent one night with Uncle Gus, and the night of the 9th with Aunt Marie. The morning of the 10th, we received the good news from President Ben E. Rich that we had been released, our releases being enclosed with the letter, which informed us that our railroad fare was also on the way.

Farewell To Friends

We bade farewell to our many friends, packed our trunks, ready to board the train on the arrival of our tickets; but were disappointed, as the railroad tickets did not come for ten days, through a misunderstanding at the Chattanooga office. This placed us in an embarrassing position, having said goodbye to many of our friends. We gradually worked out of it and continued our visits until our tickets came. To close the vacant gap, we busied ourselves one night at Ed George's, one at the old homstead, and one at Harve Peery's, where Mrs. Peery evidently wanted to offset our disappointment by giving us a good old fashioned oyster breakfast, something different than we were accustomed to.

We continued to call at the railroad office, wire Chattanooga, and home with no results. Ed George proffered to let us have the money, which we declined. It rained and snowed for two days, after which the weather turned to spring. The local railroad office received word to honor our tickets, which had been at the Tazewell office for three days, but could not be honored until they received President Rich's okay. They did say, however, that they would honor them if we did not hear from President Rich during the day.

It did not take long to gather our luggage and bid Uncle Tom and family, and a number of friends boodbye; and at 4:15 P.M. January 20, 1900, we were on our way, heading West, stopping at Graham to change cars for the North. Owing to two and a half hours delay, we took dinner with Bob Witten at Graham, then continued our journey at 8:00 P.M., with another stop over three hours at Knova, and another 10 hours at Cincinnati, Ohio, where we spent the time taking in the town sights.

Arrival In Ogden

After two days in Chicago, we continued west, arriving in Ogden January 25, 1900. Thus ended the British Mission under the direction of President Wilford Woodruff, President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, with Platt D. Lyman as one of the mission presidents; and the short term mission to the Southern States, together with my wife, under the direction of President Lorenzo Snow, with Ben E. Rich as mission president.

Notwithstanding the many trials and the necessity of giving up my business, the separation from the companionship of my family, yet I feel that it was one of the greatest gifts that could come to me. It was a blessing that could come in no other way, and I trust that the Lord will continue His blessings in behalf of my family, and the good that comes from such work.

I also feel that my health was being taxed to the limit—that this work was a God-given call to avert a total collapse. It was also an experience to be used, so necessary in my future life, to continue in church work, which is so necessary in a rounded and useful life.

As I remarked at the beginning of my missionary journey, it was a great hardship on the wife of a man with a family who undertook to fill a mission in the early days. In addition to the financial strain felt by the entire family, she had the added responsibility of holding the family together with meager necessities, and lack of modern conveniences. Unlike the present day: you push a button and the elements come to your aid—the light flashes, the stove becomes hot, the house warm, the carpets laid, the dishes washed, the rubbish run down the sink, two-thirds of the food cooked, prepared, ready on the table. Yes, a thousand aids today to help the wife which were not available in early days, when mother would rise at break of day, with the wind and snow flying, or perhaps 10 below zero, and the house cold as a barn. She would have to build a wood or coal fire in the kitchen stove, then as soon as a little heat was on, prepare the children for school while the breakfast was cooking—no buttons to push or a hundred conveniences rushing to her aid.

No, it wasn't that way. The mother of former days would jump out of bed in a cold room, most of the time build a fire in the kitchen stove, thaw out the pump or draw some water from the well, put in a little more wood, hunt up the children's stockings or scattered clothes, run out in the cold shanty, take the spider off the nail, put it on the stove to warm, ready for bacon and eggs, while mother rolled out the biscuits, or set the table. Then she must rush back to the stove to give a dip, a dash, or a stir to keep the food from burning. In between acts, she must comb the children's long hair, button up the backs of their dresses, urge them to hurry or they would be late for school; and as the last one left, she would give a long sigh and sit down in the old kitchen rocker for a minute; then do nothing more but repeat and repeat, except to put on the wash boiler, ready to wash the baby's diapers, and the clothes for the rest of the family.

The mother didn't have much to do only work, worry, and plan, except at intervals prepare for a good time at the schoolhouse dance, or the neighborhood socials, where all the neighbors participated. Not so today. The missionary is well fitted out with all the necessitites by his parents, with sufficient money coming each month for expenses; no care or responsibility at home, but enthusiasm in pushing the gospel work to the unbelievers.

All missionaries say it has been the happiest time of their lives, which undoubtedly is the case. There is a two-fold reason. First, it is a combined educational and pleasure trip, especially for the unmarried men; secondly, it brings spiritual satisfaction to the Elder. Notwithstanding the difference in the mode of operation, the results are the same to the new member. The gospel brings joy to the convert, and gives him great love for the one who brought the gospel message to his door, and he receives blessings and happiness he never experienced bfore. Such are the joys both Elders and converts experience.

It matters not who pays the bill if the results accomplished be of a noble character.

CHAPTER 16

HOME AGAIN: DAY TO DAY LIVING

RETURN TO COAL BUSINESS

RETURNING from my Virginia mission early in 1900, I found the problem of making a living for my family and rearing my children about the same as when I had left two years earlier. Like most returned missionaries, I had to go to work at once, and was soon bumping up against the realities of life in a very practical way.

I requested the return of my former lease and location, and re-entered the coal and ice business at the same old stand —2069 Washington Boulevard, where I continued until I was forced out of this location by the owners of the property, who had decided to enter the coal and lumber business themselves.

Being required to vacate, I negotiated with the Shurtliff Coal Company at 2041 Washington Boulevard, and purchased their business, which consisted of 80 by 130 feet of land in the center of the block, together with a four-room residence, office, teams equipment, and a perpetual right of way to and from this property to Washington Boulevard, and to Grant Avenue from the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company —all of which was a very valuable piece of property.

RAY'S ILLNESS

Unfortunately, shortly after my return, Ray, my wife, was taken seriously ill with plueric pneumonia. The doctors, after consultation, ordered the application of ice packs to her breast and back. This remedy was often used at the time, but it was very painful, and my wife's condition continued to grow worse hour by hour. She begged us to take the ice bags off. "You're killing me," she cried.

The doctor, however, insisted that we keep them on, if necessary, by force. Finally, I could not stand the cry, "Take the ice off," any longer. I jumped into my buggy and drove as fast as possible for my mother-in-law. We were soon back in the house. My wife's mother rushed to the bed, grabbed the ice packs, slung them out into the yard, filled a milk pan with salt and put it in the oven of the kitchen stove. Then, she sat down to the sewing machine and made two cloth sacks, which she filled loosely with hot salt, and placed them on my wife's breast and back. In a short time, the patient began to breath easier, and in due time, she was restored to her normal health. Yes, many times the old fashioned mother's remedy brings back life, regardless of new ideas. How fortunate we are to have such mothers!

CHURCH WORK

Having re-established myself, I was able to take up my work in the church, which I very much desired. It was not long before I was busy in the Sunday school, the YMMIA, and 53rd Quorum of Seventy; this, together with my coal and ice business kept me very much occupied. Often, Carl E. Peterson, Sunday school Superintendent, would pull up at my office, and together we would be off on our bicycles on various church duties for which we were responsible.

With David O. McKay in the stake superintendency, and Brother Peterson, an active, enthusiastic Sunday school worker, the Third Ward Sunday school was soon brought into prominence as one of the best in the Church. There were 30 efficient teachers. Each teacher was required to make an individual outline of the next week's lesson to be criticized and adjusted at Friday night's preparation meeting before presenting it to the class the following Sunday morning. We looked forward each month to the union meeting, where Brother McKay would discuss the coming month's lessons.

I have been a close observer of the Sunday school for the past fifty years. It seems to me that the general program is about the same, except that we now have more conveniences and better accommodations. But to me the lesson presentation years ago excelled that of today. They taught the gospel principles as they were given by the Lord to the Prophet Joseph Smith; the principles are the same today as one hundred years ago.

During the years following my return from my mission, I expended my energies very liberally, working twelve to eighteen hours a day. Life was just one round of work—long hours at the office wrestling with business problems, in addition to church activities. I had little time for relaxation. I also took an active interest in politics, having already had an early beginning as a charter member of the James G. Blaine Young Men's Republican Club in the middle 80's under the direction of Ben E. Rich. For over 30 years I attended practically every state, county, and city convention; and the lessons I got from them were many. This kept me in touch with the people. I venture to say that I knew practically every voting person in Ogden.

ILLNESS

As a result of a number of years of hard work, my health began to show signs of the strain; and eventually I came to realize I had accumulated an "Irish health dividend." February 1, 1908, on awakening, I discovered total facial paralysis had struck during the night. This, together with some other unseen affliction, confined me to the house for weeks, daily growing weaker and weaker until I was oppressed with discouragement.

"When will I be able to get out?" I asked the doctor.

He replied, "Not until the grass grows."

Turning to my wife, I said, "Pack our trunk, and tomorrow we'll go where the grass grows." At 3 P.M. next day, I was placed in bed on the sleeper and started for the warmer climate. After six weeks in San Diego and Long Beach, California, I returned home, considerably improved but far from well, my face all out of shape, unable to close one eye except by hand, my speech inaudible, and still weak and unable to work. After one week at home, Kenneth, my six-year-old son and I left for Portland, Oregon to find a cooler climate, as the hot sun was too much for me at home. After ten days, we returned. I was gradually improving. It took a number of years to get back my natural facial expression.

My personal troubles made no difference to the world. The earth kept rolling along. But I gained experience, and thanks to my Heavenly Father who came to my aid and pulled me out of my many foolish acts. There is a limit to one's earthly strength, and it required His aid and assistance to teach me that lesson.

This reminds me that years later I often cautioned my nephew, President George Albert Smith, during the time of his strenuous activity as President of the church, that he must relax and conserve his strength, as it was due both himself and his family. Our own unwise acts sometimes prematurely take us abroad, not to return. Just a little unwise turn in a speeding automobile may spell our earthly end; and over exertion in various ways may have the same effect.

Politics

Though I began to take an interest in politics early in life, I had no desire for public office. Once, however, in 1916, I obtained the nomination and was placed on the ticket for county commissioner. The ticket seemed certain to win. But when the slogan, "A vote for Wilson will keep your son out of war," was put forward, the political picture changed. Almost very mother in Utah voted the Democratic ticket; and instead of the Republican's estimated victory of at least two thousand in Weber County, they lost by a thousand votes. The slogan proved to be untrue, as we were then on the verge of World War I, and five months later, entered the conflict. Politics may be honorable and strictly honest, but crookedness has so far embedded itself into our political vitals, one wonders what will be the outcome.

Financial reverses came also. At one time, about 1912, we had a total loss on our peach crop due to the collapse of the market. The Utah Fruit Growers Association was shipping peaches paper wrapped in 13-pound boxes to stimulate sales. I filled the greater part of two railroad cars, practically my whole summer fruit crop. Meanwhile, in the middle of the peach harvest 400 cars were in the East on a dead market, and in spite of the efforts of salesmen and representatives of the association, could not be sold at a profit. Finally, Jim White, the sales manager threw up his arms and left the fruit to the railroads to sell as best they could. As a result, many cars, so the railroad officials said, were dumped into the river, and the balance sold to get the freight, if possible. In the end, the railroads came back on the poor fruit shippers for freight unpaid. Some of the farmers paid the freight. I received a bill for the freight, but wrote back requesting an answer to six questions. I heard nothing further about it. But I was out some $2500 on my entire peach crop. In many cases, the farmers depended almost entirely on their peaches for a living, and the loss was very hard on them.

The Children

As time passed, I began to realize that my children were growing up. By 1902, the youngest was born, making nine in all. We were proud of every one of them. Each child was a separate personality, requiring individual attention. In the order of their ages, they were John Clement, born June 15, 1884; Mabel Grace, born August 4, 1885; Eugene, born May 30, 1887—died in infancy, August 3, 1887; Fern, born December 23, 1888; Martha Pauline, born December 6, 1890; Lyndall, born January 17, 1893; Mildred, born November 23, 1895; Rachel Afton, born January 18, 1898; Roscoe Kenneth born January 6, 1902.

I have always believed that kindness, humility and example are the best qualities to make use of in training children in the home. We tried to follow this, and not be too critical of others. We taught the children to respect the rights of one another, and be helpful toward everyone. Ray and I never had a quarrel in our fifty years of married life, therefore, had but little difficulty in keeping these habits from developing among our children. Our recreation was a community affair all through life. We went places and did things together, all of us taking part in the various activities of the church, and in civic affairs.

The children enjoyed hearing me tell stories of my experiences as a boy. Yes, life was quite different in the 1870's. In those days there were many Indians; and though they were usually peaceful, they often became very difficult when they imbibed too much of the white man's "fire water." As I have stated before, it was our job, when we were boys, to take the cows to the West Farm pasture, three miles northwest of home, taking our dinner along and returning at night. There was a large band of Indians camping in the big meadow, now the U. G. D. grounds. We always hoped they would be friendly and sober, but afraid they would not. When they had been drinking too much "bootleg," they would race their cayuses up and down the three-mile lane, yelling war whoops you could hear for miles around. We boys would scurry off into the brush and hide on such occasions, scared half to death.

One morning, I was taking the cows alone along the railroad track, and I met two buck Indians with guns. They demanded my dinner which I carried in a pail. Though afraid, I refused, and they started down the grade after me. Well, when I started to run, I never looked back. I don't think a bullet could have caught me; I'm sure they never could have done it. I guess they just wanted to scare me, and wouldn't have hurt me. But I didn't know it then, and you can never tell how far an Indian will go when a little fire water makes him go wild.

Another experience the children liked to hear was about one of my first trips to the dentist. In the early days, dentistry was crude and rough. It took a great deal of suffering to give you enough courage to face the ordeal of having an extraction. That was all there was to dentistry in those days. When I was in my teens, one of my molar teeth surely put on an act. I thought it would send me crazy; for two months, that jumping toothache just kept on pounding. Finally, mother said, "Go get it pulled out." I went out into the chicken coop, put the old red rooster under my arm, and was soon off to Doctor Williams. Throwing the rooster into the back yard to pay for the operation, I got into the home-made dentist's straight-back chair. There was no pain killer in those days, and Doctor Williams, with his forcips and strong arm, began the extraction. After working on a tooth for some time, he drawled, "I'm afraid I've got the wrong tooth." By that time, however, it was partially out. "But I think it will go back in place in two or three weeks," he added encouragingly. Well, he pulled the right tooth; and after two weeks of suffering, in which every mouthful of food hit the nerve, and the top of my head seemed to me in a whirl, I went back to the doctor. The result was both had to come out. One consolation, I never had to worry about the good tooth aching after that. In those days, no filling of teeth. Ren Waldrum had the reputation of teeth pulling by placing the patient's head firmly in the notch of a tree, which gave the head no chance to move out of place. With a strong arm the tooth eventually had to come out.

My sweetheart, later my wife, lived two blocks west of the Old Mill, which was the only building along Canyon Road to Ogden City at 20th Street, a distance of two miles. It wasn't a street—just a road, sometimes wide, sometimes narrow, on either side just a brush fence or brush willows and trees. About a block west of the house a big skunk bush grew in the road. Well, one night after a dance, taking my sweetheart home, I was passing this skunk bush. There, stood a huge mountain lion. I stopped stone still, and that lion gave one big jump on top and over a gap in father's willow fence. Now, I want to say that the end of that lion's long tail didn't go over too fast to suit me, and I guess the lion was glad, too.

Another time I remember, there were no houses along either side of Canyon Road; but there was a cut-off path called the levee, banked up to keep the river from overflowing. One night about 1 A.M., I was going along the levee path, which was very narrow, and thickly bordered by brush and trees, the path being six or seven feet high, with the boiling high water of the river on one side, and the thicket on the other. Near a dark grove, I met a man with his coat turned inside out and a dark bandage over his face. Though somewhat afraid, I kept steadily on the narrow trail, holding to the brush side, while he approached, keeping the river side. We passed slowly, step by step, our eyes riveted on each other. I clutched my can, but neither of us spoke a word. My brother Wen crossing Ogden River bridge, met the same man; Wen kept the center of the road, with good speed ahead.

The times were always changing, especially after the turn of the century. In 1902, Orlando J. Stillwell bought the first automobile ever owned in Ogden. It was a one-cylinder job, boasting four and a half horsepower, and costing about $750. It had no top, upholstering, windshield, fenders, side curtains, hood, radiator, or bumpers. It was started by a crank on the side, and guided by a single handle bar. There was one seat, with an auxiliary seat in the rear, and the body resembled that of an old fashioned buckboard.

But though Mr. Stillwell's car was not very impressive as a practical means of transportation, it aroused great curiosity, and surprised many doubters by making successful trips as far as Evanston, Wyoming, and Bear Lake in southern Idaho, as well as Cache Valley and other local points. Very soon this crude motor vehicle was followed by others, and we began to realize that a new age in transportation was beginning.

Evolution of Transportation

What funny things cars were 50 years ago, compared to the cars of today, with the old crank case where the driver would have to get out and crank before the car could get up enough energy to go on. Many an arm was broken. What tomorrow—maybe jet propelled.

There were 200 companies making cars between 1903 and 1926 but many went out of existence and some merged with the larger companies.

I bought my first auto, a Studebaker in 1913—it was the latest model and cost $1200.00. It was one of the first to have 4 doors and a self starter. Many companies thought a self starter was unnecessary. As time went on I had many cars, and now some such as the Terraplane, Willys 6, Viking and Chandler are out of business.

In 1917 I bought a Ford pick-up truck that was on exhibition at the Alhambra Theater, a rather laughable incident occured. The Ford had a peculiar clutch and brake combination. Next day, when Kenneth, my son, went to bring it home, he cranked it and put his foot on the gas and clutch. Well, it started for the front; and as he pressed tight on the brake, it shot back into the scenery. I was afraid he'd go through the wall before he could stop. The harder he pressed on the footbrake the stronger it became. Backing, it surely played havoc with that scenery. We used that little truck on several fishing trips. Starting out Friday, August 13, Ken put in four bearings and one cylinder head; the first one at Brigham Canyon; the second, at the mouth of Logan Canyon; third, on top of the Bear Lake Divide; fourth, at Paris, Idaho; and the fifth, at Ant Valley. Well, what a change from the horse and buggy days! I remember one trip with the Ford pick-up, going from Gentile Valley over the Tincup Trail; after several trial runs to get over a small knoll, we eventually had to discard the bedding, and carry it by hand to the top of the hill.

San Francisco Earthquake and Fire

An event occurred in March, 1906, which I shall never forget. Father and I were down in Dublan, Mexico, when a wire message came like a thunderbolt, stating that an earthquake had struck San Francisco—part had sunk into the ocean, the balance on fire, a tidal wave reportedly had engulfed Long Beach and other coastal towns.

Wild confusion filled the air with every imaginary disaster. Lorin Farr and John were reported as being among the victims; no wire message could be given or sent in the area; and the entire west seemed in confusion for days with regard to the disaster.

My wife and two children were at Long Beach. I was much concerned and took the morning train for the north; and on arrival at Long Beach, found the city had no tidal wave, but had suffered great earthquake damage. I took Kenneth, then four years old, and headed for home via San Francisco.

My luggage was separated from the train, part landed in Oakland, and part at the Ferry Building, which had partially collapsed; and in the darkness, with only a few lighted candles on the office desks, it had a spooky appearance.

Looking out of the broken windows on the second story of the Ferry Building, we could see fires still smoking in many parts of the city. The next morning, with four sandwiches, we boarded the only transportation available, a dead wagon, and drove up through Market Street, over fallen brick from the crumbled buildings on either side of the street, passing hundreds of brick buildings, once filled with merchandise, now nothing but an empty, tumbled-down mass of burned brick and mortar, part of the great dome of the City Hall sticking its head out through the blackened mass.

Landing at the park, where residents were permitted to cook a little at the curb on the street, on improvised stoves of every sort. No fire was permitted in any residence.

Kenneth and I then walked across a mile square of completely burnt out residences—not a stick of lumber in sight. The president of an ice company then helped me to carry my son back over the open burnt area; and on entering the business section, where an old man was sitting on a pile of rubble, we all rested, and enjoyed a sandwich, after which we picked up a few relics from the ruins.

Finally, we returned to the Ferry Building, found part of our luggage, re-crossed the bay to Oakland, found more of our luggage; then, boarded the next available train for Ogden.

During three days of destruction by fire and earthquake in San Francisco, more than 60,000 buildings were destroyed, 265 thousands individuals were made homeless, 2953 acres of ruins left, and 350 million dollars in property damage. At least 700 people were killed. The quake extended 200 miles down the coast, with almost every city in line heavily damaged. In many places, great redwood trees snapped and crashed to the ground.

The City Commission gave orders forbidding fires in resirences; armed troops from the Presidio were ordered to kill on sight anyone caught looting. Fourteen men were shot down attempting to loot the mint; the railroads gave free transportation out of the city. Men in the street were screaming like frightened animals; mothers were separated from their children. At refuge camps established in the parks, 18 babies were born in one day. In the midst of the tragedy, there were also some funny incidents. A man was seen running up the street as fast as he could stark naked, yelling for help.

Unexpected Doctor Bill

One day at noon, Dr. Ezra Rich called me on the telephone to come to his office and get my boy Kenneth, age 15. I wantd to know why. He said, "I just took out his tonsils. He and his boy friend, Wes Jackson, came down about an hour ago. I'm afaid the boy is too weak to walk home."

Well, I didn't even know he wanted them out.

Death of My Mother

April 7, 1915, my dear mother passed peacefully away at her home, 2072 Washington Ave. Three of her daughters, and I were at her bedside as she cast off these mortal elements to partake of the reward she so richly deserved. To the very last, she bore a strong testimony to the truth of the gospel.

"Flu" Epidemic

Still within the memory of many living people, the great "flu" epidemic of 1918 was one of the tragic scourges of history, not only in the United States but other parts of the world as well.

It reminds me of the frightful scourge known as "The Black Death" which came rolling over the North Sea in the form of a purple cloud, spreading a mantle of gloom until even the bright July sun hid its face, and the birds hid in the lower branches of the trees, sheep and cattle crouched along the hedges and other shelter, while a great stillness crept over the land. "What is it?" the frightened people asked.

The sun sheltered, a drizzling rain began to fall; the drip, drip, drip off the eaves continued all night, all day, day after day, until the crops were soaked and mildewed. Despair struck as the deadly sickness struck the people, often wiping out entire families, and depopulating villages, without giving them time to bury the dead. Finally, one day in September, the sun came out again bringing encouragement to the hearts of the people who had not perished, and enabled them to bury the dead and begin rebuilding their lives.

The 1918 "flu" scourge was in some ways comparable to the "Black Death." It evidently was brought here from foreign countries during World War I. It struck all parts of the country. Both weak and strong—men, women and babies fell into its dreaded clutches. In the course of hours, sometimes whole families were wiped out.

My daughter Lyndall, while at Camp Devins, recorded that frozen bodies were piled up like sacks of potatoes, waiting for burial.

My daughter Fern, her husband, and three small children, all down with the "flu" in Boston, were trying the best they could to help each other. No help was available—barracks, mortuaries, churches, schools were used to care for the sick and the dead. Hundreds of bodies were waiting for the undertaker, for friends to ship them home, or for the dragline, digging trenches for mass burial.

Funeral services were short. Ministers stood at the front doors, offering short prayers. Perhaps, two or three men waited to carry the victim out, and take care of the final rites of burial.

December 27, 1918, I received a telegram from Fern, saying "Frank died this morning." I took the evening train, and arrived in Boston January 1st, too late for the burial. After settling up all affairs, I brought the family home. The funeral was short and simple, the minister giving a short prayer, as the Elders of our Church were either busy, sick, or otherwise unable to attend. All people were requested to keep away from public gatherings.

Here in Ogden, the grave diggers were kept busy, the mortuaries, crowded, coffins scarce, and doctors and nurses, tired out. At our own home, five children were all down. Three seemed at death's door. All five were in separate rooms. The doctor, when entering the house, made the remark, "How is the hospital?" It was impossible to get help. Fortunately my wife and I were able to keep on our feet.

Besides the doctor's aid, we had our own form of nursing and medicine. Altogether, we used the doctor's medicine, mamma's medicine, and papa's medicine. Mamma's medicine proved the greater help. Not only her medicine, but her type of care, instead of the then prevailing instruction of open windows and doors for fresh air. My wife insisted on closing all windows, and taking fresh air indirectly. This, she demanded. Notwithstanding suggestions from others, we held tightly to mamma's and my medicine and warm care, eventually pulling all five of our children back to normal health.

One peculiar thing happened. One night, about 3 A.M., while washing the dishes, I remarked to my wife, "Well, I guess it's my turn next." Every bone in my body ached, and I was filled with pain.

My wife said, 'Go upstairs and lie down, and I'll go up occasionally and see how you feel. In spite of my aversion to liquor, I half filled a drinking glass with whiskey, and went upstairs, turned down the bed covers, sat on the bed, and slowly sipped the entire contents. Then, tumbled into bed and didn't wake up until eight next morning—without an ache or pain, and the "flu" entirely gone. Well, maybe something else would have answered the purpose, but I didn't know what it was.

A neighbor's 16-year-old girl seemed to be beyond recovery. She lay under a large open window. My wife closed the window, and rendered other aid, telling them to keep it closed if they wanted to save their child. Soon after, the doctor came, and opened the window, and ordered it kept open. Later, Mrs. Farr, again closed the window, insisting on it being kept closed. The doctor said, "Throw Mrs. Farr out if she ever comes back." Well, she did go back and closed the window again. The child recovered. The result was, the doctor came to our home, and took out his notebook and entered Mrs. Farr's method of treatment, which was extensively used later, and undoubtedly saved many lives.

CHAPTER 17

MINING AND GRUB STAKING

OLD TIME PROSPECTORS

In early days, it was customary to grub-stake so called miners, and in return receive a share of the profits if there were any, which was seldom. Hundreds of these prospectors roamed through the mountains and canyons of the West—each with his little donkey, or cayuse, pick and shovel, carrying a couple of blankets, a little flour, some sow-belly, a frying pan, and a pouch of tobacco. These lonely men wandered about in the dark recesses of crevices and remote canyons, frequently stopping to pick up a rock, or chip a piece from a protruding ledge, always eager for a sign of the glittering gold flake, or traces of silver.

If the prospector found an encouraging sign, he would make a temporary camp, out would come his pick and shovel, and he would start digging a hole. If this preliminary effort continued to show encouraging indications of ore, he would stake a claim and hurry to town to file upon it. Then, he could go to his friends and make a successful appeal for a new grub stake. The story is told of one of these bearded optimists, who was sure he had struck it. He rushed to town, where he met a lawyer friend. "I'm within 30 feet of a million dollars" he declared. "If you'll give me a loan for a new grub stake, we'll both be rich."

The lawyer indulgntly handed the miner the money he needed to continue his small opreations. But the man failed to show up in town for a long time. Later, when he did show, he clearly tried to avoid his lawyer friend. But the latter finally caught up with him. "Look here, Joe," he demanded. "The last time I saw you, were within 30 feet of a million dollars. What happend, I want my money."

The old fellow, who had had a few drinks, looked crestfallen. "Well today," he said sadly, "I ain't within a million feet of thirty dollars."

Because of these prospecting activities, holes, tunnels and shafts are now seen by the thousands throughout the intermountain country. Gold and silver were the metals almost always used as money. 5-10-and 20 dollar gold pieces were stacked high on the bankers' counters in those days; also on the gambler's table, they were piled up like common gambling chips of today. Yes, gold was a pretty sight, recognized as a standard of value since the beginning of civilization. During recent years, the American gold supply has been deposited at Fort Knox, Kentucky. Gold certificates, and various types of fiat money in the form of currency printed by the United States Treasury department, later took its place.

Yes, I have grub-staked a number of prospectors who were active in the gold and silver fields of Nevada, and Southern Utah near the Annie Laurie Mine, also in the Park City district. And Idaho Placers were numerous. The city of LaPlatt, west of Ant Valley, Weber and Cache Counties, Utah, consisting of 5000 people, was organized. The whole Wasatch Range has been gone over time and time again. I have visited and watched the prospector swing the pick and touch off the dynamite blast. But none of the operations in which I was interested paid off, except the Lake View Mining Company, which paid well during the first world war.

During the 1890s, and up to 1915, there were plenty of prospectors, and organizers of all kinds of companies, each one guaranteeing fabulous profits, and putting thousands of dollars into pockets of no value. These activities were often promoted by unscrupulous, dishonest, and sometimes misled men.

Mining Operations

Gold and silver were not the only mining promotions. Coal companies were also organized and run until all the promotion cash on hand, and all that could be borrowed had vanished. Then, the doors closed, and the promoters disappeared, leaving the subscribers' balances very much shrunk. Even the names of these companies and their promoters were forgotten. Yes, I have seen many mining promotions come and go during my lifetime. In more recent years, many oil companies have come and gone in the same way, with the majority of subscribers receiving a bunch of worthless stock, instead of the great promise from a good one who would like to make you rich on your own money. Don't you think you can handle your own money as well as they?

It must be said, however, that not all mining efforts were failures. Some 65 years ago, the West including Utah, was a thriving gold and silver district, and some great fortunes were made in Park City, Tintic, and Eureka. Some of these mines are still producing. For a number of years, the free coinage of silver was one of our great national issues, with the silver tongued orator, William Jennings Bryan, three times a candidate for the presidency of the United States on the Democratic ticket, as its leading advocate. The majority of Utah Republicans also identified themselves with the free-silver movement. But Bryan was never elected, and the country was finally placed on a single gold standard, though Utah and other western silver states usually favored Bryan and other silver advocates because of their interest in this metal. At that time, gold and silver mining gave employment to thousands of men.

Unusual circumstances, often caused a mining boom. For example in 1891, a sheepherder accidently kicked over some silver float, and as soon as word got around, thousands of men began rushing to the spot forty miles northeast of Ogden. It was here the town of La Plata which I have already mentioned, sprang up within two weeks. I was there myself, lying out at night on the side of the mountain. The first night, we did not get much sleep. A drunk stood up on the side of the gulch, and kept yelling, "I never came here, ain't going away." Finally a man on the other side of the canyon ripped out an oath and told him to shut his mouth. Excitement ran high. It was thought another Park City had been discovered, and a small amount of ore assayed $1700 per ton, but it was a picked sample and the vein soon pinched out. The place was soon a ghost town. Many, many years later, I visited the ghost town and this is what I saw on the wall of the one standing store.

"The bones are dust
Picks are rust
It has been 40 years
since she's gone bust."

One of my own mining ventures, the Lakeview Mining Company, turned out profitably, but even here I learned my fellow men cannot always be trusted. My brother Ren, James Wotherspoon, and I, who had already filed placer claims at Promontory, sent some men to work the claim. They went ahead and filed on our claim with a lode filing, which took precedent over a placer file, after which they went ahead and organized the company, giving the original claimant only one fifth of the stock, while they managed the company themselves. Nevertheless, the venture grew. Bunkhouses, workshops, and a little town sprang up, and zinc ore started to flow to the smelters. Soon dividends started to flow into the treasury. By the end of the first World War nearly a million dollars had been received by the company. But a great deal of this went for machinery and other improvements. Notwithstanding this, there was a nice profit to the stockholders. But after the war, prices went down on zinc until they were below the cost of production, rendering the mine worthless, and leaving another ghost town.

Gold rushes sometimes occurred very close to home. In the early settlement of Ogden, someone with a pan found a few grains of gold at a location which is now 22nd Street and Adams Avenue by screening some sand and gravel. Well, the word gold was in the air. A rush started. Prospectors flocked to the place with river slushes, and what not, and started to work, believing the whole bench was a placer prospect, and that somewhere near large bodies of gold would be found. But after an acre or more was dug up six to eight feet deep without results, the gold strike was just another hope.

Gold can be found in small quantities in many parts of the Wasatch Mountains, but not enough to pay.

CHAPTER 18

THE CHANGING TIMES

CELEBRATION JULY 24, 1856

MY life has spanned most of the greatest period of change in history; and nowhere has this change been more noticeable than in Ogden, where I have made my home since birth, except when away on missionary assignments, or traveling. From ox teams to jet airplanes; from pioneer ruggedness and simplicity to present-day automation. Ogden, first a fort to hold the Indians back, then a village, now an important cultural and industrial city—many interesting and colorful events through the years have reflected the changing times.

As early as 1856, several years before my birth, pioneer day, July 24th, was celebrated with great enthusiasm probably the most sensational in Ogden history. Festivities began at daybreak with firing by Captain J. C. Switzler's artillery." At sunrise, the mammoth flag of Deseret was raised on Tabernacle Block, under the direction of the marshal of the day, Chauncey W. West. Thereupon, the martial band, Company A of the Life Guards (minute men), and Company B of infantry, proceeded to the residence of Lorin Farr, who was not only Mayor of Ogden, and much more important at the time, President of the Weber Stake of Zion. After giving a general salute, the band and military units paraded through the principal streets of the town, saluting President Farr's counselors, and the bishops of the various wards.

At 7 A.M., the Nauvoo Legion, comprising almost every able bodied man, assembled on the public square, and at 9 the procession was formed. The parade was led by a young man bearing the marshal's insignia of office, "Order, Heaven's first law." Next came the martial band with a banner, "The Ten Thousands of Ephriam." The band was followed by twelve Indians, led by Chief Little Soldier, with a banner, "The Thousands of Manasseh." A company of pioneers held aloft the legend, "Our Mountain Home," A Mormon Battalion company bore the inscription, "The Ram in the Thicket." A company of Silver Grays (militia volunteers over forty-five), led by Luman Andros Shurtliff, carried the banner, "Veterans of Deseret." Then, followed twelve young men on horseback, dressed in white trousers, black coats, and red sashes, with a banner, "Zion's Strength;" twelve young women on horseback dressed in white with black riding skirts, and wreaths of flowers on their hats, their banner reading, "Daughters of Deseret;" a company of Life Guards bearing the legend, "The Priesthood, we will defend it;" the Ogden City Brass Band;" a committee of arrangements, with the banner, "Peace and Plenty;" bishops and counselors with the inscription, "The Fathers of the People;" presidents and counselors of the Lesser Priesthood with the banner, "Blessed are the Peacemakers;" The president and counselors of the High Priests' Quorum with the banner, "Pillars in the House of God;" presidents of Seventies with the banner, "Heralds of Salvation;" the president and counselors of the Elders' Quorum, with the legend, "Elders of Israel;" twelve young men dressed in black trousers and white coats with the banner, "Kings in Embryo;" twelve young women dressed in white, with wreaths upon their heads, their banner reading, "Purity, the glory of Deseret;" twelve old men with banner reading, "We follow our Lord;" twelve small boys with white trousers, white shirts, and straw hats, "Zion's Hope;" twelve small girls in white dresses with blue sashes, "Virtue, our Mothers' Pride;" the Nauvoo Legion, commanded by Major L. Clark, who proudly bore the banner, "Defense of

Deseret;" and finally another company of Life Guards, with the banner, "God and our Rights."

At 9:30 A.M., this parade left Public Square and passed up 1st West Street (Grant Avenue) two blocks, up Pratt (26) Street one block, down Main Street (Washington Boulevard) four blocks, then circled Tabernacle Block and halted in front of Lorin Farr's residence, where the Presidency of the Stake was placed with a banner, "The Lord's Annointed," in the procession immediately ahead of the Committee on Arrangements. The parade then continued up Main Street two blocks and crossed Public Square to the Bowery.

The celebration was just getting into its stride. After prayer, the Constitution of Deseret was read by Captain Brown, followed by seven rounds from Switzler's artillery, and three hosannahs from the congregation. Then followed music by the martial band, and the brass band, speeches by Counselor Palmer, Lorin Farr, and Major Clark, firing by the artillery, and a series of toasts: "God and our Rights; we are prepared to defend them; the Peculiar Institutions of Utah; Many Swarms; Brigham Young, the Lion of the Lord, when he roars the wicked fear, when he speaks the Hypocrites Tremble, and when he shakes his mane, they flee; The Martyrs of the Last Days, their blood is the seed of the Church, may they continue to grow in the garden of the Lord until the earth is overspread with their immortal fruits."

After music by the bands, and by a string band, the original comic songs, the assembly broke up. Under the bowery erected for the purpose, they ate dinner at six tables, each 300 feet long, bountifully spread with the luxuries and dainties of life, including wine, the product of our mountain home.

At 3 o'clock the procession re-formed, escorted the presidency to their homes, and after returning to the Public Square, were dismissed. An hour later, all the citizens assembled in the bowery for dancing and other recreation; and the long day's festivities were ended at 7 o'clock, when the Ogden City Dramatic Association presented, "Luke the Laborer," followed by comic and sentimental songs, and hornpipe dancing, followed by the mirth provoking farce, "Raising the Wind."

The deep religious feeling that everywhere underlay the people's lives is well shown by the banners carried in the parade.—Hist. of Ogden, p. 35.

Though the saints in Ogden had a day of happiness and thanksgiving July 24th, the year 1856 brought a deeply tragic note to Utah before it passed into history. Late in the summer, several companies of saints, equipped only with handcarts, undertook to cross the plains and mountains to Utah. Several of the earlier groups made the arduous journey successfully; but a couple of the later companies struck disaster in the form of an early and relentless winter. Marooned by snowy blizzards, and freezing weather, they suffered untold hardships before they were rescued by help from the valley; a total of 56 lost their lives, and many others had badly frozen feet and hands, besides their suffering from starvation and fatigue. This was one of the worst tragedies in Mormon history.

It is hard to visualize the frozen, grief benumbed, exhausted, starving, barefooted men, women and children, having no recourse to stem the tide of death that stole hourly over the hearts of loved ones, hundreds of miles from aid, death knawing at the tent door; the blackened night and howling winds, the open sky with no relief; the silent stars that brought no encouragement, except to say, "fight on, fight on."

RAILROADS NEW SETTLERS

The railroads, 13 years later, brought many changes. When the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory, May 10, 1869, connecting the Central Pacific and Union Pacific, and completing the first trans-continental railroad, I was about six years old,

W.G.CHILD
GROCERIES DRY GOODS BOOT
SHOES

Ogden In Early Days

and not present at the celebration. I was, however, present when the railroad made its first appearance in Ogden, March 3, 1869.

A week after the new railroad was completed, Brigham Young organized a company, and work began on the Utah Central Railroad, connecting Ogden with Salt Lake City. The job was completed January 10, 1870. We now had Salt Lake City, as well as Ogden connected with the rest of the world; and the day of immigration by ox-teams and handcarts was a thing of the past.

Other railroad enterprises soon followed. The Utah Northern was built into southern Idaho by 1874; and by 1889, was united with The Oregon Short Line, which opened up the Northwest. Meanwhile, the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad was incorporated October 27, 1870; and by 1883, reached Ogden with a narrow gauge track, which became a standard gauge in 1890. Finally, a local railroad was built in 1880 to connect Ogden with Syracuse, a popular resort on the Great Salt Lake. With the coming of the railroads, pioneer days passed; and Ogden became known as the Junction City, an important railroad and shipping center. It was in this period that I established the John Farr Coal Company.

A large number of non-Mormon settlers began to move in during this period, and establish themselves in various types of business. Soon, Protestant and Catholic churches were built, and a number of parochial schools started, including a Methodist, an Episcopal, and a Presbyterian school, besides Sacred Heart Academy (Catholic), and Weber Stake Academy (Latter-day Saint) as well as a number of meeting house and schools.

Many of the "gentiles," as the Mormons called those not of their faith, were very hostile in their feelings toward the Mormons, and for years the entire community was more or less disturbed by the conflicts between these two elements. A number of bitterly anti-Mormon newspapers sprang up, but were usually short lived. In 1875, there was the Ogden Freeman, which failed in 1879. Another paper called the Dispatch, made its appearance, making many trumped-up charges against the Church. This was followed by The Rustler, which was suspended soon.

I understand, between 1888 and 1900, 27 newspapers were established; and from 1901 to 1937, 38 other newspapers made their appearance. The number of these publications indicates their short life, and failure to attract the support of a united people, due to the bad feelings existing for years, until the people learned the value of tolerance. Now, a more conservative type of journalism flourishes, and holds the respect of all classes.

My personal experience in politics for many years has given me the pleasure of working harmoniously with others of all creeds—Mormon, Jew, and Gentile, as we were known in those days. During the 70s, 80s and 90s, Utah, then under a territorial government, was seeking statehood. But the bad feeling between Mormon and non-Mormon was detrimental to this cause. The Mormons usually voted in a body, and the non-Mormons did the same. As a result, elections were poorly disguished contests between the Church and its enemies for power. This lack of political unity among the better elements in all churches often made it possible for leaders of the underworld to gain power. By 1896, the time of statehood, the Church Leaders strongly recommended dividing along national political lines and even urged prominent members to lead in the movement. Since then, Utahns of all faiths have worked side by side to promote their political beliefs; and the old feuds have died out.

OGDEN MARDI GRAS

In 1890, Ogden City put on a "shindig" which rated at the time as one of the greatest in the United States. It was called the Rocky Mountain Carnival or "Mardi Gras," and was modeled after the affair which was already a long established tradition in New Orleans.

In fact, it was so closely connected with the New Orleans Carnival that the king of the New Orleans affair, Rex I, was invited to Ogden to crown the Rocky Mountain king, Rex II.

The spark plug behind the Odgen extravaganza was Colonel W. H. (Coin) Harvey. Col. Harvey's brother, Dr. R. S. Harvey, was living in New Orleans then, and headquarters for the Ogden celebration were set up there.

An account of the carnival in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, the leading news magazine of the day, declared: "Dr. Harvey, with his assistants, wrote 15000 letters to the prominent men of the United States, touching the coming carnival, and commanding them in the name of Rex II to be present.

An order was established here called the Order of Monte Cristo or Rex Organization of the West, with Rex II to be ruler of the Western Domain, Ogden being the imperial city. A king's council of seven men was named in Ogden as the central power, and they swore in about 550 active members. Leslie's Weekly called it a brilliant affair.

Drawing "Golden Spike" rites, May 10, 1954. John Farr, 91, left Dan Randall, 84, right.

In rites held September 8, 1942, 72 years after the Golden Spike was driven at Promontory, the original connecting link between the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads was broken in a new spike pulling ceremony.

In connection with the lifting of the spike there was a fine patriotic fervor harking back to the days of the pioneers. Yet there was only one person present who was a witness to the driving of the spike, Mrs. Mary Peterson Ipson of Bear River City, Utah.

It was significant however that John Farr was not present at the driving of the Golden Spike, yet he was present on the arrival of the railroad when March 3, it first entered Ogden in 1869, as well as being present at this, the pulling of the spike in 1942 during the celebration.

Many representatives of the State of Utah were there when Governor Herbert B. Maw led a caravan of busses and autmobiles filled with Railroad, State, Church, Army, Navy and citizens from Salt Lake and Ogden.

The caravan drew up at Rozel at 12 noon, the guests of Everett Michaels (Salvage contractor) where some 88 guests sat down to a chiken dinner. The women especially enjoyed peering into the kitchen and looking at the mammoth cook stove and eating in a dining room modeled from a large box car. Grace Farr and Myrtle Conway said it was thrilling to eat such a meal out in the desert after having passed through a short but severe desert dust storm.

After lunch the caravan returned to the Monument where two engines were facing each other as they did in 1869 and the crowd of some 300 people gathered around the monument facing the engines, when Frank Francis, Master of Ceremonies, introduced the speakers and celebrities.

Governor Maw lent himself whole heartedly to the historic event and was ably assisted by Apostle George Abert Smith.

Division Superintendent L. P. Hopkins of the Southern Pacific, E. L. Schmidt of Omaha, representing the Union Pacific and Everett R. Michaels engaged in the pulling of the rails—all gave a short account of their departments.

Apostle George Albert Smith gave at some length the history of the two roads, the conditions of the people, the necessity of the railroads and the great part they had in taming the west.

Mrs. Cora R. Gibbs was present; her father Edgar D. Stone fired the Jupiter which pulled the train on May 10, 1869 that brought Governor Leland Stanford to the driving of the spike.

John Farr, the son of Lorin Farr was introduced; he gave a brief summary of his father's part in the building of the road and of its entering Ogden that year.

W. G. Warner 86, was honored as the oldest Union Pacific pensioner, who fired the famous engine 116 which met the Jupiter at Promontory.

Speeches by Officials

Brief speeches were given by a number of officials after which a special golden spike was pulled. The new spike was driven in, then Gov. Maw with a bar raised it about an inch, then C. E. Schmidt, assistant to the president of the Union Pacific took the bar and pulled the spike another inch, then followed C. P. Hopkins, division superintendent of the Southern Pacific pulled the spike an inch, finally the job was completed by Everett Michaels.

The last spike pulled Tuesday was not the same one which Governor Stanford of California and Dr. T. C. Durrant, president of the Union Pacific drove into a beautifully polished tie of California laurel with a silver mallet on May 10, 1869. The same rails were not the identical ones laid on that date, but both were taken from approximately the same spot that they were placed on that memorable day; and the two events symbolized similar vision.

The two rails were given, one to Ogden City, and the other to Brigham City. After a few short talks given by some of the officials the ceremonies closed at 4 P.M.

In 1869 it was quite interesting to see the rivalry that existed in the road grade construction camps, when two companies' grades were not over 300 feet apart—the Irish on the Union Pacific under Brigham Young, contractor, the Chinese coolies under Governor Stanford on the Central Pacific, some 2000 strong. Some orientals, and natives of Utah were under Farr, Benson and West from Ogden. It was on the Farr grade that the 10 mile record of track laying in one day was made to win a bet with Gov. Stanford.

Virtually every foot of this 120 mile salvage project (the largest single railway abandonment in 1942) is reminiscent of the old west, but there is a ten-mile stretch of the historic right of way which is particularly significant in the annals of railway building. Why? because it marked an all time high in track laying. Yes, 10 miles in one day—a record of splendor which has never been beaten and it was done by the Central Pacific. Both the Union Pacific moving westward and the Central Pacific going east were out to set a record.

The two were to meet somewhere north of the Great Salt Lake. During the closing months of construction the U. P. Irish shattered all previous records by laying 6 miles of track a day. Then the Central Pacific chinese gang retorted with an extra mile . . . then the U. P. came back with 7½ miles—clearly it was a case of east vs. west. Then the orientals came back on April 28th and at the end of 12 hours hard labor they left behind 10 miles of track ready for the iron horse, and to make sure Jim Campbell, a boarding boss and later superintendent of the division jumped in the engine and sped over the new road at a 40 mile clip.

Twelve days later the track laying was completed with Governor Leland Stanford driving the Golden Spike at Promontory, Utah. The original Golden Spike is now at the Stanford Museum.

It was here that the Central Pacific Chinese and the Union Pacific Irish construction gangs fought with such fury—both sides suffered many casualties. It was a passing saying "Another man for breakfast." It was also here the black small pox broke out among the Chinese, and today hundreds of graves are unmarked on Promotory mountains.

The road is now being dismantled for about 120 miles between Corinne and Lucin. It was the main line between New York and San Francisco until the Lucin Cutoff was made crossing Great Salt Lake, built in 1906.

For 36 years transcontinental trains rumbled over Promontory mountains pushed and pulled by helper engines, over a 700 ft. elevation. The divide's altitude 4907.

During the day's celebration, many cameras were in action. One picture was taken by the monument with George Albert Smith in center, Governor Maw on one side and John Farr on the other. Many pictures were taken of both engines facing each other and crowded with people. Many prominent people were present, the entire Governor's staff, railroad officials and many others.

The services being over, the construction gang removed the rails, placed them on flat cars and hauled them to the Navy Depot at Clearfield, Utah, there retracked in the service of the Government, which was badly needed for war activity.

These services ended the Golden Spike episode which brought so many memories both good and otherwise to the people of Utah. The railroad was a boon to the west, especially to the pioneers as it went a long way in subduing the supposedly unconquerable climate and desert.

CHAPTER 19

MY SECOND MISSION

CALLED TO SOUTHERN STATES

HAVING been called to a short term mission to the Southern States by President Heber J. Grant, I was set apart November 9, 1926 by Elder George Albert Smith of the Quorum of the Twelve. Leaving Ogden November 10, on the Denver and Rio Grande, I arrived at Malta, Colorado, was met by my daughter Mildred, and husband, John T. Ellsworth, who took me to their home in Leadville, 10,240 feet elevation. Mr. Ellsworth was a metallurgist in charge of the erection of a large mill. It was cold, with considerable snow; spent a pleasant evening with my daughter, and the following morning boarded the train for Atlanta, Georgia.

From Pueblo, the scenery changed, as we came into the southlands, in the midst of cotton fields as far as the eye could see. Many signs along the road called for cotton pickers, who were hard to get, owing to small pay, as cotton was bringing only 12 to 14 cents per pound. I enjoyed the new sight, prefering the cotton fields to the desert wastes of the west. We passed many gin mills—cotton, cotton everywhere—cotton fields the whole day long; thousands of bales piled all along the route, waiting for a slow market.

The following night, 1 stopped at Fort Worth, Texas, passing numerous oil wells, pouring out great quantities of black gold; took lodging at a hotel, costing two dollars; the following night, stayed at Houston, Texas. On November 15, I took the train for New Orleans; spent two days sightseeing, visiting Spanish villages, the bone yard, canal, Mississippi River, where once were the swamps; also visited the fish market, and factories, where the hired help had bottles of black, thick coffee to sip occasionally as they continued with their work, shelling oysters and other sea food; the coffee helped take away the smell and taste which was so strong and sickening.

Continuing toward Atlanta, we passed many groves of oak and cypress trees with long, hanging spanish moss; arrived at destination after dark, and telephoned President Charles A. Callis of my arrival. I was requested to stay at the hotel for the night, and be at his office at 9 A.M. I met my appointment the following morning, and received my orders to leave that evening for Jacksonville, Florida, and report to N. W. Arrington, Conference President.

LABORS IN FLORIDA

Arrived at Jacksonville November 20th, taxied to Elders' Dormitory on Park Street, where President Arrington assigned me to labor with Donald E. Hunt of Cedarville, Uintah County, Utah. We immediately started on our regular missionary work. In company with Elders Hunt, Jensen and Ward, I visited Brother and Sister Parry, Brother Parry having been confined to his bed and chair for over three years. We cut considerble wood for his fireplace. It would have seemed a kind act if he could have been relieved of his suffering, as he was unable to speak.

November 26th, we made our weekly report. On the 27th, we delivered tracts, had gospel conversations, and held an open air meeting, after which I took nine Elders to a picture show. President Arrington requested me to write an add in the paper, notifying the people of our conference to be held December 10, 11, 12, also advising them that Elder David O.

McKay, of the Council of the Twelve, and President Charles A. Callis would be our visiting authorities. The following day, distributed hand bills, and attended Brother Griswell's funeral.

The 9th was another day preparng for conference; and locating accommodations for 75 Elders who would be in attendance. The 75 Elders met Elders McKay and Callis at the depot at 8:20 A.M., after which several meetings were held, the local Elders reporting their labors.

December 12th was an important day—the dedication of the Jacksonville Chapel at 2:30 P.M., with the concluding session at 7:30 P.M. A wonderful spirit prevailed during the entire conference, enjoyed by saints and many visitors. Elder McKay gave a powerful dedicatory sermon, especially was it to non-Members. President Bonham and Elders of the Alabama Conference, and President Smith and Elders of the South Geogia Conference participated in the gatherings. Presidents Bonham, Smith and Arrington, and some 12 to 15 Elders were released to return to their loved ones.

On the 13th, at 10 A.M. priesthood meeting was held, and instructions given to the Elders, after which they were assigned to their field of labor. At 7:30 P.M., Elder McKay having been prevailed upon, gave a most interesting lecture on Palestine. The entire conference was considered one of the most successful ever held in the South.

Elder Henderson and I were appointed to arrange an excursion to St. Augustine. Some 18 Elders participated; Elder McKay, President Callis and his wife, Elder Henderson and I were taken in private cars. On arrival at St. Augustine, we visited Fort Marian, the oldest fort in the United States.

The fort has undergone many changes. The old dungeon and death chamber have been abandoned, where once political opponents, and others, even unbelievers in religion, and criminals, were thrown into the dungeon, and if the governor of other high officials desired an early death, the victim would be thrown through a two by three foot hole into a dark, unventilated room, or rather dugout without light, windows, or door, cold and clammy, called the death chamber, where it would be only hours before suffocation ended the fellow's miserable life. And this was called civilization.

There was the courtyard surrounded by different apartments, utilized for various activities, now in fast decay. The court chapel, the drawbridge overlapping the moat, and connecting the main land with the fort; on the second floor, the lookout tower, with the ocean on one side and the city approach on the other, all conveying a medieval atmosphere.

After the visit to the fort, we took a stroll on the beach, watching the tide come in, the breakers hitting high, and Elder McKay and President Callis with their hats off and their coats on their arms, with perspiration running freely. Dinner was now ready, and after a most hearty meal, and a visit through the Ponce De Leon Hotel, the finest in the city, we were again off on the road for Jacksonville.

Brother Henderson and I were appointed to visit Elder Tanner concerning his future missionary work. It was necessary for Elder Tanner's parents to mortgage their home to keep him on his mission. On the 16th of December, accompanied President Henderson to the depot to take the train for his home in Panguitch, Utah. President Arrington also was prepared to return to his home in Idaho; and I was installed as Conference President.

It rained pretty much the following day. I took President Arrington, Clyde Summerhays, and Elder Tanner to dinner; bought Christmas cards, and finally to the depot, where Elder Arrington boarded the train for home. Presidents Arrington, Henderson, Bonham, and a goodly number of Elders having left for home, we now had time to straighten out the various activities, and make such changes and assignments as were desired. We were soon back in our normal routine of missionary work; and I delved into the problems confronting me as President. After our regular Sunday activities, I enjoyed a splendid dinner at Brother Maddock's.

President Of Florida Conference

December 23rd was a busy day. The Elders met at the chapel at 10 A.M. for a local conference for further instructions and assignments. Owing to the train being late, President Callis did not arrive until 1 P.M. Cutting our dinner short, we went directly into an executive session. On proposal of President Callis, I was unanimously sustained as President of the Florida Conference, with Elders Clyde Summerhays and Serge Lauper as counselors. Elders Christiansen and Tanner went to Tampa. Meeting was adjourned until 7:30 P.M. After further instructions were given and business transacted, President Callis left for Atlanta, Georgia.

Having an invitation to Christmas dinner with Brother and Sister J. M. Brimhall, we, the three Elders, arrived at their home at 1 P.M., finding no one there; but the door was unlocked, and biscuits in the pan. Well, Brother Clyde stayed at the piano, and Elder Lauper and I proceeded with the dinner, put the potatoes on, set the table; and when the Brimhalls arrived, a fine chicken dinner, with hot rolls, was almost ready to serve. After dinner, songs, music, and a very pleasant afternoon, finishing with a show at night.

On the 27th, the three Elders attended the funeral of a little boy of Brother and Sister David Avery, Elder Summerhays being the principal speaker. On the 29th, I attended the Jacksonville Exchange Club luncheon, being introduced at the table as their Mormon brother from Utah, with an invitation to join in their weekly luncheons.

January 1st, a new day, a new year, with all the old problems at our back, and many new ones in prospect. Elder Summerhays and I attended the Rose Parade; but few people out to see it, owing to the unusual cold, with ice on the streets, and a stiff wind. The weather was too severe for women's bare legs; overcoats were at a premium. We three Elders spent the afternoon at Sister Griswell's, including a long auto ride, and an oyster supper.

January 3rd, 1927, prepared our usual breakfast in the basement, consisting of oatmeal, toast, and a cup of cocoa, and grapefruit. Elders Summerhays and Lauper assisted Brother Milrose (Branch President) with the lawn and shrubbery planting around the chapel. I planted an evergreen to be named John Farr, and dug a second hole, where President Callis would plant another at his next visit.

Now, comes one of the important days of the year, January 4th, my 64th birthday. I, enjoying good health, giving praise to my Heavenly Father for the privilege of again going out into the world preaching the Everlasting Gospel to the children of men in Florida. It was not only a privilege but a blessing, and one that is most pleasing. I learned that my wife and my children were all enjoying good heath at home. We wound up the day by Elders Summerhays and Lauper taking me to a show.

The following morning, Brother Summerhays and I called on Sister Guest to make arrangements for Brother Benjamin Franklin Guest's funeral, he having passed away the 6th. The services were held at 2 P.M. January 7th, with Elder Summerhays leading the singing, and remarks by President Farr and Elder Lauper. The remains were accompanied to Georgia for burial by his son and daughter.

All good housekeepers set aside a day for house cleaning, so also on the 8th, we Elders put in good work in the kitchen, bedrooms and hall, and at night enough time to hold an open air meeting; wound up the day at the opera house in the "nigger heaven," seeing the play, Ben Hur.

Sunday, we set apart three brethren and one sister for various positions. Elder August E. Hedin of Pocatello, Idaho, arrived and reported for duty. In company with Elder Summerhays, we held an open air meeting at the car barns. On the 22nd, Sister Griswell and daughter, Mrs. Ford, took us over to Lakeland, some 60 miles to a meeting. On the 23rd, Elder Summerhays baptized Edward William Blume, and Elder Farr did the confirmation.

From early morning until late at night it was one continuous activity—reports to be sent, weekly meetings, tracting, visiting members and prospective friends, answering correspondence, etc. Elders Lauper and Hedin were sent to St. Augustine to hold meetings; they returned in two days.

Considerable sickness prevailed among the saints, the Elders frequently being called to administer to them. Two were afflicted with T. B. The mayor and chief of police granted us two extra street meeting locations, as designated locations were required for such purposes. We also sought out other places to hold meetings in cottages, factories, and large shops, during noon hour, while workers were eating their lunch. We gave the mayor a Book of Mormon, and the secretary, A Voice of Warning.

Returning from the mayor's office, I was requested to go to the hospital, where I found Sister Albert Stallings had just passed away. President Melrose of the local branch and I held funeral services for Sister Lola Leehill at the mortuary. Sister Brimhall rendered a beautiful solo, "The Old Fashioned Mother," The Rudd funeral was under the direction of Elders Lauper and Summerhays.

Sister Griswell, the three lady missionaries, Elder Lauper and I left for Pablo Beach. The three girls enjoyed their first visit to the Atlantic Ocean. After romping over the beach for an hour or two, taking pictures, visiting the mandarin orange groves, the birthplace of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," we continued to the alligator and ostrich farm, where there were thousands of alligators, ranging from baby alligators to some 10 to 12 feet long. Some were four or five hundred years old, cunning as a fox, eyes wide open, with never a wink or move to show there was life.

There were many beautiful ostrich plumes, which were so common on the hats of ladies some sixty years ago. One could not help admiring a large, beautiful plume on the hat of a well dressed lady. Lady fair, what a contrast with our women of today; instead of a stately, well dressed make-up, we now have slacks, levis, trunks, (a glorified didy) or overalls, so common with laboring men of rough work. There are many neat and well dressed women, but so many sloppy ones to offset the better style, and take away the modesty of women. I guess I'm old fashioned, but I do like to see neatness, tidiness and beauty.

The following day, Sister Jenkins and the three lady missionaries called and picked up Elder Lauper and I, and took us to Sister Jenkins' home in Orlando, on the banks of St. John's River, one of the beauty spots in Florida. (By way of passing, Brother Jenkins is one of the largest tithe-payers in the church.) He is a wealthy jewelry owner—has a number of jewelry stores. Sister Jenkins is a daughter of Sister Hurst, a very faithful member.

After a bounteous dinner, we returned to a special Mutual open night program. Every officer was called up to perform some stunt of his own choosing. When my turn came, I rendered a solo, "Rock of Ages," Well, the way I sang it, and the way the audience applauded, it must have taken on the ages long ago. It was my first attempt to sing a solo before a large audience, but I went through the entire song just the same. The way the audience applauded, I must have turned it upside down.

With Elder Lauper, called on five families, two of whom were sick, after which we assisted the lady missionaries, who left on the Dixie Flier for their homes. Sister Brimhall took us to a sick non-member, who was paralyzed, and who desired to be administered to. After this, we drove out to a tourist camp to make arrangements to hold an open air meeting, but were denied, as Billy Sunday had been given the privilege.

The following morning at 7 A.M., met President Callis at the depot. Immediately went into Priesthood session to make adjustments made necessary by the resignation of Branch President John Melrose. I was appointed Branch President, in connectoin with my assignment as President of the Florida Conference, which placed additional responsibility on me.

The following day, we had a two-hour meeting of all the Jacksonville Elders to discuss matters pertaining to the Florida Conference. After meeting, drove President Callis to City Chief of Police A. F. Roberts, a member, to obtain some concession in holding meetings on the streets. After dinner, President Callis left for Atlanta, Georgia.

The 15th was report and letter writing day; also, I had an urgent call to come to St. Augustine at once, as Sister Blackwilder, age 81, was seriously ill. After placing upon her forehead perhaps the last earthly kiss, she passed from this life the following day to another sphere of fewer disappointments, and joy well earned.

Stayed over night with Brother Salana and family. Sister Salana prepared an excellent shrimp dinner. We ordained Brother Bryan to the office of an Elder. In the morning, visited Sister Blackwilder, found her unconscious; took the bus for Jacksonville, calling on Sister Jordan, just recovering from a serious illness; finished the day going over the problems with the Sunday School and Relief Society Presidency.

Elder Lauper and I left February 17th to visit the Elders and branches of all the Florida districts, our first stop being at Polatka. We stayed at L. E. Moody's for the night. In the morning, in company with Elders G. A. Smith and Van Orden, Brother Blodgett drove us out some ten miles to notify the people of a meeting that night. About forty people were present. Stopped with Brother and Sister R. C. Willis for the night.

The following day, Elder Smith drove us out to San Matio to hold a meeting; at night had dinner with Sisters Willis and Carter—both husbands non-members, but all nice people. Stopped with the Hilton family, very fine and wealthy people, where we held a cottage meeting, perhaps, one of our most successful meetings; twenty-five present; all seemed to enjoy the talk and wanted us to continue. The next day, we were busy making out our regularly weekly reports, after which Brother Blodgett's daughter took us out to visit several of the saints, then to the bus station, where we left for Tampa, famous for its tobacco interests. On arrival, visited Sister Legler, who had been seriously ill. Stopped at Mary Cook's for the night; Sister Cook, a gracious and kind woman, was pleased to see us.

Some people delight in early rising, so on the 22nd we were up at daylight eating breakfast, after which we continued visiting the saints. Elder H. C. Christenson and Elder Tanner joined us. We held a very successful meeting at the home of Sister Cook—the room filled.

On the 23rd, all four Elders attended an interesting and comic revival meeting in a temporary tabernacle, where Billy Sunday, the evangelist was holding forth. Sunday is a wonderfully, enthusiastic preacher. With all his gestures and wild antics, he draws a large audience. Billy was originally a baseball player, and learned to use many exceptional stunts on the platform. He can get an audience worked to a point of great excitement, and soon has them going to the rostrum for pennace at his bidding. It is quite amusing when he gets warmed up. Being on a large plank platform, he runs from side to side, and from back to front, as if he were going to make a home run, stopping at the stand to throw one foot high up on the rostrum; then back and forth again, and off goes his coat, thrown back on the stage floor. He will yell and holler, as if filled with the holy spirit, throw off one suspender as if he were going to undress, then run back and forth again from one end of the platform to the other, and back and forth, as if he was going to make the final jump, throw off another suspender, asking the sinner to come up and shake hands and be saved. At the same time, ushers are passing the plate. After all, we got a great kick out of it. Billy is a national figure, and commands big money; many people fall for such entertainment. I suppose he gets many out of the gutter; and will get his reward.

In the evening, we held a cottage meeting; and instead of a great platform show, we, in a cottage, with seven investigators, desiring in a quiet way to learn the true principles of the gospel.

CHAPTER 20

TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH

OUR work continued—visiting, holding meetings, and performing the usual missionary work; making our weekly report, and correspondence to the twelve Elders. For relaxation and entertainment, we frequently finished the day by attending the Tampa Theater, one of the finest show houses in Florida.

The following day, Brother Legler took us over to St. Petersburg, another young resort city with promise of a wonderful future—a place where millionaires are sinking their dollars with expectation of big profits. We assisted Elder Christensen in baptizing Grace Gleason and Norward Collie Newbourn. Francis and Lorenzo Mayo were ordained elders. We also administered to Sister Mayo, at whose home five investigators joined us in the meeting.

Accompanied by Elder Lauper, we visited one of the large tobacco factories, The Havana Tampa, with 1800 employees, making five-cent cigars. Two girls can turn out 4000 cigars daily. Our guide showed us through the many rooms. As we entered each room, we were handed a cigar. Well, not being a smoker, I put the cigars in my pocket, expecting to dispose of them after leaving the factory. We went directly to a meeting, after which to my surprise, I discovered there were four cigars sticking out of my coat lapel pocket. Just imagine! Now, there's the proof of a smoker, while at the same time we were preaching the Word of Wisdom. It was now too late to explain as the meeting had adjourned.

Besides, we had just chastized one of our Elders for smoking. My motto is—Be more careful whom you criticize.

The following day, March 1st, we were busy with reports and correspondence. The next morning, Brother Legler took the four Elders, Christensen, Tanner, Lauper, and myself to Lakeland, on our journey south. Elder Lauper and myself stopped with Brother J. H. Tomberlin. The thermometer dropping to 36, with a cold north wind, kept us pretty close to the stove, venturing out only once to visit Brother Duggins.

In the evening, a most unusual and touching incident took place. While we and Brother and Sister Tomberlin were sitting close to the kitchen stove, a little collie mother dog came pawing and whining at the door. When the door was opened, the little dog rushed to Sister Tomberlin and put her feet on her lap, looking up into her face and whining, after which she ran to the door, back and forth three or four times, apparently calling for help. Brother Tomberlin opened the door and followed the dog under the house, where he found five little pups.

The mother lay down against the pups to keep them warm, having already buried one up to its neck with sand, but seeing the little one was about dead, ran for help. Brother Tomberlin brought all five into the house, and put four of them behind the kitchen stove, while Mrs. Tomberlin tried to revive the one that had been buried, warming the little fellow by the oven door. The little mother looked down at the pup, then up in the face of Mrs. Tomberlin, begging her to do something for her son; in a short time, with her head close to the pup, she saw the last spark of life fade away. Then, with a sad whine, left the little one in the apron, and lay down with the other four quietly. That is what you might call mother love, far greater than some of our modern mothers. I am glad to say, however, that this class is limited. Most mothers will go the limit to protect their own.

Notwithstanding two feather beds, we slept mighty cold; arose at 6:15, and after washing outside the house, enjoyed a well prepared breakfast, then took the train to Arcadia to see Brother R. L. French, whose daughter took us to his orange grove . After a short visit, she then drove us to Punta Carda; and we boarded the bus for Fort Myers. Brother J. W. Wright picked us up at the hotel and took us to his home for the night. In the morning, Sister Wright took us to Naples, the end of the railroad, a seven-mile beach—another beauty spot of Florida.

Left for Miami via railroad, and arrived in time for Sunday school; a night's lodging at Sister Cunningham's. From March 6th to 16th we were very busy with problems caused by the storm, a hurricane which had visited September 26, causing great destruction, uprooting thousands of trees, blowing off roofs, tearing boats from their moorings, and covering a portion of the land with a tidal wave. One large vessel was thrown out of the sea and left on the lawn very near The Royal Palms Hotel. The destruction had temporarily interfered with our various church organization activities. We were given the use of three autos to visit members and get the organizations started, and to develop a program for helping those who had suffered loss from the storm.

Sister Cunningham relates an incident during the storm, which shows its severity. Her husband had gone to bed; the wind had started, quickly arose to 120 miles an hour; the women called for Brother Cunningham to get up, but he was asleep. The doors blew open; the windows, out. Sister Cunningham and her sister behind one of the doors, tried to hold it shut, while the piano was dancing around the room, the pictures and furniture tattooing through the house. Then, the roof of their large new house went off completely, and landed in a neighbor's lot. At this time, a heavy rain began to pour; and Mr. Cunningham awoke, and came running down the stairs, back and forth through the house, yelling "Help! help! Why don't you come to do something?" Well, the laugh came after it was all over. At the moment, everyone was too busy to laugh. As soon as they could all pull themselves together, they, with hundreds of others, were taken to Coral Gables and other hotels where they spent several days sleeping in hotel halls, etc. This was one of the most destructive storms ever to strike Florida.

Our ten days stay in Miami was both interesting and delightful. Having access to autos, gave us much opportunity to acquaint ourselves with the country; we visited Lake Okeechobee, the Everglades, Coral Gables—the large hotel building now being turned into a university.

I called at the Miami Hospital for a physical check-up, as the climate did not agree with me; advised them that I was an LDS missionary; I was then admitted and given the necessary check-up without cost. We then took a drive along the beautiful Atlantic Coast, and a refreshing swim among the hundrds of merry-making bathers, returning via the colored district, where in 12 to 15 blocks not a white person was seen. We then went to Fort Lauderdale to request the Chief of Police to grant us the privilege of holding street meetings. He refused, saying it was against the law.

All the saints, and many new-found friends, were kind and did all possible to make our stay pleasant.

Devoted one day to making out reports, and writing a special letter to President Callis on the Tampa situation, and the advisibility of sending Elders to Miami, as we were the first Elders to visit Miami after the hurricane. We were fortunate to have the privilege of using the saints' automobiles to visit places in the country districts, which would otherwise have been impossible.

We appreciated the services of John Raston on a trip to Pampino and Lake Worth, visiting the saints, and a swing around and through the beautiful grounds and hotels of Ray DePanzeana and Breakers—the most beautiful hotels in Palm Beach; these with their elaborate landscaping, are among the most beautiful resorts of Florida, spreading back from a six-mile ocean beach, through a profusion of flowers, poinsettias in bloom, and a vision of loveliness seldom seen. Though Florida can boast of her beauty spots, a goodly portion of the surface is sandy. We continued calling on the saints, and after a heavy rain, a bright moon came out through a mixture of colored clouds, making the drive back most beautiful.

In the morning, the Rastons were again at our door, ready for a visit to the beautiful Burnett Orchard, where thousands of roses are blooming between every row of trees; there is also a full line nursery where the propagation of the coconut tree is carried on extensively in the sandy, shell filled soil. Continued to Canal Point at Lake Okeechobee, fifty miles through the Everglades, seeing hundreds of alligators along the swampy banks of the slow flowing canals. The soil was exceptionally rich, a dark brown color, giving the appearance of sawdust. One could walk out and pick beans or other vegetables without getting his shoes muddy.

Raston said weeds grow like trees. You can climb in them. Well, to prove it, a red root was growing at the end of a bean field. I jumped out of the car, put my foot at the fork of the branch, and climbed up on it some three feet. . . Raston excused himself, saying it was only a young one. Beans grow from nine to twelve inches long, producing up to $3000 per acre.

The following morning, I received a letter from President Callis, informing me that I was at liberty to say just when I was ready to meet my wife, and two daughters on their way down through the Panama Canal Zone. I replied that Elder Lauper and I would finish our visit among the saints and Elders April 1st, at which time my wife would be on her way east.

No definite date had been set for my missionary release; it was up to me to name it. I immediately informed President Callis, and gave him the necessary information. The following morning, we left for Fort Pierce, where we took lodging at the home of Sister Ulrich and her sister, the two being members, though their husbands were non-members. They drove us into the country, where we cut out the core or heart of two cabbage palms, from which they prepared a fine dinner; the palm had the taste of our regular boiled cabbage.

By request of Addie Smith of Lake Worth, we baptized her two children in Indian River. They were now with her sister, Mrs. Ulrich at Fort Pierce. Also by request of Sister Ulrich, I blessed their baby daughter. On the return of the father, both we and sister Ulrich stood in for severe and violent abuse. He accused us of attempting to bring his baby into our church contrary to his wish. We did our best to explain it was only a blessing and not a membership. Owing to such an angry feeling, we cancelled a cottage meeting; but it turned out before we left that he became reconciled, and was sorry for his actions.

On th 25th, Sister Ulrich took us to the train bound for Sanford where a meeting as called for 7 P.M., but owing to the train being late, Brother and Sister Thomas met us 13 miles out of the city, and brought us to the meeting one hour late. The house was crowded, waiting. We had an enjoyable evening. Elder Lauper received a letter calling him to Jacksonville at once. But before he left, we held a street meeting.

We held a meeting at Aunt Virginia's, an elderly good mother to a host of Elders. If there be a reward in heaven for such work, surely Aunt Virginia will be one up at the top. After the meeting, we were invited out to Minnie Kahle's at Apaka, twenty miles from Orlando, where we held a meeting, and also stayed for the night.

Orlando is one of the most prosperous fruit and truck garden districts in Florida. Sister Kahle has one grape vine trelliced that covers a quarter of an acre, a beautiful home, excellently furnished. She and a twenty-two-year-old daughter enjoy it.

Back to Orlando in time to catch the train for Sanford, where we met Elders Web and Barton, who in connection with Sister Smtih, drove to Daytona Beach to witness Seagrave break the auto racing speed record of 203 miles per hour, the 29th of March, 1927. Daytona Beach is one of the world's great auto race courses, as well as a famous winter resort.

We enjoyed a most pleasant four days with our gracious host, the McDonalds, stalwart church workers in the Daytona Branch. Left for St. Augustine, where Sister Salano's daughter and four missionary girls met me at the train. Sisters Gardner and Pierce were my missionaries, whom I hadn't seen, and Sisters Olsen and Brecken were from the South Georgia Conferenc. All five of us stopped for the night at Brother Salano's very faithful household. A wonderful shrimp supper were prepared by Sister Salano. The family, the four missionaries and myself sat around the table reminiscing missionary experiences until 1 A.M.

Early in the morning, the four lady missionaries left for Jacksonville, while Brother Salano and I went on a sight seeing trip through the city to West Beach, a new multi-million-dollar resort. Visited Fort Marian the narrowest street in the United States, six feet wide; also St. Augustine Cathedral, the oldest house in the United States, the Fountain of Youth, the Alcazar Hotel, Old City Gates, the watch tower and hot shot, Hotel Ponce-de-Leon, the slave auction market, and other interesting points.

On returning to Jacksonville, I turned over the Conference Presidency to Elder Serge Lauper to take effect April 3rd at 7:30 P.M. at our sacrament meeting. I gave a short report of the Florida Conference activities. Elder Lauper followed, speaking principally on Gospel subjects. For the next two days, I was busy making out reports, blessings, ordinations, baptisms, etc., attending meetings, and baptizing Earl Walters Houston of Doctors Inlet.

Release From Mission

Now, the responsibility was on the shoulders of another. This gave me time to visit and prepare for home. Advised President Callis of the transfer of the Conference to Elder Lauper, returned to my lodging; and on the 6th, in company with the three Elders took dinner at Brother Brimhall's. My three last days in Florida were busy ones-visiting some twenty families; had supper at Vallentine's, who took me to the depot for the 8:15 train, where Elders Lauper, Hyde, Gerrard, Webb, and the lady missionaries were present to see me off.

My Southern States mission was a very interesting and profitable one. The experiences gained by hard work and application, the various customs of people under the same government, The southern hospitality, all contributed to my mission experience.

Florida is a state of sand and palm trees, roses and flowers the year around; a semi-tropical climate, with winter crop of fruits and vegetables for an early market. All this together with an overflowing crop of winter tourists pouring in their millions, makes a most delightful and profitable place to live. The state has many beautiful coastal ports, attractive to the sporting element—a considerable population of colored servants always at their beck and call.

A heavy rain during the night cooled the atmosphere; and after breakfast of hot cakes on the diner, looked out of the car window, and watched the change from the sandy soil of

Florida to the heavier soil to the north, the entire landscape green and most pleasing. As we entered the more agricultural districts, apple, peach, and plum trees and other fruit were in full bloom, it made a beautiful, prosperous appearance, especially around Lynchburg, Virginia, and up the James River, where almost every farm house had a small orchard close by. The whole landscape differs greatly as you ride along. The land seemed to shed forth rays in memory of the Sabbath, not a man in sight working, while the horses were grazing on the hillsides in peace, waiting for the early morning of another week; and the cows were leisurely browsing, or lying down, chewing their cuds, looking toward the barn, momentarily to see the milkmaid give the morning call—the plow and the harrow dropped at the end of the furrow, waiting the morrow.

It seemed like a dream, the many changes since retiring last night amidst the bustle and confusion, awakening in the morning where all was peaceful and serene, with the sweet odor from the blossoms fanning through the car window, announcing the birth of another Sabbath day. The white apple and peach blossoms, tinted with pink, gave me an impression of sweetness and beauty.

Continuing on our journey, rolling over the green hills, through cuts, meadows, small streams coursing down the canyons and ravines, all seemed to speak of a land of milk and honey. Little wonder that millions of Europeans and Asiatic people from their old and strife-torn countries, have felt that this is the Promised Land, and have said, "Here I will make my home."

The scenery changed at different points, the Blue Ridge Mountains appearing far in the distance with a brighter hue and broader smile; few countries can boast of more beautiful scenery. We reached the top of the pass, where the water divided, part going into Dan River toward the Atlantic; part into the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

In Old Virginia Again

Owing to a wreck, piling up seven cars, we were delayed at Shawville, and did not arrive at Bluefield, West Virginia until 12:30 midnight, going directly to the hotel run by M. G. Witten, my wife's cousin. The following morning, going down to breakfast, to my surprise, I found my wife and daughters, Grace and Lyndall, at the counter, we all having stayed at the same hotel during the night, unknown to each other. We were soon on our way to Tazewell. On our arrival, Harve Peery, my wife's cousin, took us to his home, he being a well-to-do merchant, having a large white house sitting on a hill, overlooking the valley.

On April 12th, we were all invited to Wilk Ed. Peery's for supper, where fifteen were present to make us welcome. We returned to Harve's for the night. Owing to the rain, we were confined to the house most of the 13th. On the 14th, Wilk took us to a Mr. Bapts, a jeweler, for the night, where in all my experience I have never tasted such delightful old Virginia baked ham. I don't know how it was cooked, but the serving called for repeat until I was ashamed of myself; all pronounced it the very best.

Mr. Bapts, a non-member, has a fine family; we were invited to come again. The 15th, we were taken to James Harmon's, and Carrie Laird's; but owing to almost continuous rain both the 15th and 16th, we were confined to the house of Harmon's and Harve Peery's. Sunday, the 17th, we went to the Christian Church. The minister's subject was "The Resurrection." We were then invited to Dowling Perry's for dinner and a ride of 25 miles to Claypool, returing through Witten Valley; a beautiful drive, with cattle grazing on the green meadows and hills, the entire landscape green and cheerful.

The following day, Sidney Riley took us to George McCall's (neeLennie Peery) for dinner. Mr. McCall, an attorney of 55, a very fine man of considerable wealth; his wife, a daughter of Charley Peery. We took a trip to Burke's Garden with Mrs. Mary Peery to see the old Heninger homestead, now owned by Lula Wilson, daughter of Mary Wilson.

Many of the old relatives and friends alive at the time of our 1899 visit have passed away; all of Mrs. Farr's uncles and aunts, now on the other side—all except Uncle Jack, who is quite feeble. Twenty-seven years makes quite a difference in the progress of man; but when looking back 94 years, remembering some of the long bygone incidents of life, one wonders if the old world has not passed away, and a new world sprung into existence. Scarcely an article is the same; but as progress is going on, this may be the way of new existence. If the pioneers could speak, they would likely exclaim, "Why, I never lived there; it is a most beautiful world now. At the same time, wickedness has been creeping in amongst us, so the world moves on, and the little individual cannot do much about it.

Well, I must say something about Mrs. Farr's birthplace, the old homestead. It has passed into the hands of Jim McGuire, the son of Seeny, the cook. The old house and outbuildings still stand, but more ancient than ever. Going up the hill, I carved my name on the beach tree by the side of my name I placed there twenty-seven years before. Seeny is still alive, living with her son Jim ,who has eight children—four boys, and four girls, all very good looking children. The house and farm are pretty much run down; perhaps it has a good excuse in providing a living for eight children.

After Mrs. Farr and the girls took a farewell look over the homestead, we returned to Harve Peery's for the night during a heavy rain. There was a different feeling on leaving the old homestead than that of twenty-seven years ago, when

Aunt Pauly, Andy, and Jack were there to meet us at the gate. Now, but one uncle left, dozens of relatives and friends passed away, or married and moved to other localities—so life is one eternal change.

Again, it was time to move on. After calling on Maggy Ward Gillespie, 84-year-old Jim Harmon, Ed Peery, and others, I looked into the will of Uncle Sam Heninger, which I believe to be a fraud. He died under peculiar circumstances in 1912.

On the 22nd, we boarded the bus for Washington D.C., stopping over night at Bluefield, then on to Washington by train, arriving at 9 P.M. The ride from Bluefield to Washington was rather tedious, owing to its being a local train; but beautiful and interesting going through the Shenandoah Valley, where farmers seemed to be prosperous, and cleanliness was apparent in all directions. Shenandoah Valley was different in appearance than in 1865, when the war left it in a shambles—burnt and devastated ruins.

Return Home

April 24th being Sunday, we took the sightseeing bus, visited the Art Gallery, Museum, Library; and called on my niece, Mrs. Mildred McGregor, spending the evening with the family. The following three days in Washington, we continued sightseeing: the parks, Mt. Vernon, Senate and House, Supreme Court, Currency Building, Washington Monument, etc. April 27th, Mrs. Farr, Grace, and Lyndall boarded the train for Jacksonville, Florida, where they spent several days visiting St. Augustine, Daytona, and Miami, going from there to Havana, Cuba, where they sailed for Los Angeles via the Panama Canal. I took the train for home via St. Louis, and Kansas, where I stopped for three days.

May 1st in Kansas City: At evening meeting, I recognized the speaker's voice as that of Brother William J. Goff, whom

I had not seen since leaving England 28 years before. Elder Goff and I wandered around the city for two days, visiting Independence, the temple site, the jail where the Prophet Joseph was incarcerated. It was in this log room that the expulsion summons was read.

I took supper with the Elders, at the cost of 25 cents. May 3rd, I left for Oakley, Kansas to visit my son-in-law's father, George Wilkinson. Crops looked good, especially east of this district. It seemed from this point west, the soil was poor and the crops light. But due to spring rains, good crops were expected. The people were very much concerned on account of the two past years of drouth; if another poor year was on, they figured it would be the end of farming in that region.

I arose at 3 o'clock on the 5th of May and left for Oakley, some forty miles by team to catch the train for Ogden, taking a day coach to Denver, and a sleeper from there, arriving in Ogden at 10 A.M. May 6, 1927. It lacked just four days of being six months since I left for Florida, November 10, 1926.

I feel that the call and performance was inspired, as it not only benefited me, but in many instances, in fact through this entire mission, many people were inspired to better living and greater deeds, as The Lord through his missionary servants constantly works for the uplift and benefit of man. I appreciate this call and thank my Heavenly Father for His Kindness and protection, and the many inspirational events performed in my behalf.

CHAPTER 21

SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE

A WINTER CAR RIDE

JANUARY 31, 1939, Miles L. Jones, Sheridan Ferrin, Kenneth, my son, and I left Ogden at 7 A. M. for the south in a driving snow storm, which continued the entire day, piling up about ten inches of snow by the time we reached Kanab, Utah.

The following morning was cold but clear, six above. Passing through part of the Kiabab Forest, with snow about four feet high along the road, we stopped a few minutes at Navaho Bridge, looking down from a dizzy height at the silvery Colorado wending its way between spiral, perpendicular walls.

Before reaching Cameron, Arizona, we stopped at an Indian Pueblo. At first, we were unable to gain entrance, but a tip soon let us in; the mother was sitting on the ground by a fire in the center, preparing the noon day meal. The squaw was kneading dough, slapping it flat with a sort of patticake motion until it was thin enough to go in the pan over the open fire. Well, the smell that eminated surely gave us an appetizing desire for a sample. The bedding, harness, tool kits were scattered around the circle, lying upon the ground in a jumbled up manner. The squaw was the mother of ten children.

Soon, we were again on our way south, passing through Flagstaff in a blinding blizzard, with the temperature almost at zero. The drifting snow made the highway almost invisible; we soon found our car deep in a borrow pit, tight against a snow bank. No house in sight, and a long way from any station; a large truck went buzzing by without offering aid; so we went to work, and after considerable push by all of us, we got out, and were soon on our way again, passing the truck, which by this time was buried in another snowbank, and the driver back tracking for help. Shortly after dark, we pulled up in front of the hotel at Prescott in about eight inches of snow.

A warm supper, an early night's sleep, and the next morning found us going down many miles of winding, heavy grade, both picturesque and beautiful. Reaching a lower altitude, warmer atmosphere, we found ourselves in more cheerful surroundings—green fields and cattle grazing, though snow still hung on the roofs of houses on our arrival at Phoenix.

After two nights in Phoenix, we continued our journey south with President LeSueur as our guide to inspect part of that great irrigation canal system once in use by a civilization 2000 years ago, where cities of culture and prosperous farms made Salt River Valley a once great empire; but before the entrance of the whites, it had fallen into a vast area of desert, reptiles, and wild animals, with Indians roaming over its once productive soil.

After taking a number of pictures of the canal, which was some 20 feet wide at the bottom to 40 and 50 feet at the top, including part of a cement or stone headgate. We drove on spending the night at Globe, a western copper mining town, on the borders of which there still remains the ruin of an ancient city of 202 rooms, estimated to have been constructed from 1300 to 1400 A.D. Rock foundations, basements under the house, burial grounds, courts with evidences of a populous center, now crumbling ruins perched upon barren, rocky knolls; there were evidences of an ancient copper producing center; many copper articles such as urns, vases, articles of various designs, are on exhibition at the Globe Museum.

CARLSBAD CAVERNS

Continuing south, the weather still cold, we neared the Mexican Border. Taking a daylight start out of El Paso, we made a 150-mile side trip to Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico, entering the cave with a group under the direction of a government guide. The cavern is one of the most fascinating beauty spots in the United States. It was first discovered by James White, a cowboy who seeing thousands of bats flying in and out of a dark hole, decided to investigate, lowering himself by rope deep into the bowels of the earth, winding around craggy corners, slowly and carefully, step by step, dropping down, lantern in one hand, a rope in the other, throwing a spotlight shadow deep into the unknown darkness, climbing over pillars of stalagmites and under and through the dropping ligmites, still winding down, neither seeing the end of the mystic blackness nor the light above.

Hundreds of feet down in the total blackness, with only a lantern as a guide, he continued, hoping the light would not go out until he could crawl back to the top again. Down deep beyond the hearng of any help, with the drop, drop of water sounding in his ears, the echo moan of the bats, and the constant whistle of the air passing the various craigs and crevices, deep in the spooky darkness, he came to the conclusion he needed help to promote the further exploration of the fantastic, mysterious cavern: he decided to bring the project to the attentoin of the government.

As a result, there are now electric lights scattered through many acres inside the cavern, which has become known as one of the wonders of the world. Starting at the well lighted entrance, we descended several hundred feet, with colored lights, glistening amid the sparkle of millions of hanging ligmites, passing small, dripping streams of water, continuing down, down through the King's Palace, then in a burst of loveliness, enter the Queen's Chamber of exquisite beauty, surpassing the imagination. Even Babylon's hanging gardens, sink into insignificance by comparison with Carlsbad Caverns.

The Queen's Chamber looks like a fairyland with all its trimmings. The eye picks up a new picture as each old one fades away in the great auditorium. Leaving the enchanted palace with all its varied colors, we soon emerge into a great amphitheater or auditorium of immense size, with many ante-chambers around its borders. It is 4000 feet long, 450 feet wide, and 350 feet high—a seven mile walk in five hours. In this spacious room, large crowds may assemble for entertainment. Ample accommodations are provided, such as a well equipped restaurant, platform and rostrum, stage, rest rooms, souvenir shop, etc., all under ground.

Taking what time you desire at the mammoth show grounds, you are at liberty to return to the top, either by a long, hard climb over the return pass, or by the large elevator. My advice to all over fifty: take the elevator.

We were now ready to enter Mexico, arriving the following day at Laredo. Securing our passport, car insurance (car entrance $3.00, and for each person 3.60 pesos) and necessary information to enter Mexico. We bought a new exhaust pipe; stopped at Hotel Hamilton, reservation $5.00 for four people.

I will endeavor to incorporate my three trips into Old Mexico into one story. It may be difficult to segregate the various periods but owing to passing over the same grounds a number of times, it will eliminate repetition at many points. On our second trip to Mexico City, January 13, 1948, Kenneth and I started to visit St. Louis and other points expecting to mix business with pleasure.

On our way, we passed two hundred head of antelope grazing on a government reserve. On reaching Denver, we ran into a heavy snowstorm, which changed our course. After one day's visit at the Museum of Natural History, among the skeletons of pre-historic times, such as the monstrous mammals, dinosaurs, dinoceras, dinornis, some of the huge terrestial fossils, reptiles, pecular to the upper secondary formation; a magnificent collection of fossilized skeletons, some of which reached to the high ceiling, and some reproducing the animal as it once existed, we continued our journey. Many of the dinosaur exhibits were taken from the Vernal beds in Utah. It was exceptionally interesting to see the collection of pre-historic animals that roamed over the west.

At Pueblo, we put on our snow chains to plow through ten inches of snow for twenty miles, but on we continued into New Mexico and a long run through Texas, arriving at Corpus Christi, where we took a room on the 7th Floor of a hotel overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. Corpus Christi appears prosperous; it is situated on an elevation overlooking the Gulf of Mexico. After breakfast, we went on to Brownsville, the most southern city in the United States.

We passed many grapefruit orchards whose owners were very discouraged, as the white grapefruit was selling at $5.00 per ton; and the pink, at $20.00, barely enough for the picking. Many large trucks were on the road headed north with loads of grapefruit for the juicers, while hundreds of tons fell on the ground.

To avoid a long drive to Laredo, the regular entrance to Mexico, we chose a new, uncompleted highway, not yet opened to tourists. From Brownsville and Matamoros to Victoria, Mexico, a distance of 200 miles, with 22 miles unfinished, and no bridges over the rivers and creeks, and considerable dirt road, we found the going rather rough. There was not a gas station over the entire 200 miles, only a few huts were scattered at intervals, some considerable distance from the highway.

Notwithstanding the uncultivated wild nature of our surroundings, the trip was interesting. A skinny burro or cow trying to pick an existence along the highway, unable to go into the thorny brush, appeared frequently, the thickets being so thorny and dense only a native with a machetta could penetrate them. At a lonely spot, a wolf crossed the road a short way ahead of us. No autos passed opposite during the entire trip. A few openings in the brush, made by the road contractor were still occupied by a hut or two.

It was amusing to see four men sitting under an old bush shed at the side of an adobe hut with an old oil drum next to the door. As we were now running short of gas, Kenneth backed up and asked if they had any gasoline, whereupon all four men jumped up, picked up an old fashioned two gallon tank and funnel, filled it with a bicycle pump, came running down and inserted the funnel in our tank. One man grabbed off his hat, put it in the funnel, and poured the gasoline. Well, to our surprise, the hat had been punctured full of holes to strain the gas. Once more, we breathed easy, notwithstanding, it must have been at least a sixth quality gas, which, however, carried us through to Victoria, Mexico.

We were interrupted twice in crossing rivers operated by government flat ferries, by means of a rachet wire cable. Two men were anxious to please us, and asked no pay, but a good tip seemed to put them in a happy mood.

As we neared Victoria, we saw a great change from our previous visit nine years before. The soil was rich; and instead of the land being uncultivated and wild, we now saw the great tracts of grapefruit, and orange groves from one to three and four year's growth, while large tractors were still at work.

The sugar cane season was now on; some were cutting the cane; others throwing it on ox carts and hauling it to the factory. This sugar cane is different from that planted by the early pioneers of Utah, which was more of the molasses or sorgum variety. This was one of the main articles of food in Utah pioneer days, while the Mexican cane is a modern sugar variety.

Primitive Mexico

Back to February 7, 1939, having checked out at Laredo, it was necessary to re-check 20 miles farther inland, at which point Brother Ferrin left his clearing papers, necessitating an hour's wait with 800 miles yet to go from the border at Laredo to Mexico City. For great distances, the Mexican inland is covered by brush having needle pointed thorns. This is the reason cattle and wild animals are scarce. Millions of acres are thus marked.

Even with this waste land, Mexico has its fertility, and has a vast area of good soil, which is fast going under the changes of agricultural civilization. American interests, with their great mechanical improvements are working wonders. Between the waste desert and the tropical mountains, great areas are undergoing improvement.

Passing along a stretch of waste land into a more fertile district, we reached Monterey, an up-to-date city of beautiful homes—a city surrounded by orange groves and manufacturing plants. Monterey Hotel is a romantic hostelry with a national reputation; the city is one of the best shopping centers on the way to Mexico City.

The surrounding farming district was much more improved in 1949 than in 1939. In 1939, the ox was the principal motive power—ox teams with the yoke fastened to the horns, instead of the yoke and bow around the neck as in pioneer days. Cultivation of from one to three acres seemed to be the custom of the average native family.

Peasant Scenes in Mexico

Thatched roofs, partially open on one side; the livestock skinny and poor. The whole panoramic view takes one's mind back to centuries long past, to some ancient city with its pomp and splendor, sustained by ignorant farming peons. Now, the city is a tourists' playground.

Passing through many villages inhabited principally by Indians or Mexicans, one sees long rows of low one-story adobe buildings on each side of a 20 to 25-foot street. The buildings used both for stores and living quarters, are dirty and unkept; and the streets are littered with merchandise and wares of various kinds, extending for many blocks. The sidewalks also were used for various transactions, and for storage.

The bowl of bananas, oranges, plums, and other kinds of fruit may have looked good to the natives, but they were certainly not very appetizing to me. It was somewhat different at a market display in the City of Mexico, when our guide drove through a narrow street with draperies, murals, paintings, and all kinds of dry goods hanging profusely, in all manner of shapes, some beautiful rugs and murals lying on the ground, with people bargaining for them, and stepping aside to let our car pass.

Then, from the fancy, colorful street market display to the crockery, food, tin and various household goods, much of which is on the ground, we turn to other details of what is a typical street scene. The street ground market is a common city custom which is enjoyed in all the smaller cities in Mexico, especially among the poor.

Back to February 8, 1939—we stopped for the night at Ville Grand Hotel, costing 8 pesos, less than $2.00 for the four of us. Continuing our journey, the natives seemed to have reached the lowest ebb of cultural life, but perhaps they were happy and contented. Where there is little knowledge, little is expected. I think this holds true in this case; and in-as-much as we are all God's children, some cog must have slipped somewhere. Notwithstanding their helpless condition, they appeared to enjoy life equal to the millionaire—each according to his knowledge and environment.

Rolling along enjoying every moment; almost every turn, something a little different, and new to us. In the more fertile districts, natives live in thatched homes along the highway, with cheaply constructed boweries where citrus fruits are strung neatly on sticks dangling from the ceiling, a string of oranges or tangerines, consisting of 30 to 50, costing one peso—less than twenty cents in our money.

Taking dinner at Victoria, a junction city, where night stop-over-accommodations may be had at places where the English language is spoken, we enjoyed a brief rest. The country became increasingly interesting, with many villages and cities of cultural and semi-cultural standards along the way. We passed Linares, Victoria, Mante and entering into the tropical mountains, crossed a pass of over 300 miles of dense growth. From Monte to Jacola (pronounced O-cal-o) is an unusual and interesting landscape. A magnificent highway winds along the side of a high mountain, featuring steep dugways, and passing through rocky cliffs, with sheer drops of a thousand feet, or sloping mountain above and below where hundreds of native garden spots may be seen, each comprising from a quarter to two acres of land—perhaps the total income of the natives tilling them, with beans, corn, coffee and squash as the principal products.

Traveling along the highway, looking across the canyon, both up and down, one sees numerous banana groves, papaya, a common dinner dish, coffee beans spread on the ground at the side of the road in process of curing for the market. Stopping off at a native jungle curio shop to get a drink of soda water, we were asked by the lady to go to the rear rock garden where beautiful orchids were clinging to the trees, and many varieties of flowers were scattered throughout the rugged mountain back yard. Here, I bought a machette, a native farming tool.

It seems the men are kind to their children; whenever a man is seen climbing up or down his small hill farm, he usually has a small boy with him, both dressed in white pants. There are little hut communities away down on the river bed; women are busy with the family wash, pounding away using rocks as wash boards, and drying the clothes on large boulders and bushes.

We stopped to take a picture of a native caravan of women and two girls about twelve years old, with large packs of wood on their backs, and head straps to support the heavy loads. A tip persuaded them to stop; a native mother leaned back and placed the load on a stump to ease her aching back.

It is astonishing how quickly a bunch of native children can spring up from nowhere, not a hut in sight, a jungle on all sides. Yet they are close around, you soon see after stopping, and ready to pose for a picture, expecting a tip in return. The 200 miles of mountain highway is both picturesque and interesting, pleasant and beautiful in sunshine, but most dangerous and disagreeabble when there is fog. We have passed over this trail six times, three in very pleasant sunshine; and three, in dense fog, even cutting visibility to eight feet. Sometimes there was almost total darkness, and we could go only five to twelve miles per hour, using the center white line as a guide; and when losing the line, we had to get out and find it.

Coming home on one occasion, we left Jacala about 2 P.M., and were soon on the mountain, going with nerve-wracking slow speed through dense fog the entire distance, except the last ten miles, arriving at Tamauzhale (Tom and Chale) in a drizzling cold rain at 9:30 P.M.

The hotel waiting room where the only heat in the building was a fire in the fireplace. Putting on our overcoats, we stood to the counter for a cup of coffee and a handout. Assigned to our room, which was cold and damp, we threw our overcoats on the bed and jumped in with our clothes on between the cold, damp blankets. Very seldom have I ever slept colder than that night, right in the midst of a tropical climate.

All night long, we could hear a little baby crying, as if cold and hungry; the next morning, as we passed out of the hotel, and looked up over the door, Kenneth remarked, "There is your little crying baby." It was a parrot. Looking down on us, it said, "Call again."

Many things can happen in passing over such a long stretch of mountainous road. During a foggy night, we passed a large truck dangling over a cliff, held only by the rear axle. After leaving the high mountain pass, rolling hills, more mountains and canyon-like valleys, villages, small towns with many evidences of past ages, we came out into open country where many farms make a business of growing century plants. The natives gather the syrup from this plant by sucking it into a container, after which they empty it into skin bags or tanks on the backs of burros, and take it to the factory to be processed into a Mexican alcoholic drink. One good drink of this stuff turns you into a ball of fire. A milder drink is also produced and used by the natives. Many of the fine fabrics, baskets, and other valuable articles are made from the cord threads of this plant. The cord is very fine and tough.

Chapter 22

IN CENTRAL MEXICO

Mexico City

As we approach Mexico City, we stop at a police station, where a guide is secured to drive us to our hotel. On our 1949 trip, all the guides had gone to the city, leaving just two police officers on guard. Well, one proffered to take us in. He evidently was not much of a driver, but he soon had us on the road going from 50 to 60 miles per hour, dodging in and out, with lights off. Eventually, we arrived whole, notwithstanding I was afraid I had pushed the front footboards out.

It is best to get a licensed guide during your Mexican City sight seeing. Traffic laws are different, most streets narrow and full of cars, all honking, and confusing the driver unless accustomed to their mode of traffic. Men, women, and children are jay walking, running and jumping to keep from being hit. The Mexican travels fast; women often have to jump to keep from being knocked down by a passing car. A couple of honks and the car turns the corner. In Mexico, it is up to the pedestrian to look out for himself.

Every evening Place de la Reforma Boulevard, an eight-lane street, is filled to capacity with autos for blocks, everyone honking for the other fellow to go ahead. It sounds like the celebration at the end of World War I. Often the houses are built up to the curb on the narrow city streets; and the sidewalks and streets are used for market space, with all kinds of merchandise placed promiscuously about.

Mexico City has its beauty as well as its ancient culture. Its origin began on the borders of a small lake, on a high plateau, over seven thousand feet elevation. After many wars among the tribes, three tribes amalgamated and subdued all the others for hundreds of miles around, then began its central power. At the present, some parts of the city are sinking, perhaps due to the fact that in its early stages, some tribes in order to protect themselves threw up great banks of mud above the water level, built huts, raised gardens; while the lake gradually receded, and finally was drained. The area is now one of the garden spots of the world.

Its beauty and architecture in many respects surpasses that of our United States. Mexican people like highly fantastic, very bright colors, and are experts in the application of these colors. They delight in exhibiting these colorful patterns and designs; even in their amusements, as well as their dress, one sees this love of gaudy display.

They have many magnificent buildings, up-to-date business blocks of beautiful design, residences gaudy and well kept. For instance, I noticed a large residence painted white, with royal purple trimmings and winding purple trimmed copping. There were well-kept lawns, flowers, and shrubbery, a large bougainvilla tree in full bloom, almost covering the side of the house—a beautiful sight.

We visited many places of historical interest: The Cortez Palace; Toluca Indian Market; perhaps the largest Indian market in the world; The Floating Gardens, a fantastic spectacle, especially on Sundays; hundreds of shrines; archealogical findings; museums; parks; pyramids,; cathedrals; temples. There are also places for the great bullfights, and ball games such as Jai Alai. Street floor markets, products of the farm; pottery and silver ware, native handiwork, attracted our attention, along with the peons and professional beggars. We visited the Palace, the Grand Opera House or Art Gallery (now sinking) also the National Lottery; where it seemed there were hundreds of people selling lottery tickets, they can be purchased at any part of the city, hotels, stores, ships, peddlers, or from men, women and small children just as you would buy a newspaper from one of our news boys on the street.

We enjoyed the tropical plants and climate, the food, weather, wilderness or native underbrush and hundreds of other interesting items, such as the iron shutters on the store windows, which prevented pilfering.

Mexican industries—Textile mills (cotton, woolen, silk and rayon goods) auto assembly plants, tire factories, gold and silver refineries, iron foundries, steel castings, bolts, springs, electrical appliances, machinery, glass works, paper mills, cement plants, tanneries, breweries, manufacturing of glass and leather goods, tobacco products, building materials, clothing, soap, chemicals, processed food, alochol, petroleum by-products.

The Plaza de la Constitucion or Zocalo is the center of the city, around which are grouped the cathedral (begun in 1593) Municipal Palace and National Palace (containing senate chamber, presidential residence, orchives, observatory and National Museum) Back of the National Palace is the San Carlos Art Gallery—west of the Plaza is the business center.

Other important buildings include the Iturbide Palace (now a hotel) Chamber of Deputies, Palace of Justice, customhouse, National library, Mint, a large bull ring, the National University (founded 1551); other institutions of higher learning.

Drainage and water used by the artesian wells have lowered the water table so that the surface crust, formerly supported by the subsoil water can no longer sustain the heavier buildings of the city, which are sinking from 4 to 12 inches a year. Some of the finest buildings in Mexico have been damaged, among them the old cathedral on the site of great Aztec temple and the Palace of Fine Arts, which has sunk 10 ft. Many buildings have been shored up with pilings.

One of the most beautiful boulevards in the world is the Place de la Reforma, 200 ft. wide, lined with trees and flanked by homes and hotels. The Playa de Toras largest bull ring in the world seats 20,000. The cathedral's interior measures 387 feet in length and 177 ft. in width. The Aztec Calendar Stone is in the National Museum in Mexico City. It is a surprisingly accurate chronological table of ancient Aztecs. The stone is 3 feet thick and the disk part is 12 feet in diameter.

The Socalo, pivit of Mexico City's civic life, is like a wheel, its spokes leading to the various arteries of the city's life—industrial, social, tourist attractions. It is the hub lead ing to the museum, government headquarters, the magnificent cathedral, near which have been uncovered many relics of ancient times—going back 2000 to 2500 years.

Some thirty miles to the north is the Pyramid of the Sun, and Moon Temple at Teotihuacan. The pyramid of the Sun is the largest pyramid in Mexico, of which there are many. It covers a number of acres and reaches 216 feet in height. The temple shows signs of human sacrifice. Many of the most beautiful virgins found in the land were once placed on the alter to satisfy and appease the supposed anger of their Gods for some imaginary calamity of their own making.

Many crimes and atrocities have been committed in the name of religion, not only in Mexico but in most all countries of the earth. But thanks to the light of our latter-day revelation these cruel misunderstandings have been supplanted by real happiness, and good will toward all men, not only in this life, but in the life to come, if we obey the gospel.

One can learn much by observing some of the poorest peons. During my three trips to Mexico, I never observed any cruelty to children, such as we see in our own civilzation in unwarranted moments of anger. Temper is a funny thing. It shows more when you lose it.

The Floating Gardens, with their numerous canals filled with gondolas, propelled by hand poles, orchestras playing, many singing and playing Mexican songs and tunes, are fascinating to the visitor. On Sundays and holidays, the whole garden of canal arteries is a spectacle of brilliant colors, music, and happiness. Families eat their lunch together; many people are seen buying flowers and souvenirs—altogether, several miles of brilliant, colorful panorama.

Bull Fighting

Bull fighting is one of the main sport attractions in Mexico. These spectacular events usually take place on Sunday, filling a large arena of 60,000 capacity, while the exciting, brutal game is played—a game considered unfair to most Northern Americans. At one performance in 1939, after the sixth bull had been killed, the audience, in a demonstration of anger, because dissatisfied with the way in which the last one had been dispatched, tore down guard rails, gathered up papers and touched off at least a dozen fires in the midst of the audience, who were throwing their hats and coats into the arena and yelling for more. The Matador appeared and an especially wild, ferocious bull came out at full speed, making a lunge at the Matador, who continued to the other side of the arena. The bull then dashed against a Picador's horse, catching him under the belly, tossed both the horse and rider over a four-foot railing, ripping open the horse's belly. The poor horse was blindfolded and had no chance, although he was somewhat protected by a heavy pad; and the Picador with a long pole spear jabbed into the bull's neck relieving part of the impact. Time and again, the bull kept plunging at the Matador, at the same time receiving another dart into its neck, weakening it at each jab. Notwithstanding the graceful performance and alterness of the Matador the bull with one horn caught the Matador's leg and tossed him into the air. He fell at the feet of the bull, which with flaming red eyes was ready for the kill; but other Matadors, Picadors and Toreadors, with colored cloaks and robes came to his rescue. The Matador was carried out on a stretcher, with a 12-inch slit up his right leg, and taken to the hospital, where he remained for some time.

Mexican sports have their serious moments, as in the bull fight of 1949, when a solemn spectacle was placed on the program. It was a memorial to a professional Matador who had been gored to death by a bull in Spain. In his honor a spectacular parade was presented in the arena. As the bugle burst forth playing La Paloma, not a sound or a whisper was heard over the entire arena, crowded with 60,000 spectators. Slowly, behind the band, came a brightly decorated truck carrying the statue of the slain Matador, followed by many brightly colored professionals. Solemnly, and slowly, they marched around the rings, stopping in the center for the dedicatory service. Not a disturbing sound was heard during the exercise that followed. At the close, the procession moved out. Again the sport of killing bulls began. Before the entrance of the bull, the leading professional struts around the ring, with the applause of thousands shouting his praises, and throwing bouquets at his feet, while hats, coats, and other loose articles are tossed excitedly into the ring.

Mexico's happy and pleasure loving people have various kinds of entertainment, such as the gaudy fiesta, national ball, races, fishing, boating, etc. Not only a pleasure loving people, but they have their tragic experinces also. There are the rich, the intermediate, and the exceptionally poor. The poor, if not happy, are contented with their meager lives, devoted to their homes and families, though seldom having the opportunity of seeing beyond a 20 or 30 mile area.

Mexico is blessed with its share of beggars, both professional and otherwise; they learn their trade from childhood. One instance struck me forcibly. Miles Jones and I, after a late supper at Sanborn's Cafe, while walking up a narrow street, were followed by a little girl about six years old. She kept touching us by the coatail, saying, "Please, sentavo, please." We were busy talking about our day's sight seeing among the pyramids and cathedrals, and took no notice of her; but on arrival at our hotel, as we were preparing for the night, I could not forget that little voice. It haunted me so much I told Miles I was going back and give the child some money. It was only a half mile.

Miles remarked, "Wait till I put on my coat and I will go with you." So we went back to the cafe. It was closed and the little child was gone. I don't know what happened to her, but that pitiful voice stayed with me for days. Whether I saw the little girl, I know not.

Early one morning as Kenneth and I were walking down to breakfast, though it was cold enough for us to have our overcoats on, we saw in a niche of a building, lying on the cold sidewalk, a little boy and girl six or seven years of age, with bare arms and feet curled up like a snail. The girl's head was lying on the bare feet of the boy; the boy's arm was over the girl—both hugged closely to keep warm. There they were sound asleep after a night's begging.

Opposite the little couple, under the canopy, sat an old, white headed man with a long gray beard, hunched up asleep with his head and arms on his knees waiting for the day to come forth. Whether he was the grandparent of the little ones, watching over their nightly sleep, or just another unimportant old man, I never learned. If the children had a living mother, where could she be? Maybe sick, or in some occupation beyond her control.

Why all this sorrow that human kind is compelled to undergo? It could be partially on account of so much waste in the nations caused by the extravagance of those in charge of our government. After the good part of the eighty-nine billion dollars which was put into the so called "Foreign Assistance," with the assumption that it would control the spiritual life of the whole world now seems to be a miserable failure, we wonder if this financial outlay could have been used closer to home to a better advantage. Nothwithstanding the opening the floodgates of the financial power of the United States, the improved conditions we sought have not developed. Unless honesty, honor, and the love of God are injected into the hearts of men, there will be no end of poverty and suffering.

Back in Central Mexico, it seems that at every corner there is some new and interesting experience, from the modern city life to the undeveloped country area, where the natives live in simplicity and poverty. You go back four thousand years to primitive times and forward to the latest developements of the 20th Century. Mexico City is up-to-date; the surrounding country is just the opposite—adobe huts, dilapidated shacks, where the women usually use the old stream as their wash room, or go to a central well, and carry their water in jars, cans, skins, and other containers, often placing the burden on their heads, or using the old Chinese shoulder bracket. At best, their transportation is the ox or burro. Notwithstanding these poor conditions, the natives appear happy and sincere.

Down in the Pueblo district, 150 miles south of Mexico City, in one valley there are sixty-five cathedrals, with a population of only five thousand people. The majority of the churches are beautifully constructed inside. Around the shrine or alter, which in most instances has a highly decorated crucifix and effigy of Saint Mary, a great deal of gold plating is used. All decorations are gilded; in some instances even the ceiling and construction timbers and stones are gold washed, making a most brilliant and beautiful setting. Saint Mary seems to be the outstanding feature of all the shrines, including the Shrine of Gaudalupe at Mexico City—the most important in the country.

LEGEND OF JEPEYAC

"The Booklet of Jepeyac" portrays the legend or so-called miracle or apparition in which the cathedral was built in 1531 A.D. A few quotations may be of interest: "It was during the month of December 1531, almost ten years and four months after the establishment of Spanish rule in the City. The War of Conquest was over, and the Holy Gospel had already begun to be spread in the kingdom.

"One Saturday morning, December 9th, at 4 A.M. a poor, humble Indian, a recent convert to the Holy Catholic Faith, baptized with the name of Juan, nick-named Diego, a native of Grautitlan, about 12 miles north of Mexico City, with his wife, an Indian girl named Maria Lucia, reached the little hill called Tepeyacac, at a point which surpasses all the rest of the hills surrounding the valley and lake in which now lies the City of Mexico.

"On reaching the hill, Diego heard from the summit at the edge of the lake, sweet and melodious singing, resembling a multitude and variety of birds singing together with softness and harmony, answering each other in the form of a choir, the concert echoes reverberating over the hill. On looking up to where the sound originated, he saw a white, glittering cloud, and around it a beautiful rainbow, formed with the rays of an excessively bright light. The Indian was amazed, and beyond himself with fear. "What is this that I see and hear?" He asked. "Where have I been carried? Have I been transferred to the paradise of our forefathers called 'The Origin of Our Being, or Celestial World,' hidden from the eyes of men."

In this state of rapture and suspense, and after the singing had ceased, he heard a sweet and delicate voice calling him by name asking him to come nearer; hurriedly he obeyed; and reaching the summit, he saw in the midst of brightness a most beautiful vision. The description conforms with all the portraits of the Virgin Mary. He reported his experience as follows:

"Her robe glittered like precious stones; and the leaves of the hawthorns and cacti, very small and deteriorated because of the dryness, appeared to be bunches of fine emeralds; and the branches, thorns, and trunks, like shining polished gold; and even the little flat ground on the summit seemed to be jasper, varigated with different colors; and the Lady speaking with affable and endearing appearance, said in the Mexican language: 'My son, Juan Diego, whom I love tenderly as a sweet child, where art thou going?' The Indian replied, 'I am going, my noble Lady, to Mexico City and to Tlatelalco, to hear the Mass celebrated there by the ministers of God, who are His substitutes here on earth.' Having heard him, the most holy Mary said, 'Thou knowest, my dear son, that I am forever the Virgin Mary, Mother of the true God, Author of Life, creator of Heaven and Earth. It is my will that a temple be erected in this place, where as a merciful mother of those who resemble thee, I shall demonstrate my mercy and sympathy to all the natives, to those who love and seek me, and to all who solicit my help in their sorrows and afflictions.'

"The noble Lady then instructed the poor Indian to go to the Bishop's Palace and tell him it was the wish of the holy Lady that a temple be erected for me Saint Mary, in this place; He was also to tell the Bishop of the vision. Saint Mary concluded, 'I shall be grateful for all thou doest for me, and as a recompense I shall exalt thee. Hast thou heard my wish, my son? Goest thou then in peace, and I will repay thee for thy work and diligence.'

"Prostrating himself on the ground, the Indian answered. "I am going, most noble Lady, to obey thy command as a humble servant of Thee.' "

(Notice the above language. How hard it is to quote heavenly messengers) Perhaps the language is necessary to keep the unsuspecting ignorant subjects in line with the new religion brought to them with the Spanish Conquest, A.D. 1531.

After four other visions, or appearances by the Holy Lady to Diego, the Indian, the Bishop consented to erect the temple —now the Gaudalupe Cathedral, the most famous religious shrine in Mexico, where thousands make pilgrimages annually to worship. The hill is now called "Our Lady of Guadalupe."

The cathedral is the largest in Mexico. It has a great auditorium with two wide center aisles, all leading to the altar where the crucifix, and a statue of the Savior are done in gold. In the center at the right, also, is a gold statue of Saint Mary—the entire shrine or altar, a masterpiece of glittering beauty.

On the side of the great auditorium, stands a life-size statue of the Blessed Saint Mary enclosed in a glass case, beautifully gowned with an exquitely bright colored silk robe, hanging down over the slender figure standing in the enclosed glass. The faithful subjects rub their hands over the glass case, then rub their own faces and breasts and shoulders. They repeat this as many times as they desire, believing each is a blessing from the blessed Mother. They have great faith in these ceremonies.

There are several confession boxes on the side, where the priests and subjects are busy giving and receiving indulgencies. Two or three monks walk through the building, selling books of Jepeyac. At different parts of the building, other priests are chanting in Latin, though few understand them. Many walk on their knees from the front door to the altar, and at each step give a prayer. Some even go on their knees from the cathedral to their homes ,while sympathetic people rush out of their homes with blankets to ease the penitent's aching knees.

The Mexican people are a peaceful happy, friendly people. About 95 to 98 per cent are Catholics. Life is simple among the older generation, but the younger folks are quick to catch the trend of modern life. It is astonishing to watch the alertness of some of the little street urchins. Children are molded by the ways they see around them just as clay is molded by a potter sitting at his wheel.

Land of Shops, Tapestries, Bargains

Mexico excels in the making of beautiful tapestry. I regretted very much losing the opportunity to obtain a very valuable sample. It was a hand woven design of a horse, eight by ten feet in size. It took the maker a full year to complete the job—a highly colored, most perfect design. One day, the owner said he wanted $150 for it; the next day, we went to pick it up, but he had raised the price to $250 (Mexican money). The following day, it was gone. At present in the United States, it would easily bring a thousand Amercan dollars. "He who procrastinates is lost."

In Mexico, a man must be a little Jewish to make a good bargain, as it requires considerable argument to reduce the price. At first, I didn't understand the Mexican way of bargaining. Otherwise, I would have brought home the tapestry I wanted.

It is almost necessary to have a guide, so we secured one for five days to take us to Acapulco, one of the principal water resorts on the Pacific ocean. On our way down, we stopped overnight at Taxco, a silver mining city—closely packed houses and stores on narrow winding cobblestone streets, twelve to fifteen feet wide, just enough room for cars to pass in places. We made our way through, turning corners and bends. Eventually, the guide drove under the canopy ot Hotel Victoria, almost at the top of the mountain. The Victoria, overlooking the city, is one of the high class tourist hotels. There is a silver mine at the top of one of the hills. Looking down another, you find a cathedral erected in 1740, similar to most of the Mexican shrines. This one conveyed a feeling of ancient methods of worship. The buildings, both inside and out, were decorated with many statues of Apostles and sainted Catholic characters. As usual, the crucifix and Saint Mary were gold plated. Other parts of the building had crude benches, dark shaded auditorium, and side rooms. To me, it was gloomy and uninviting. But if that is the way they want it, that is their business.

There are many small shops on both sides of the narrow streets, where silverware of all kinds is on display. You pay a fair price, but by bargaining you can save money. In the center of the city is a large well, or reservoir, about 10x12, with running water, where the public may come to get their daily supply At all times of the day, one can see scenes which reminds him of Rebecca at the well, and other incidents in the bible.

On February 2, 1949, we paid our hotel bill of 183 pesos and were soon on the road to Acapulco. We arrived at three, our guide having made reservations for four at the Club de Pesca one of the best. The price for four of us was 185 pesos. The hotel faced the main street with its back yard to the bay. We found ourselves in a beautiful setting of Palms, banana trees, lawn furniture, and lounges for the hotel guests to watch the boats and water skiers out in the bay. The hotel wharf ran into the bay, a fact which enabled the guests to enjoy the pleasure of fishing for some of the smaller varieties of fish.

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Market Scene in Mexico

Part of catch at Alcupulco, Mexico, 1939. John Farr, Kenneth, guide, Jack

The following morning, we took a fishing trip some twenty miles out, making a wide circle on the smooth ocean, and watching the large sail fish coming along the side of the boat. It is quite a thrill when a ten-foot sail fish takes the hook and makes a bee line for the open water, and you have to release the line until you gradually bring him to a halt. Then, patiently you wind the reel with the ten-footer on the hook a block away. Before he is landed he will make numerous summersaults in the air, plunging and floundering; and by the time he is landed the man at the reel realizes the fish's power. We were fortunate in landing three large ten footers and some smaller ones. The enclosed picture shows our catch strung on a scaffold. Now, leaving 300 Mexican dollars for the boat, the Captain and two attendants, and a full day's run, we felt that our very enjoyable day was worth the price. In the evening, the ocean became rough, and we were glad to reach the smooth water before dark.

The hotel's large dining room is close to the bay shore. It has open and closed windows on three sides, and a veranda on the outside of the second story, with tables for meals at all hours. Here, one can enjoy the fresh, warm ocean breezes and be served with the best food in the land, by expert chefs. We were informed that the Chief Chef gave a bonus of $5,000 (Mexican) for the privilege of being Chief Chef. He could well afford this in order to receive the tips. Our guide did the tipping with our money. We checked out of the hotel February 5; and for our three nights and two meals each day for four men, we paid $300 pesos about $42.00.

Again, we were on our way back, passing the valley of the palms and cocoanut groves, in the country of the poor, where strong arm washing machines are in operation down on the river beds. On arrival at Mexico City, we released our guide, paying him $300 pesos.

Mexico has some peculiar customs. When the husband dies, the wife wears eye glasses, one year if living in the city; a lifetime, if living in the country. The wife's marriage vow is "To serve and obey." From what I see, it is well carried out.

Mexico has many points of interest, of which Mexico City and a radius of 300 miles is its greatest tourist attraction. This area also contains its greatest population, and much of the ruins of its ancient civilizations.

Notwithstanding, the central area is the tourist paradise, the once great civilizations roamed the more southeast section, along the narrow neck of land through Oazaca, Tabasco, Chiapas Palenque, Campecke, and Yucatan, where there are still many uncovered mounds left by ancient peoples. In the state of Palangue alone there are over fifty untouched mounds, pyramids, cities, or what cannot be determined until scientific research uncovers them. At present, much of this can be reached only by pack or plane. Government research is going on, and eventally the history of the American Indians will be better known. The International Highway will soon be finished through this wilderness into South America. Then, more secrets of the past will be uncovered.

After a few more days of sightseeing in many of the cities and small hamlets, wandering through places where relics abound, we started for home over the highway we had traveled five times before. As we arrived at Vealles, February 18, 1949, we discovered a disastrous frost had struck the unfortunate farmer. Whole orchards were black. Practically all the oranges and grapefruit were destroyed. We tried some very large tangerines, but had to throw them away. The blackened young groves were set back a year or two. After another night at Monterey, we continued on to Laredo about 125 miles.

On checking out of Mexico, we were compelled to be vaccinated. I protested, stating I was healthy and did not need it. "Well," said he "You are no better than President Truman, so come on." At several points in Mexico, we were compelled to sterilize our shoes and auto wheels, as it had been necessary for Mexican authorities to kill 50,000 head of cattle on account of hoof and mouth disease, which had taken a frightful toll in livestock.

The Mexican authorities did not care much what articles we took out; but the Americans would allow only $100 tax free merchandise. After the regular checking out and car service, we started on our way homeward, after stopping at the Hamilton Hotel, and receiving mail from home—the first since leaving.

The fifteen days in Mexico on our 1939 trip, was perhaps my most interesting period in Mexico. It brought a new view of life, and a better understanding of mankind—especially concerning the distance between the various groups: Rich, poor, ignorant, learned. Much can be learned from the poor and unfortunate, submerged by centuries of struggle and injustice, yet who retain the same God given attributes as found in the more fortunate.

Owing to the severe cold weather at Denver, we took the short cut via San Antonio, stopping at the Blue Goose, February 21. The following morning, we continued through prosperous farms and long stretches of desert, reaching Lubback for the night. The next night, we were at Montezuma Court in Santa Fe, N. M., where we viewed early pioneer and historical Spanish monuments.

On the 24th, we took a thirty-mile side trip to visit Phyre Pueblo cliff dwellings at Bandilier, a national monument consisting of some three hundred ruined rooms and the open circle council chamber down in the center of the canyon. There were many Indian relics at the government store.

It was necessary to detour over a mile of mud and slush six inches to a foot deep, necessitating all passengers to wallow through the mud, pushing the car up the divide. Then, we dropped down some twenty-five miles to Pagoda Hot Springs for the night. The next day we continued by way of Cortez, Moab, Price, and arrived in Ogden February 25, 1939 —a twenty-six day trip.

This trip to Mexico, together with one in 1948, and another in 1949 gives me a pretty fair picture of Mexico and its people. I have also enjoyed my travels throughout the western states, also my missionary experiences in Florida, Virginia and Europe. Some of the scenic parts of the west, I have visited by auto many times. I never tire of seeing the natural beauties of the earth as God created them. And among people, I find that beauty and happiness can be found among rich or poor, high or low. If a man will apply the first and second great commandments to his life, he will receive joy, and will be able to round out his years with useful experience.

CHAPTER 23

RECENT TRAVELS

GREEN RIVER

AUGUST 13, 1951. My tenth visit to the headwaters of the Green River; this river is one of the main tributaries of the silvery Colorado. Kenneth, my son, and Jack my grandson, and I spent a week at the Joseph Stewart Ranch. Green River derives its source from the Gannett, Dinwoody, and Cricket, and a number of small glaciers high up in the mountains some sixty miles north of Daniels, Wyoming. Among the spiral towering cliffs the mighty river starts on its many hundred miles course, spending its energies along its path for the benefit of millions, and shedding forth its power to beautify, and make man happy.

The Glacial group of peaks gives the appearance of ancient, magnificent temples, clustered about by many houses of lesser prominence. A field glass view from the opposite side of the valley is all-inspiring, and one visualizes the once beautiful Babylon, or some of the Greek temples—its magnificence seldom surpassed.

The Cricket Glacier was recently named, owing to the discovery of tons of large two-and-a-half inch black crickets embedded in the glacier, and well preserved. How they got there and whence they came, no one knows. The rays of the sun cause the glaciers to move and grind constantly down the steep slopes. The ice is gradually melting, thus forming the Green River, which unites with the Colorado and finally empties into the Gulf of Lower California.

A short distance below the lake, the water flows into Green River Lake, size about one by three miles, in which myriads of small fish swim—from four to five inches long, which no one bothers to catch. At the foot of the lake lies a dude ranch owned by Mr. Decker, a resort in the midst of a dense pine grove, with many log cabins for rent. Many Eastern people with money make this resort their summer vacation rendezvous. The resort is somewhat private, and occupied by advance reservation.

For those who seek stimulating experiences, a trip by pack outfit from the end of the auto road at the Green River Lake through the Green River Canyon is recommended. The high massive walls towering above the trail, rushing streams, wooded slopes, and open grassy meadows, make this trip an experience not to be forgotten. An excellent horse trail passes the base of the Old Square Top, which rises 3800 feet above the bottom of the canyon. Wild life, snow banks, and many waterfalls present a panorama of unending beauty along the way. Along this trail at the head of Green River looms Gannett Peak, the highest mountain in Wyoming, towering 13,785 feet above sea level, and challenging the most skilful mountain climbers.

Here, too, are the largest living glaciers in the United States—Dinwoody and Bull Lake Glaciers. The Dinwoody envelopes all but a few protruding craigs of Gannett, while Bull Lake Glaciers lies a short distance to the north at the base of Fremont Peak. These are connected with many smaller glaciers, making an ice field of over twenty-eight square miles. The glaciers mother many of the principal streams flowing down either side of the divide, whose waters come to rest in our great oceans. These also divulge the answer to the abundance of water in the Green River Valley.

The lake, which empties by a sharp fifty-foot fall into a series of rapids, opens up into a more level meadow valley, and is followed by a mile or two of small rapids, again opening into a larger flat valley, some five miles wide for several miles, then narrowing down to more rapids for a mile, broadening out now from one to five miles through meadows, willows, and broken sloughs for many miles. The river passes Daniels, which is about 15 miles from the glacier peaks as the crow flies, and the river has run a course of some 150 miles in a semi-circle.

This valley is dotted with several reservoirs, sights of immense proportion whose waters some day will be utilized on the parched grounds of Wyoming, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and California. The whole valley is a beautiful sight, with sloping hills covered with timber and grazing meadows. This valley and the Daniels district was once a trapper's paradise, where thousands of beaver and other furs were annually gathered. It was the annual rendezvous and stamping ground of thousands of trappers, halfbred Indians, their squaws, the Oregon Trail Traveler, the explorer, etc., who would congregate to sell their furs and barter their wares. Here, many half-breds were born. At the end of the empty whiskey bottle and so called troopers' good time, they were ready to resume another lonely year of trapper life.

TRIP TO LAKE LOUISE

These glacial peaks are similar to many parts of the Canadian Rockies, and remind one of the Logan Pass, which lies between McDonald Lake and St. Mary's Lake, a trip taken by three of my daughters, Grace, Pauline, Lyndall, and myself. We arrived at McDonald Lodge July 3, 1951, where we spent a most pleasant day boating along the shores of beautiful McDonald Lake. Here the forest reaches to the water's edge, ranging up to the craggy glacial ice peaks with an occasional dotted summer cottage, hidden beneath the wooded forest. Here the passing fishing boats were trying their luck on the beautiful lake. We got back in time for an appetizing dinner, at the hotel and an evening lecture—reservations were $28.00 for the night.

After an all night rain, we left the beautiful McDonald Lodge for Logan Pass, with low hanging clouds, and rain still pouring down in streams, like cataracts, falling over the canyon cliffs. Several miles up the canyon, after passing through many beautiful sights, we started on a steep and winding grade —up and up, weaving back and forth, gaining elevation at each turn. After making a number of curves and gaining considerable height, we crossed over to the other side of the canyon, climbing in a like manner for several thousand feet, passing over dugways, cutting through snow slides and hitting flash floods, with their waters rushing and splashing over the towering cliffs on to our car, then plowing to the outer edge of the highway and falling a thousand feet to other levels. This, together with sloppy snow, made the trip a hazardous one; at least it appeared that way to us, as perhaps, another snow slide was coming our way, or a heavy flash flood may roll over the cliff just above us.

The clouds prevented us from seeing above, but there was plenty of perpendicular space below which was perfectly visible. The rain seemed to be at its worst as we were passing through the snow slides with the water flooding over the cliffs, falling on our car, but as we passed through a highway cut out of perpendicular cliffs, we eventually emerged at the top 6,654 feet. The rain continued making the top of the divide slushy and cold, with several inches of snow to pass through.

We parked at the top for a few minutes to quiet the driver's nerves, and to get a last farewell view of the canyons we had just passed—to view the many crooks and turns of the highway, the snowbanks, cliffs, and flash floods under which we had passed, the glaciers coupled with the rest of nature's beauty. We were glad we were over, and were pleased with our trip, though it was exciting at times.

We started on our descent, the clouds cleared, the sun came out bright. We stopped at intervals to view the distant glaciers, canyons, pines, the green scattered hills in all directions, beautifying the whole landscape with a most pleasing picture of mother nature. A great difference to what we had just passed on the other side. Perhaps life may come that way, passing through one sphere into a more glorious one. It was a beautiful drive down the east slope to St. Mary's Lodge, the beautiful hotel, with spacious halls, pillars and posts and equipment to make the guests comfortable. We viewed the grounds, took dinner at the hotel, and made some pictures, after which we drove on to Many Glaciers Lake, where we took lodging for the night. Again it cost $28.00 for the four of us for lodging and two meals.

The Many Glaciers Lodge is large and beautiful, similar to St. Mary's Lodge but of different design. We heard a lecture on the park. On July 5, after breakfast, which was included in our hotel bill, we left at 9:30 for Calgary, Canada, where we stopped for the night. On our way, we stopped at Waterton, an English National Park, some seven miles off the main highway. Waterton Lodge is a large building, beautiful in design, but smaller than the lodges of St. Mary's, or Many Glacers Lake. After spending two hours at the place, we were again on the road north, arriving in Calgary for the night.

Calgary is a prosperous and growing city, supported mostly by farming and stock raising. The L.D.S. Church has a healthy, well established organization here, like unto many of Canada's western towns. We left Calgary July 6 for Banff, where we spent the night, stopping at the King Edward Hotel.

Banff is situated in a narrow valley, pretty well crowded during the vacation period. It is a typical western town with all the elements of pleasure, and get while getting is good.

The city is situated on the Bow River, which affords much fishing. Leaving Banff the following morning, we arrived at Lake Louise, where we spent some time visiting around this noted resort, especially the lake and its magnificent hotel, known for its royal entertaining, its beautiful flower gardens covering the entire slope between the hotel and the lake.

The view from the hotel's large open front windows, the swimming and diving pool was magnificent. A large curved west room filled with the most gorgeous flowers, also had a field glass which permitted one to look across the lake to the glaciers on the opposite mountain. We spent a very pleasant day visiting Lake Louise Resort with its enchanting environment. The hotel, the largest and most beautiful of all the hotels and lodges we saw on our trip, had every convenience at your service.

We left Lake Louise in time to make our later evening stop at Kimberly for the night on our return home. The next night at Moscow; then McCall on the 9th, Twin Falls on the 10th, arriving in Ogden July 11 at 2:30 P.M. A trip of 2300 miles greatly enjoyed by all, and will be long remembered. It was a beautiful trip from beginning to end—in my daughter Pauline's car, she driving all the way.

A WINTER TRIP TO WARMER CLIMES

January 26, 1952, Kenneth, my son, and I left Ogden for the South. After a night's rest at St. George, and one at Las Vegas, we continued toward Phoenix, stopping one night at Prescott, which city seems to have made little progress since 1939. Auto court accommodations were very poor.

We arrived at Phoenix January 29, secured reservations at the mission at $10.00 per day, where we stopped three days. Phoenix is a progressive city, growing fast. Living prices are above average, especially auto courts and motels. Grapefruit is one of its industries. It seems to be shifting its groves from the north to the southern part of the country. Many groves on the north are being pulled and neglected, especially was it so during that freezing period when grapefruit was unprofitable. Lettuce is still one of the big producers.

The whole Salt River Valley is rich in the production of cattle, sheep, turkeys, cotton, grapefruit, oranges, vegetables, etc. In fact, it can be classed as a western empire. After three days in the Salt River Valley, we continued our journey westward, side stopping at Ajo Copper Mine, Indian reservations, Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument. This cactus reserve claims the distinction of having the greatest variety of cacti of any section in the United States. After passing through the reserve into Old Mexico some three miles, we returned to Ajo for the night.

We spent a daylight evening at Point Lookout overlooking the great copper mine, where hundreds of men with electric shovels are busy blasting and loading low grade copper ore in train cars, which spiral around the various levels until they reach the top, where they dump the ore into bins at the smelter.

Ajo mine resembles the Utah Bingham mine, and is the second largest open pit mine in the United States. It is interesting to see far out into the desert, modern machinery, with skilled hands converting what was once portion of a mountain into great slabs of copper, which is shipped to processing plants to be converted into thousands of useful articles.

Ajo is unlike other mining camps. It has large office buildings and stores, residences all painted, and yards spotlessly clean—all kept by the company. The pit itself is beautiful the various levels with their special hues and colors resembling the colorful rainbow, spreading down through the

17 levels of the pit. Taking a panorama view, one wonders what is under the foot of man.

The following morning, we left Ajo, retracing our steps 50 miles to Gila Bend for breakfast, and continued over much desert to Yuma, where we took lodging at El Rancho Auto Court. Here we enjoyed another day of sunshine and spring like atmopshere. On the morning of the 5th, checking at the California Border Station, we crossed the All American Canal, and went along the many sand dunes. These dunes in early days were a great menace to western travel, and were considered almost impassable. As travel increased, plank one-way roads were constructed over the dunes, where many an unfortunate wagon slipped off into the burning sands, burying itself until it could be extracted only with great difficulty, or perhaps abandoned. Today, this is a beautiful three-lane highway over which thousands of cars and trucks are constantly passing.

Great bodies of these sands are now being transported to glass factories to be made into glass and many other useful articles. West of the great dunes are many miles of boulder rock waste-land, at the present time only good to tie the world together, and serve as a right-of-way to carry another gigantic water and irrigation system to a large area of level and fertile land. The canal is now under construction and soon will be completed. Someday, not too long in the future, this project will be one of the main supply sources in the west—instead of the desert, there will be a garden spot.

We continued over more desert and mountain country, and branched off at El Centro on the Brawley Highway towards Indio, 22 miles from Brawley, taking Highway 78 over the mountain to Oceanside via the Escondido valley. There were many short turns, high dugways winding around many beautifully landscaped canyons high upon the mountains, eventually gliding down the narrow, crooked road many miles to the valley below. Here several prosperous cities are springing up to the service of humanity.

Many orchards of well kept avocados, oranges, and lemons, indicate their prosperity. Owing to the recent rain, the whole valley has put on an outer coat of green, with a warm ocean breeze wafting a noon-day sun's rays, which we gratefully absorbed. We had a good dinner at Escondido, after which we continued our enjoyable ride to Highway 101 at Oceanside, then on to Long Beach and arrived at daughter Pauline's at five P. M.

Church Welfare Farm

Passing through the beautiful valley reminded me of the visit to the Church Welfare Farm, which is located near Perris, California, consisting of 530 acres of level rich soil, purchased from Louis Mayer of movie fame. Mr. Mayer had put several hundred thousand dollars into improvements, such as a training post for blooded horses, a race track, many cottages for hired help, numerous barns, sheds, corrals, and wire fences around the entire farm. There is also a piped water system over the entire acreage. As soon the Church took it over, they proceeded to convert it into a welfare project.

Included on the farm were 175 hogs, 275 cattle, 100 sheep, a chicken ranch, a dairy, and a large stock of implements and machinery, including trucks, tractors, and other necessities to meet the needs of an up-to-date community project. The conversion of this farm into a group of Southern California Stakes, men and women from these Stakes devote their time freely on Saturdays, and at other times when they are free to do so. For example, San Diego Stake sent 150 men and women Friday night to the ranch, where cottages were in readiness for Friday night's lodging, and an early morning breakfast prepared by the women, before all hands reported at 7 A.M. for a well outlined day's work, with a foreman over each division—some on the tractors, carpenters, some hauling manure, work on a chicken ranch—in fact, every phase of welfare work.

Many sheds have been converted into cottages and other useful housing. A quonset hut has been converted into a chapel, the race track plowed and leveled. It is estimated that within three years the project will be self supporting; but at present there is a full-time manager and his assistant. All the other work is gratis by volunteer church members.

Back to Long Beach, Kenneth and I made a general round of visiting and sight seeing. We went to the Navy Harbor with Phylis, Afton, and Harry, where we had as our guide, Captain J. Y. Dumminberg and his assistant who took us to visit one of Uncle Sam's submarine boats, going down through several sub levels, far below the water's surface. The guides explained to us the many gadgets and controls whereby the boat makes its dives and maneuvers. The sub is 310 feet long. Then, we visited the largest floating dry dock in the world, capable of accommodating the largest ships afloat and one smaller at the same time. Then, the great floating crane, also said to be the largest in the world, brought from Germany after the Second World War. Living quarters were maintained inside the crane. Captain Dummingberg appears to be a fine, capable officer, with a pleasing personality.

After several days in Long Beach, Kenneth and his wife returned to their home in Ogden, while I continued my stay in Southern California. A tremendous growth is going on here. An estimated 1500 homes per month are being built to keep up with the increase in population. Many localities, blocks, a mile square, are now in course of construction—both homes and business buildings. There are many places of amusement, and hand-outs for old people. The Long Beach Municipal Band performs daily; the ocean front pike offers numerous amusements: the white way, the University of the sea, croquet, shuffle board, cards, etc., yet the ocean is the greatest drawing card.

The University of the Sea gets its name from the fact that its grandstand is open to all speakers, and here political and soapbox orators display their egotism. Many people like to shout and spend their vemon on some one. But it matters not. Little notice is taken by the large shifting crowds of the speakers or what they say.

Long Beach has hundreds of oil wells, their incomes immense, helping the taxes, which are comparatively low, while the county taxes are high. Long Beach has become one of the great commercial cities of the southland. In one of the country drives, there occurred a most serious accident. Another law was broken as one was speeding east; and another, west, one driver desired to make his trip short, cut a short curve, and crashed head-on into the other. car, buckling both machines as if they had been smashed by a hammer. The result; a father was dragged from his car lifeless, then his boy about 15 years of age was laid in the middle of the highway, where a robe was placed over his lifeless body; a woman with her back broken was waiting for the ambulance; and two injured men were taken to the hospital in private cars—all for the breaking of a law. The above was in the Valley of Econdido, near the mountain, on the way to Palimar Observatory.

I saw another accident, not so serious, some distance west of Barstow. Two cars were going full speed when one cut across a curve and crashed, shoved a woman's head through a car window, and sent one wheel racing across the highway. Two women were working over the woman stretched out on the ground, whether she ever regained consciousness, I know not.

I have done much traveling by auto and seen many accidents, and find all were on account of a law being broken.

So also it is when you break other laws. Breaking the laws of God brings a penalty, and broken laws of health bring sorrow and pain. So many think very little and care less for the liberties of others.

A Trip Through Wayne Wonderland

This is a land well named, owing to its fantastic beauty. We left Ogden October 25, 1952, and spent the night at Loa, Utah, some 400 population. Its people still retain some of the old pioneer spirit of building.

We attended the evening sacrament meeting, after which the bishop's wife, Mrs. Graham Brown, took us through the remodeled classrooms and the large beautiful recreation hall which had just been dedicated. The surprise was the complete painting of the new structure; the high walls and ceiling, the classrooms, in fact all the painting had been done by the women only; the men were not permitted to touch the paint brush. It was a professional job. My congratulations to the women.

The next morning, we traveled sixteen miles to Torrey, where we persuaded a good old fashioned mother to serve us breakfast. She, with her family, was running a small out-post store, containing a few groceries and a little tobacco on a few jumbled up shelves, and had one booth to serve the passer-by with eats. It was interesting when pa sat down by us and related some old pioneer stories, and told about the beauties of his home life in that lonely little mountain shack. It was amusing when their 50-year-old unmarried son in speaking to his mother would drawl out and say, "Now, Ma," in such a voice as you would hear in an old time movie play. May I say this was one of the most enjoyable meals I have had for many a day, and cost only 75 cents each.

With breakfast over, we started out on a 220 mile trail and dirt road, soon turning on a three-mile side trip down the grand wash, over a one-way trail of cobble rock and river bed. Viewed a most inspiring sight, passing a semi-circle wind punctured cave with overhanging walls. Millions of grotesque various sized holes and indentures were all along the perpendicular walls, hundreds of feet high on both sides of the canyon, which tapered to a few feet wide to allow the flood waters, during the rainy seasons, to squeeze through the narrow gorge. The sky could only be seen through a telescopic view of the high, narrow walls.

The wind-pitted recesses gave the appearance of a mumified cemetery. These recesses were caused not by rain or snow, but by the wind vacuum, gradually grinding out the soft spots in the sandstone walls, leaving many shapes, sizes, and colors of arches, natural pinnacles, temple shaped appearances, balanced rocks with but few inches thick to hold tons from crashing to the canyon floor hundreds of feet below, at a sharp crack of thunder or a slight earthquake.

This picture continues in various forms for many miles up and down the many canyons along the Colorado River, The geographical structures and changing colors make a most spectacular picture. No wonder this is called the bad land, so well adapted to house the unknown hide-outs of the Butch Cassidy gang and others.

The Capital Reef mountains and Fruita Canyon continues, its beauty and surprises never ending. Fruita is a long canyon widening out in spots large enough so that fruit trees can be grown, such as peaches, cherries, dates, figs, pomegrantes etc. Owing to the distance of the market, much of the fruit falls to the ground unmarketed. The scenery is beautiful, notwithstanding we crossed the river bed 60 times in a 25-mile ride, part of which is along the floor of the river, and not one bridge nor a foot of paving in the entire distance. It is all dirt and gravel, and river roadbed.

After a sandwich lunch at the little town of Hanksville, we continued down the picturesque canyon. We by-passed the Dirty Devil River, and continued along a most beautiful and picturesque course, with ever changing colors to Hite Ferry on the Colorado River, arriving about dusk.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Chaffin, keepers of the ferry, met us at the door. When we applied for a night's reservation, Mrs. Hickman Chaffin informed us that there was a three-sided open air tent and bed, but the cafe was closed for the season and she was doing no cooking. Then, looking up at me, she remarked, "Well, you are Mr. Farr, one of my old neighbors," and asked several questions.

In reply, I said, "Well, now, neighbor, don't you remember the second great commandment?"

At this she replied, "Well, I guess I'm stuck again," So in due time, together with a Dr. William Hopkins, a geologist from Salt Lake City, a stranded guest of the Chaffin's, and Mr. and Mrs. Chaffin, we sat down to a fine dinner of ham and eggs, hot rolls, salad, canned peaches, pickles, and what not. My appetite was just in tune with that lamp lighted setting. We finished up with a long, old fashioned conversation, and an evening full of social enjoyment.

On retiring, with three sides of the tent open, and no blankets of our own, we found it necessary to use our overcoats. Even at that, we were cold all night. In the morning, Mrs. Chaffin set us down to a good old-fashioned breakfast, after which Mr. Chaffin took us down the river a mile to his home ranch. It was a picturesque old place, corrals, barns, tools, etc. There was a badly neglected orchard of peaches, dates, and othre fruits. I picked four exceptional arge pomegrantes, to bring home. We were surrounded by tumble-down fences, barns, and grown up shrubbery, where at one time beautiful flowers were grown. The caretaker had recently left the house.

We were soon on the road again where we picked up Dr. Hopkins at the house and continued on to the ferry, where the little old model T Ford motored ferry boat soon had us on over the Silvery Colorado. There, we bumped up against a narrow, perpendicular rock wall, and went some thousand feet along the narrow wall to the White River Trading Post, and a government uranium testing station in operation where large trucks were bringing testing samples of rock taken from many parts of the country.

Forty-seven miles up the White River Canyon, we took another side trip to the Natural Kachynia Bridge, a national monument of two natural bridges some half mile apart, but viewed by two separate approaches. As Dr. Hopkins and I sat on a rock eating our lunch, consisting of an over-ripe watermelon and a few potato chips, Kenneth took a kodak shot of us through the bridge. After a drink at the government tank (the only water within many miles), we were soon on the road to Bear's Ears some 30 miles farther. We passed through many miles of scrub cedars and junipers, up a steep dugway to the Bear's Ears elevation of some 9000 feet. At the top, we could look down 2000 feet at a construction company building a new road.

As we rolled along down through the aspen and pine forests, a beautiful drive through the Elk Mountains, there were many elk hunters still bringing in their kill. We entered the open Blanding Valley; and after a night's rest, enjoyed the paved highway home via Moab and Price, Utah.

CHAPTER 24

BIRTHDAYS AND VACATIONS

EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY
JAN. 4, 1951

EIGHTY-EIGHT years ago today, January 4, 1863, I was born in Ogden, Utah, on the corner of 21st Street and Washington Boulevard, in the office room of father's 21-room adobe house, built in 1853. This was the largest and most pretentious residence north of Salt Lake City, and possibly one of the largest in the state at that time.

I have made my home in Ogden since that time, and now, my daughter, Grace, and I are living at 501 Canyon Road in this city. I built this house in 1888, and have since remodeled it, making it into an up-to-date home.

I still enjoy good health. Though partially retired, I go down to the office to keep in touch with the business. During the summers, I enjoy visiting, and working in the orchard, among the fruit trees, of which we, (the incorporated family) have over one thousand cherry trees, many apricots, peaches, apples, and about one thousand pear trees, which keep us busy all summer.

I delight in working in the various organizations of the Church in which I was born. I was ordained a Deacon, Elder, Seventy, High Priest, and enjoy the many quorum activities both as a member and as an officer.

It is a pleasure to mingle with the young people, and participate in their clean sports. I also like foot-ball, baseball, horse-racing, etc. I am the official umpire at the baseball games for the Executive Club, and have been for several years, receiving their funmaking, jokes, and boos, along with their praises. All of the boys treat me with the greatest respect.

At the present time, I am writing some of the history and stories of early Ogden. One of my pastimes is going down among the warm southern climes, for part of the winter. I love to wander among the mountains during the summer, always seeking new environment. It has been my pleasure to visit the old City of Mexico and its surrounding country, three different times.

I am seldom sick, but unfortunately I have been confined to the house for several days with a touch of lumbago, caused by the exposure while removing several large trees at the Elmhurst Apartments during damp cold weather. Paul, my three-year-old grandson, just called me by phone, wishing me a happy birthday.

Farmers have been plowing up to December 28th, but this morning a light snow of about one inch fell, but is going fast. Brother Ase called me, and wished me many happy returns of the day. I received long distance phone calls from my daughters, Fern, Pauline, Afton, and Mildred. The pain in my side still continues—it feels like a rib is out of place, especially during the evenings.

There seems to be a new world since my birth, scarely a spot or article seems the same. Practically all phases of life have changed—our mode of living, our social life, our application of worship, our food and clothing. This, of course, is natural, and due to progress. Many are sincere and honest, but there isn't that complete confidence in men's word, as in these early days.

I doubt very much that Brigham Young, if he appeared now, would recognize a single object. There would be all new faces, new modes of travel, everything new and different; so it looks as if this world will just keep going and advancing right along, and that the new world we are expecting will come gradually.

Today, it seems that each one acts for just his own interests; definitely, we are more selfish than they of 80 years ago, perhaps, on account of governmental agencies, great fiancial institutions, unions, etc., etc., all attempting to grab, give orders and tell you what you must do. The high and lavish spending, giving away your hard earned savings, taxing almost to the limit—there seems to be but little economy practiced in our government agencies.

We have passed through two world wars within the last twelve years, and now about to enter the third, with a government debt of over two hundred and sixty billions of dollars, with the government asking for more and more. Personally, I am and have been opposed to the Marshal Plan as they have used it. I do not believe in giving to idleness, and selfish promoters. It just doesn't work out to any good.

Shortly after my 88th birthday, I was fortunate and surprised in winning a prize waltz at a 7th Ward social dance, as the most graceful dancer. My partner was Mrs. Deray Lythgoe, second counselor in the Young Ladies M. I. A.

Now, at the beginning of another year, may the blessings of the Lord continue to guide and protect us from the many evils of the day.

EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

JAN. 4, 1952

I arose at 7:30 A.M., feeling fine, and enjoyed a reasonably good breakfast. Called up brother Ace, who is not enjoying the best of health, but is around, and very lonesome.

I called Miles Jones but no one answered. He is up to the hospital with his wife, Bell, who is confined with a broken hip

I am enjoying good health, either writing my biography, or at the office, or other activites of business life. In the summer time, there seems to be a life giving element in stirring up the soil, nibbling away at some fruit, plucking a cherry as I go by; and in the spring time nibbling some berries from the skunk bush, or tips of sagebrush which grow about the edge of the orchard.

Yes, it is a pleasure to be in a position to go where and when one pleases. Notwithstanding all this, I'm busy from morning until I retire at night, in various activities of life.

I like to spend part of the winter in southern climes, and in the summer a trip or two in the mountains, fishing and pleasure hunting. Last year I enjoyed three vacations: one in southeastern Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, California; one in the Canadian Rockies; and one at the head of Green River, among the glaciers.

So goes life—time speeding like the young people behind an auto wheel. I have visited every state in the union except one, also 13 foreign countries. I mix these trips with the other phases of life, spending many years in the work of the gospel, especially the last sixty.

Tonight, the fourth, we are enjoying a birthday gathering; Craig, a great grandchild, was born January 3rd, mine on the 4th, Kenneth the 6th, Lynn the 17th, and Afton the 18th, with many congratulatory calls and cards from relatives and friends.

Today, the weather is cold and cloudy. The last two nights the thermometor roamed just above zero. The ground is covered with snow, but the streets are practically bare. I give thanks for the many expressions of kindness.

Ninetieth Birthday

Jan. 4, 1953

One more year has gone. Having been invited by my children to visit California, where the family could all be together on my birthday, January 4, provisions were made to spend Christmas in Ogden; and on December 27th, in company with my daughter, Grace, Kenneth and his wife, his son Roge and daughter Judy, I left Ogden at 7 A.M. and picked up my daughter Lyndall at Salt Lake. We spent the night in St. George, and arrived in Hollywood at 4 P.M. on the 28th. Grace, Lyndall, and I were picked up by my daughter, Pauline, and soon we were on our way to Long Beach, while Ken and his family were guests of Mrs. Jack Browning at Hotel Roosevelt in Hollywood.

On January 1st, having reservations at the Rose Bowl Parade, we left for Pasadena at 7 A.M. After two hours of pushing through the crowded traffic, we arrived at our viewing stand, passing some two miles or more of curb packed humanity, anxiously waiting the great flowery show to pass. After the parade, nine of the family enjoyed a basket lunch of hot chocolate, salads, and sandwiches; and on our return trip to Long Beach, got into a traffic bottleneck.

With New Year's Day program over, we were again on our regular routine of visiting and sightseeing until January 4th, when a sumptuous birthday dinner was served in my honor at granddaughter Barbara Moss's home, where six daughters, son Kenneth and his wife, Harry, son-in-law, and eleven grandchildren and great grand-children enjoyed a most appetizing Virginia baked ham dinner, with all that goes with it.

It was a pleasure to have my entire family once again surrounding the table, and reminiscing many of the antics of 50 or 60 years ago. And how it kept Pa and Ma mighty busy, especially mother, who often spent long hours sitting up until 12, or 1, 2, 3, in the morning, sewing, mending socks, stacking clothes, knitting, or nursing the sick ones, or in the mornings, combing the long hair for school and Sunday school. If you count the hours and worry mother put in at eight hours a day, she would have many years to her credit.

Grace and I availed ourselves of Pauline's auto each afternoon, visiting many points of interest in Southern California: the harbor district, Redondo Beach, high tide property damage, the orange groves, and numerous other interesting points. We received an invitation to the Realty Board Officer Installation Banquet at the Hotel Hilton, where some 450 members and their wives were in attendance. Seating me on the officers' stand, between Governor Merriam and Mayor Chase's wife, they called on me to offer the invocation, and to offer the blessing on the food. After the banquet, the floor was cleared for dancing. Soon thereafter, the music stopped, and the manager announced the next waltz would be dedicated to Barbara and her grandfather. We, therefore, were called to perform, with the applause of the audience, including many congratulations. Barbara being Executive Secretary of the Long Beach Realty Board.

The evening of January 18th, Barbara left by plane for Washington, D.C., to attend the Inaugural ceremonies and ball, having received an invitation and tickets for all three functions from Vice-President Richard Nixon. Barbara reported a wonderful, interesting experience, meeting many of the government officials and women celebrities at the parade, inaugural services, and the ball. She remarked it was a pleasant privilege to be one of the honored guests of the First Lady of the land, President Eisenhower's wife, and to be present at the first White House Dinner, with sixty-eight women present.

Before leaving for home, I blessed two great grandbabies, Mildred Halstead's baby boy, Rodney Halstead; and Sybil's baby girl, Sybil Dawn O'Day. January 5th, Kennth and family left for home, while Grace and I continued in California until Ken and Guy Rose returned in my new Packard, and joined me on my return home via San Francisco. Leaving Long Beach February 10th, we stopped one day each in San Jose and Merced, California, inspecting power sprayers, and arrived in Frisco on the 13th, where we spent one night, visiting places of interest, including the Chinese New Year celebration, and the fish marts, enjoying a fine fish dinner and evening entertainment.

The following night we spent at Sacramento, spending part of the evening in the Capitol Building, viewing the very interesting picture of the Driving of the Golden Spike, May 10, 1869. The names and number of 70 participants were enrolled. Lorin Farr's name was number 21. He was standing behind Governor Stanford. Recently, the re-conditioning of this picture cost $10,000.

We got an early start next morning and enjoyed a peaceful ride to Placerville, one of the gold rushes of 1849. Placerville hills is the home of the California pear orchards; there are but few level spots of land, but many miles of pear trees cover rolling hills and low mountain sides. It would be a beautiful picture in blossom time when thousands of acres would present a dramatic setting.

Enjoyed a nice spring-like ride over the divide—no snow on the highway; took a side trip via the ghost town, "Virginia City," and spent the night of the 15th at Reno.

At the end of the 16th, we arrived in Ogden at 8 P.M., traveling some 570 miles in a day. What a difference from 1847, when 12 to 18 miles of ox team was a good run. Yes, a new world all in my life time. What will happen in the next 90 years? I can but little visualize. Father would have exclaimed, "A millennium is surely on its way" They all expected it one hundred years ago. The majority of these changes have developed before my own eyes, from the ox teams to the 800 miles-per-hour jet plane, together with millions of inventions, changes, and improvements. Yes, just a new world!

Ninety-First Birthday

Time speeds on like the wings of lightning—time waits for no birthdays or the whims of any man; and in order to hold on the more important events of human existence, activity must be one of the major attributes. So at the end of 91 years, I find it necessary to be active in order to retain a goodly degree of health.

As my birthday comes January 4, Kenneth's January 6, and my great-grandson Craig's, January 3, I celebrated my 91st birthday in a series of events connected with them, being honored at a dinner at the home of Kenneth on Christmas Eve with nineteen participating. On January 3, another dinner was given at my home by my daughter Grace, with thirteen present and on January 4, a breakfast at the home of Mrs. Myrtle Butler and the Jones's, followed by a trip to Salt Lake, where we partook of a turkey dinner at the Hotel Utah.

With sorrow and surprise, I visited Josephine Farr, brother Mark's widow, who had three days before been stricken with a paralytic stroke, rendering her speechless, though still conscious. By her actions, she indicated her appreciation of my visit, notwithstanding her inability to speak. At the age of 93, with tears in her eyes, she exerted much strength to express her gratitude, and to tell me something she was unable to speak. She died a few days later. She had been a faithful and hard worker in the various church organizations, filling many positions of trust.

I have been engaged in public affairs for over 70 years—in private business, civic and political affairs, social and church activities during all that time. I have met and made the acquaintance of thousands of men and women; and now at this time, I know of but one persons, Mrs. Orson Badger, born in Ogden older than myself. When my time comes, I hope to meet a host of friends. There are only four members left of father's original family of 30 grown to manhood and womanhood: among them are Asael, three-and a half years my junior; Leanora Pardoe, and Mamie Driver. One sister, Rachel Packard, age 89, passed away December 10, 1953.

Not only have people passed out of my life, but most of the natural things once in use have now ceased to exist. I am unable to recognize a single tree or shrub that existed during my childhood days, and I know of only three houses still standing: The Goodyear Cabin, now a relic; the Ogden Tabernacle, built in 1857 and 1858, but started in 1855; and the old grist mill built by my father, Lorin Farr in 1850, remodeled in 1867 by Farr, Pugsley, and Neal for a Woolen Factory, and now remodeled and known as "Old Mill," owned by Harmon Peery, a very interesting relic of the early days.

I wonder is the old world gone or is it just passing, and a new world springing into existence for the progress of man. Many thousands of inventions have come to replace the ox and horse and buggy days, as the auto, airplane, television, and many labor saving devices. The old wooden and tin water pail has lost its stand on the outside of the house, with the dipper hanging on the shanty nail. The old home-made broom to sweep a path to the outhouse, the chicken coop, and pigpen, are just memories. Even the pigs themselves squeeling for their slops, and the chickens cackling on a sunny day, are heard no more. Yes, times have changed. It used to be that while mother was warming the oven in the old wood stove for a batch of hot biscuits, calling the girls to get ready for school, the men would go out to the barn, feed the horses some oats, clean out the stable, curry and harness the horses ready for the wagon at 7 A.M., and finally milk the cow. Then, after a cold water wash in the water basin you were ready for breakfast.

The old has indeed passed away, and a new golden era springs out of the knowledge and efforts of those sturdy pioneers. Instead of the old match box and the sagebrush kindling wood, we now only have to press a button or turn a switch, and heat comes flowing into every room. Light appears as you desire—no snuffing of the candle or clipping the wick from the coal-oil lamp. What a change! A new life with thousands of God-given comforts no one dreamed of 91 years ago.

Sometimes I wonder if, in the not-too-distant future, we will be able to see our loved ones who have passed beyond, who will appear and talk to us, like unto the TV, as we now appear and talk to one another thousands of miles away. What could prevent the Lord or some other personage appearing, as did the Savior, Moses, Moroni, and others, whether they be in close proximity or a great distance. The distance matters not, as mortal man has taken pictures six trillion light years away, and still new phenomena continues to come forth.

A Trip To Death Valley

Soon after my 91st birthday, my son Kenneth and I started on a vacation, leaving Ogden, January 18, 1954 for warmer climes. The Packard Clipper kept purring along, arriving at St. George at 6:30 P.M. that evening. Fortunately, needed rain poured down all night and next day until we we reached Las Vegas. We put up for the night at the Sahara Inn, a hostelery of several hundred accommodations—a 24 hour gambling and amusement center. It is astonishing to see the activity after the show is out at midnight. All the one-armed bandits, roulette wheels, card tables, the two saloon bars, and light refreshment counters all going full speed, treating dollars as of little value—just a constant uproar of saloon activity all night long, the women enjoying the gambling as much as the men.

We left Las Vegas for Death Valley and passed Indian Springs about 45 miles south of the atom bomb ground. Rain continued until we reached the Death Valley junction. The landscape was a sagebrush desert, sometimes passing through low mountains and narrow valleys, then out into a great wide stretch of level desert waste between volcanic hills.

Dropping down, we soon arrived at Furnace Creek Inn, where the Union Pacific Railroad Company has modernized a beautiful and somewhat romantic inn—a winter resort for wealthy people, who desire to rest and get away from the hubbub of crowded cities. Prices are from $25 to $35 a day, a fact which eliminates the ordinary tourist. Furnace Creek Inn is below sea level, and has a beautiful winter climate, but is closed from May to October. Furnace Creek Ranch is 178 feet below sea level—an ordinary cafe and tourist court for auto travelers. After a sandwich lunch, we continued down the valley which reaches an elevation of 280 feet below sea level, there, the water settles and disappears by evaporation. Some dates are grown, but little, if any, farming is done. A short distance below Furnace Creek Ranch is the low point of Death Valley, called the sump.

Death Valley, thus far, for fifty miles, is a common ordinary valley, very narrow, between two ranges of rocky, barren mountains, with but little sand, which I had supposed would be plentiful. The late rains washed fine gravel upon the highway along the mountain side for many miles, cutting holes in the highway. Near Stove Pipe Wells, some fifty miles up Death Valley, one of the most beautiful and colorful landscapes of the whole trip burst before us. The whole mountain blossomed out with the appearance of some ancient spiraled city with hundreds of cone shaped borax mounds, colored with many shades of yellow, so fantastic one is amazed with its grandeur. From this borax mineral mountain, two large borax refineries are in operation, one on either side of the mountain, many miles apart.

Leaving Death Valley, and desiring to shorten our trip to Los Angeles, we took a supposedly short cut over the mountain, but later regretted our action. After reaching a five-thousand foot elevation, we ran into snow and kept climbing higher, until we ran into deeper snow at between six and seven thousand feet, slipping, and sliding, constantly turning sharp curves, passing around and along precipitous dugways for several miles, and finally started on the down grade, at the other side of the mountain. Not a car or truck was met until we were down the canyon two or three miles, and there we met the snow plow clearing the road.

We reached Hollywood soon after dark, and stayed at the Rosslyn Hotel in Los Angeles. After two days visiting my three daughters and their families in Long Beach, the LDS Temple in Los Angeles, enjoying sea food dinners, etc., we pushed on.

We left Long Beach January 24 amid rain and fog, and reached Banning before it cleared. Called on Jack and Winnie Browning at Palm Springs, and spent the night at Brawley, and the following night at Yuma, Arizona, where we took a long ride down the southern border. We were surprised to see the greatly improved farming conditions, with so many acres under cultivation, despite passing vast stretches of sagebrush desert extending for a hundred miles or more.

At Tucson, we greased and changed oil, and continued on to Nogales, taking an auto court at El Portel, which cost $6.50—excellent accommodations, passed a great expanse of level unbroken land, apparently two or three hundred miles. Some day, much of this deseret land will be a garden spot. On the 27th, at Nogales, Mexico checking station, the crowd made a commendable demonstration when I gave my age of 91. Many congratulations and good wishes were offered me.

Passed through the city into the familiar Mexican inland life, through great stretches of waste and for 176 miles to Hermocillo, taking lodging at Hotel San Alberto, which cost 60 pesos per day. This was a large hotel but the poorest accommodations thus far on our trip. Hermocillo has a population of 45,000. We secured a guide and visited the reservoir, state capital building, library, a beautiful new four million-dollar building, entirely empty, great columns, fine marble pillars, statues, sculpture, large, spacious halls—a most magnificent building, now unoccupied for four years.

Kenneth having a touch of appendicitis, we thought it unsafe to risk a trip into the center of Mexico, therefore, turned back, stopping at Nogales, Mexico, purchased some souvenirs, then recrossed the border to Tucson for the night.

Nogales, Mexico is an interesting city, with something of an international flavor, and a mixture of talent and trickery that challenges the unsuspecting buyer. They have all the tricks known to humanity. The streets are narrow but not unattractive; every novelty imaginable is there for you. The highway is beautiful from Nogales to Tucson, a distance of 64 miles. We reached Tucson in 64 minutes, and secured a night's lodging for $6.00.

On January 29th, we enjoyed a most interesting trip to the San Xavier Mission, the third mission built in the United States, the first being at St. Augustine, Florida; the second, at Santa Fe, New Mexico. San Xavier was built by the Spanish fathers, with much sculpture and painting; most of the work was done by the Indians, indicative of the early life of America, and the great character of Father Keno, builder of the mission. After an hour's visit with the Priest, we continued on to Phoenix and secured lodging at the Mission Auto Court for $8.00 per day. There is a legend that 200 tons of early Spanish mosaic tiling found its way into the building of this auto court.

Spent four days at Phoenix, visiting many south side citrus groves, flower gardens, etc.; crossed over the valley to Scottsville, a novelty city, recently sprung up; purchased some articles and returned to Phoenix, taking Etta and Jeanette Armstrong out to the airport for a nice dinner. Unfortunately, we had to change a punctured tire at a dark spot in the road. Frank Armstrong and wife the previous day, had taken us on a trip through Paradise Valley, a new residential section, where vacant lots, some on the side of steep mountains, cost from $2500 to $10,000 each.

We regretted leaving Phoenix and the warm, spring-like climate. But on February 2nd, left for the north via Black Canyon and Flagstaff—climbed 7000 feet up Oak Creek Canyon, passed steep dugways and sharp curves to the top, where a beautiful landing point proved an excellent place to view the canyon below. It was comparatively level going until we dropped down at the top of Jerome, the biggest ghost city in the United States, built upon a steep mountain side. It was not only interesting but astonishing to drop into steep, narrow streets, winding back and forth around curves, with houses, some three stories high, some small, but all built close together. There were hundreds of buildings—all empty, and most of them in the process of decay. By looking out of some of the back windows one would see a sheer drop of two to three hundred feet. The only life we saw was three men tearing down a lumber building, and a gas station at the bottom of the city, which was once occupied by five to ten thousand people.

Some short distance away was the once-busy smelting plant, now in the course of decay—the life giving substance of Jerome no more, the mines worked out, or gone, like unto man. When the spirit is taken away, there is nothing left. Five miles farther on, we took dinner at Cottonwood, then retraced three miles to Tuzigoot, an Indian National Monument, built on a rocky hill, where Indians flourished about 1000 to 1400 A.D.; but on account of 23 years of drouth, the place was abandoned and the Indians moved south.

The fort was built near the Verde River; it was about 120 feet wide and the entrance, 500 feet long. It contained 110 clustered rooms and an open air patio, and unbroken mass of clustered rooms 325 feet long—some rooms large, 12 to 18 ffeet. All entrances to the rooms were from the top, the custom of the Indians at that time. The colony was like unto the order of Enoch—no rich, no poor, but eventually it turned out all poor and no rich. Many relics of Indian life found buried in its ruins are now on exhibition at the government display room on top of the ruins.

The scenery was constantly changing. We stopped at the Navaho Bridge over the Colorado River, just as a helicopter came thundering up the river between two perpendicular walls, passing under the bridge beneath us. After a little refreshment at the Bridge Cafe, we continued over an extended plain to the Utah border, taking lunch at Kanab. Many of the little towns looked fairly prosperous. Orderville, a once prosperous Mormon settlement, however, is now but a collection of old fashioned pioneer homes still occupied. This settlement stretches through a long, narrow valley. It is formed as a place where the Order of Enoch was once practiced.

We ran into a fog at Richfield which lasted until we reached Ogden, arriving home at 8:30 P.M., ending a 562 mile day's run, and 3543 mile vacation trip, one which we enjoyed very much, but shorter than I expeced.

Capitol Reef Monument

Another trip out on vacation—Kenneth, Jack Farr, and I left Ogden April 23, 1954 for a four-day trip among the perpendicular walls and craggy peaks of the beautiful and interesting Capital Reef National Monument, and Wayne Wonderland country.

Our first night we stayed at Salina, then continued, side stepping up picturesque canyons, watching uranium prospectors testing various forms of rock with their geiger counters, and gazing over the beautiful landscapes through Fruita Valley, and the canyon, which is seldom surpassed in nature's beauties. Again, we crossed the canyon's riverbed sixty times in 25 miles, and not a bridge in the canyon, but over the rocky, crooked roadbed, we leisurely rode. watching not only its beauty but with the thought ever in mind, how did it happen?

As night was creeping upon us, we once more put up at Hite Ferry on the Colorado River, where two years before we were the guests of Arthur Chaffin and family, owner of the ferry boat. Arthur was now on vacation, but had leased the ferry to his niece.

With regret in leaving the fascinating spot, we leisurely started on our return trip home—had a light lunch at Hanksville, and stopped over night at Price, arriving in Ogden next day, after an enjoyable 732 mile trip—another pleasant vacation.

Fishing On The Green River

On returning home after our southern trip in April, Kenneth once more was busy night and day preparing and harvesting the cherry, apricot, and peach crop, and at the end of July we were ready for another vacation.

He, in company with his sons Roger and Jack Farr, and Bob Keller, picked me up at 7 A.M. August 2, 1954, and headed for the headwaters of the Green and Colorado Rivers. We arrived about 4 P.M., and planted ourselves in a log cabin in the center of a two-acre aspen grove, whose trees were about

100 feet high, slender, and not a branch on them until about a four-foot green tassel at the top. Here, I passed my time reading, writing, cooking, while the boys tried their luck with the fishing rod. They returned early enough each evening for a good trout supper.

Sometimes, I took the car for a ride up the river to the Deck Dude Ranch, where the glacier waters empty into the little Green River Lake, before the water starts on its Green-Colorado to the Pacififc Ocean; or I may drive two miles north of the Kendall Bridge and take a warm springs bath. As I looked out of the cabin window, down the mountain slope, a soft breeze came singing up from the Valley, and the aspens would sway gently back and forth, like the strains of a beautiful waltz such as ',Blue Danube," or "I Love You Truly."

One day, a terrific wind, hail, and rain storm struck quickly, and with great force. The rain poured through the leaky roof, and it kept me busy with pots and pails to protect the bedding, which was piled in the center of the floor. A rain storm was almost a daily occurrence.

A most amusing thing happened one night about 3 A.M.; a hideous call came from the mountain close to our cabin. We all awoke suddenly, and in a loud voice one of the boys shouted, "A lion, a lion, is the door locked?" Well, having heard that sound many times before, I told them it was a coyote and her young pack. This was undoubtedly a shock to the boys.

Having run out of food, we pulled camp and headed for home via the Grand Canyon of the Snake River, and the Alpine Dam, under construction. Thus ended our 800-mile trip.

Jackson Hole Trip

Another month of hard work harvesting the pear crop, and we got itchy feet for more fishing. Kenneth, Art Smalley, and I left for a week's vacation in the Jackson Hole September 27th. While the boys were spending their time fishing, I was reading, writing, listening to the baseball games, L.D.S. Conference, etc.

After the boys returned each night, we selected the proper size fish and had them cooked by the hotel chef for a full fish dinner. We spent one day at Moran and the Rockefellow Lodge, where 400 cabin units were completed, and the large lodge was under construction. Returned home, ending our fourth 1954 vacation.

Mexican Hat Trip

November 3rd, 1954, Kenneth and I left Ogden for a trip to Mexican Hat and Monument Valley, one of the beauty sections of Utah. Spent the first night at Price; an early start found us rolling along the desert highway going east. Turning south at Crescent, we passed many familiar sights along the road to Moab. Then side stepping up Dead Horse Canyon to the top of the plateau, we passed miles of stake-out uranium claims. In fact, every foot of the plateau is under stake, though many of the claims will never be worked.

Reaching Dead Horse Point, 23 miles off the main highway, we came to a sudden stop on the brink of the high plateau, confronted by the perpendicular walls of the Colorado River, where a slip of the foot, or a little crumble of the wall, would land us, with two or three bounces, at the bottom of the river two or three thousand feet below. It is a beautiful sight.

Returning to Moab in time for dinner, we visited through the city and the surrounding farms. We were surprised at the number of new buildings and trailer camps. It seemed there was a trailer camp in every vacant lot, and many farms had been turned into business property, parking lots, etc.

If the old time saloon laws had been in effect, Moab would surely have been a wild town. There was all kinds of activity—truck equipment stock piling uranium rock, building, prospectors out fitting, everything moving fast. After a general survey of the city, we continued on to Blanding for the night. The following morning, we started on a two hundred mile dirt and gravel road through the desert. Much of the land was filed on for get-rich-quick uranium claims. Notwithstanding the desert's rugged, sagebrush appearance, it was interesting, with thousands of domes, high balanced rocks, small necks supporting large rounded bodies—many shapes and colors.

Before reaching Mexican Hat, another side trip to the top of the plateau, a beautiful view of the Goose Neck of the San Juan. Standing on the brink of the deep precipitous canyon walls, we looked down at the river hundreds of feet beneath us. The stream makes a sharp turn, something like a goose neck, running out a mile or two, then returning within a few rods of the rim where we were standing, after which it takes another goose neck turn, then goes on its way to the Colorado River.

Retracing our way, we were soon at Mexican Hat for lunch, where we met Mr. Frank Barton, an old timer, who gave us much information about Mexican Hat in the early days. Water was obtained only twice for 200 miles, first 45 miles from Blanding at Bluff from the San Juan River; second, at Mexican Hat.

Crossing the high canyon bridge at Mexican Hat, we rolled along the beautiful desert into Monument Valley, where thouand of grotesque figures, steeple, mounds of many shapes, hills, hollows, met our gaze, and we saw a lone wild horse standing on a high knoll, looking down over the valley at us. It was a beautiful picture. The earth's elements must have been pretty well disturbed to create such havoc, and still retain its amazing beauty and grandeur.

Continuing on through Monument Valley among the many vari-colored steeples, balanced rock, and thousands of points of interest; this will some day be a beautiful playground for the traveling pubic. At the close of the day, we arrived at the end of the dirt road, at Tuba, Arizona, a city peopled by Indians, having gone some 280 miles over dirt and gravel washboard road.

On our return home, stopped for the night at Navaho Lodge at Lee's Ferry; accommodations just moderate. November 6th, a light breakfast and a side trip up Marble Canyon three miles to Lee's Ferry, which in the early days was the only crossing point on the Colorado for 700 miles. At present, there is no sign of a crossing, just a sandy brush flat on the north bank; on the south, a slight rise of unbroken ground to the top of the plateau.

We returned by way of Jacob's Lake and the Kiabab Forest; had dinner at Fredonia, then continued homeward via Zion's Canyon, and St. George for the night. The 7th, arrived home after a 1264 mile trip, 283 miles of dirt road, using 84 gallons of gas, an average of 15 miles per gallon.

I just want to state that most of my vacations and trips were made possible through my son Kenneth, with his close care, attention and companionship. No person could give more personal care to a father than does he. This has been his attitude since childhood. Not only on trips but this applies to my every day life.

He has taken over much of the responsibility of the orchard and other business interests. I feel blessed by having such a devoted and considerate son.

CHAPTER 25

MY TESTIMONY

LOOKING BACK 94 YEARS

AFTER passing my 94th birthday, January 4, 1957, I feel that I should direct part of my attention toward mortal life. Now, being of sound mind, with continued good health, active in business, church and civic affairs, I take pleasure in recording a few early impressions and happenings in my own life time.

I enjoy many of the modern day activities and take pleasure in getting behind the wheel of my Packard automobile. After witnessing the thousands of life's changes, from the buggy days to the airplane's speed, it suggests to me that a new world has taken over.

Not many years ago it seemed that Satan attempted with great energy to bring the human family to his way of action, by reducing virtues and honorable things of life, replacing them with vice, corruption of governments, and giving dictorial powers to men, thereby jeopardizing free agency of man—all with a degree of success. But thanks to a change in personalities in governments and the influential people of the land, whereby we are hopeful for the return of honesty among all nations, and that a more God-like influence will prevail.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has been kind to me—it has been the means of bringing happiness and a degree of knowledge in life that I would not otherwise have known. It has been the means of bringing me in company with some of the best people on earth. It has been my privilege to know personally all eight presidents of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from Brigham Young to our present President, David O. McKay. All these presidents, together with the Apostles, and many of the other Church authorities, have been in my life for good. There is a feeling of security and love while in their company.

Brigham Young often called at our home to receive reports of the community progress in Weber County, and to give instructions to father concerning the building up of this new desert country. They had much in common in connection with the success of this desert waste. It was my good fortune to attend the funeral of Brigham Young, September 2, 1877, and have written a synopsis of the same.

Then came President John Taylor, a witness to the Prophet's martyrdom, a staunch friend and supporter of the Prophet Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and the Church. He was a frequent visitor at our home: his son, Richard, married my sister Mariah.

Next, that kind and God fearing president, Wilford Woodruff, truly a spiritual man, close to the inspirational guidance of heavenly influence. President Woodruff called me on a mission to Great Britain, sending me letters and books.

President Lorenzo Snow, a leader of men, followed—a strong advocate of tithing, which was so necessary at that time to reduce the heavy burden of debt hanging over the Church. President Snow's wife, Minnie, and her sister, Hulda, made our home their halfway stopping place in Journeying from Brigham City to Salt Lake. President Snow called me on a mission to Virginia.

Following President Snow came that firm and determined personality, Joseph F. Smith, whose will could in no wise be swerved aside under any and all conditions from that which he believed to be true.

Next, came the seventh president, Heber J. Grant, whose special work was to keep the Church in a substantial financial condition, as this is so necessary for the building and growing needs of suitable places of worship, temple building, etc.

The eighth, a spiritually minded president, George Albert Smith, who carried love and friendship among the inhabitants of the earth wherever he went—to Mormon, Jew and gentile, who called upon the world to slow down in their wild rush for power and unrighteous influence—instead, bring peace and love among the children of men. George Albert's mother, was my oldest sister, consequently, I have known him from childhood, as he was just seven years my junior. He was a peacemaker, like unto his father, Apostle John Henry Smith.

The ninth and present president, universally beloved David O. McKay, a friend to all men of good will, whose intellectual character places him among the learned of the world, I have known him personally for over 55 years in business, civic, and church capacity. Like his predecessor, his very presence commands respect and love, and denotes leadership among men. He is kind, honest, sympathetic, and a man who never betrays a trust.

The nine presidents, and most of the Apostles, together with many other influential church authorities who were closely associated with the Prophet Joseph, I have known in the span of my life. Such men as Lorin Farr, a household member of Joseph's family, Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, who performed my marriage ceremony, George Q. Cannon, Counselor to Brigham, Ezra Taft Benson Sr., (I was present at his death) Franklin D. Richards, and a host of other witnesses have been known to me personally.

Yes, after personally knowing and hearing all these trustworthy men declare the truthfulness of the Gospel and the testimony of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and Joseph Smith as a prophet of God, I feel I have a good and fair knowledge of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as taught by the authorities of the Church, who received their instructions and authority directly from God through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

I also wish to impress upon all that the same fundamental gospel principles and doctrine taught by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and those closely associated with him, are the same principles and doctrines now taught by the church authorities today. They are true and divine, and all people who will obey these God-given laws will find much joy, and a source of happiness found in no other way.

As I look back on my 94 years, I am grateful for the precious heritage that I can share with my children. I am grateful to have Lorin Farr as my father, whose lineage connects me with many of the world's greatest advocates of personal liberty, such as those who came in the Mayflower, and others who signed the Magna Charta, or fought at the Battle of Tours and freed Western Europe from the Saracens in 732. He reflected the teachings of the Prophets of the Latter-day Saints Church from Joseph Smith to David O. McKay. He taught me the honor and dignity of work: he demanded honesty and integrity; he lived in loyalty and faith, and fused a family of diversified interests into a unit of harmony and love.

I am grateful for a loving, sacrificing mother, who magnified her children's opportunities and virtues, and minimized her personal wants. She extended to a community the good she practiced in her home. None so humble but could call her friend—the lowly Indian knew her as an unfailing benefactress. We felt her spiritual power in infant prayer at her knees, and around the table with adults in family council. No failings of mine could ever be laid at the door of my father or my mother.

I am eternally grateful for the inspiration that led from youthful companionship to a temple marriage with my beautiful wife. She shared and lightened my early business ventures, and the toil of a pioneer home. She bore our family with queenly grace and unfailing motherhood. She took me back to the culture of her Virginia girlhood but not once did she express a regret for her participation in pioneer poverty. The assurance of her faith has built my own certainty of eternal association.

Each of our children has blessed my life with a particular joy and a certain happiness I can never repay. In any measure that I may have added to their development, and the building of their characters, to that degree I have been more than repaid for any effort expended. My sincerest desire is to have each and all attain a testimony of the eternal plan of salvation, and prove worthy of the noble heritage handed down to us.

I am grateful I have lived in a land of liberty and progress and peace; that I was born in the beauty and glories of matchless mountain valleys; that I have known a neighborhood abounding in friendship and mutual trust.

I am happy in these ripening days of my maturity that I can look back on this earthly life and say, "It has been sweet and glorious. May I be worthy to extend this happiness and companionship, and make them part of eternity."

Sincerely,

JOHN FARR

FUNERAL OF BRIGHAM YOUNG

March 28, 1949

President George Albert Smith
Church Office Building,
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Nephew:

On March 16th I was gratified to receive your letter of February 26th, after almost two months vacationing in Old Mexico, Arizona, and California. I did not know of your whereabouts until I arrived home and received your letter. I regret very much to have missed the opportunity to call on you at Laguna Beach, as I was so close to you at Long Beach.

While I sorrow for your illness, yet the Lord has been kind to you in so many pleasures of life; the blessings will far over balance the ills and misfortunes we usually undergo in mortality.

With the blessings of our Heavenly Father, and the wonderful nursing from the daughters, it won't be long until you will again be wrestling with the many problems of the Church. But, dear nephew, do not try to do all the work that people would ask. Pass some of it on to others, as one's strength can go just so far. When fatigue comes on, close your office door and lie down for a few minutes.

I, like other people, feel it is a pleasure to visit with and receive that influence which radiates from the souls of good men. It has been my good fortune to have known personally all of the Church presidents from Brigham Young to and including you, my dear nephew; also most all of the Apostles and other Church authorities, and hundreds of influential church leaders. I also knew the teachings of the early authorities, and that the principles taught now by the authorities, are the same as taught by Brigham Young, John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, Lorin Farr, and other household and close friends of the Prophet

Joseph Smith, who received his authority direct from the Lord. Such men as these received instructions; and the work of the Lord has been handed down by revelation and personal contact to the present time.

It was my privilege to have known Brigham Young, as he visited father's home many times, using the room in which I was born as a reception room, as well as an office. As you no doubt know, he died August 29, 1877, and was buried September 2nd. It was also my privilege to attend his funeral; it was an inspiring affair to see the order and discipline carried out in all its detail. The way in which the funeral and burial was carried out was quite striking. May I draw your attention to just a few items.

The remains were taken from the Lion House to the new Tabernacle at 8 A.M. Saturday morning, September 1st. The Tenth Ward Band, Brigham Young's personal glee club, seven of the Apostles, a number of his sons, and with Brigham's personal employees carrying the coffin, about two or three hundred citizens made up the procession.

Sunday morning brought twenty car loads of people from the north and the south, and thousands of others came from near by. While the great throng were being seated in their respective places, the choir and orchestra rendered appropriate music.

Special preparation and order were taken in the seating. The coffin was placed at the foot of the center aisle in the tabernacle, directly in front of the stand. "The head being to the west," a sheet of plate glass covering his face, admitted a good view of his features. The inside of the coffin was trimmed neatly, but plain, with white quilted satin. Notwithstanding the great multitude of people desiring to view the remains, yet quiet and order prevailed. The people walked steadily down the aisle, gazed for a moment at the face of their dear friend and leader, and passed on, all deeply impressed with the solmenity of the occasion. About 11:30 A.M., Sunday over 18,000 people had viewed the remains, and the throng was checked to enable the family to gather around the coffin and look for the last time on the face of their beloved one. The Apostles followed the family, after which the metallic case was removed, and the coffin elevated on a catafalque, in view of the entire audience.

The coffin was plainly draped in contrast to the floral decorations of the tabernacle, which was very beautiful. Hours before the services, the tabernacle was filled and many thousands, and more, were on the grounds.

The family and relatives, numbering some hundreds, occupied seats directly in front of the platform next to the coffin. In the rear on the right and left were grouped the Seventies, High Priests, Elders, and others of the Priesthood, while on the south side of the platform were the City Council, Band, Glee Club, Presidents of Stakes and High Councils; and on the north platform were the Bishops and their counselors. The upper stand was occupied by the First Presidency and the Apostles, with George Q. Cannon presiding. All of the Apostles were present except Orson Pratt and Joseph F. Smith, who were in England.

It was estimated that between twenty-five and twenty-six thousand people attended the funeral services, including those on the grounds. The organist and orchestra had been in attendance since 9:30 A.M., playing "The Dead March of Saul," and "Brigham Young's Funeral March," composed by J. J. Daynes, and many other special selections.

The services commenced at noon. President Cannon announced the hymn, sung by the choir, George Careless conducting. The opening prayer was by Apostle Franklin D. Richards, after singing by the choir, "Thou Dost Not Weep to Weep

Alone." Brigham's counselor and close friend, Daniel H. Wells, delivered a brief and feeling address. I am quoting him, as I have great love and respect for his wisdom and honor.

His speech was short; but every sentence, a sermon. Quote. "I arise with an aching heart, but cannot let pass this opportunity of paying at least a tribute of respect to our departed friend and brother, who has just stepped behind the veil. I can only say, let the silent tears fall that it may give relief to the troubled heart; for we have lost our counselor, our friend to the Church, and a friend to humanity. I have no desire or wish to multiply words, feeling that is rather a time to mourn. Goodbye, Brother Brigham, until the morning of the resurrection day, when they, life-long companions, who will soon follow after, will meet thee in peace and joy."

Counselor Wells was followed by Wilford Woodruff, Erastus Snow, George Q. Cannon, and John Taylor. The benediction was given by Orson Hyde. All these brethren, together with others, were not only friends of Brother Brigham, but exceptionally close friends to the Prophet Joseph Smith. Therefore, the instructions, principles and consolation given out by them at the funeral service was of great importance, as much enlightenment had been received by them through revelation from the Lord.

The congregation was requested to leave the Tabernacle, after which the line of march was formed, with the Tenth Ward Band leading, followed by the Glee Club, Tabernacle Choir, Press Club, City Council, President Young's brothers, then the coffin borne by his clerks and employees, with nine Apostles as Pall Bearers, followed by the President's Counselors, after which the family and relatives, the Patriarchs, Seven Presidents of Seventy, High Council, Bishops and Counselors, High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Lesser Priesthood, and the general public.

An immense crowd lined the street, but was kept back by ropes stretching along the line of shade trees. Passing the Tithing Office, now the Hotel Utah, entering Eagle Gate, moving up the hill, the procession entered the private cemetery of the deceased. At the graveside, the family took its final view, after which the public had another opportunity of viewing the remains before it was lowered to its final resting place.

The Glee Club sang "O My Father," the dedicatory prayer by Wilford Woodruff. This concluded the earthly career of a person, President, Prophet and Leader—one of the world's greatest characters.

Dear Nephew, I am not telling you something new and something you did not know, but sometimes it is good to reminisce upon our memories of the past. I trust you will relax in some easy chair, and contemplate how fortunate we are, living among so much luxury and convenience.

Now, wishing you speedy recovery, with the blessings of our Father in Heaven upon you and your family.

I remain respectfully your Uncle,
JOHN FARR

P. S. President George Albert, you have my consent to record in Historian's Office my previous letter, or use as you desire. I hope some day I will be able to write and record more early incidents.

Chapter 26

LETTERS AND TRIBUTES

Letters From Dagny

Dear cousin John Farr:

I just wanted to send you my greetings. Do you remember a beautiful summer night, many years ago in Norway? You and your interpreter, Hyrum Olsen, invited two young girls to a concert at the beautiful place, Holmenkollen in Norway. Do you remember we had hot chocolate, and listened to the music? How I thought you were interesting to go out with, to be with an American cousin! I was young and bashful, and don't think I was much of an entertainer at that time, but if you could come to Norway again, together with Cousin Frank, then, we will talk more to each other.

One of these girls was Ingeborg Juelsrud, daughter of our Uncle Ole; she is dead now, died five years ago; the other girl was myself. I can remember you so well; I used to sit and take a peak at you at all times, in secret.

Hearty greetings,
Your Cousin Dagny
from Norway

Fredrikstad
Aug. 20—48

Mr. J. Farr:
Dear Cousin,

I thank you so very much for your nice letter I received yesterday. You can't imagine how happy I am when

I get letters from you in that great land, America. It was sad to hear that my dear cousin Frank has passed away. As he has been ill for a long time, death probably came as a relief to him, who has suffered so much and for so long. But it is sad anyway when death come to us. I believe cousin Frank has gone to a better land, and that he is resting in the Lord. It must be hard for dear cousin Dora to have lost him. But it is a satisfaction to her that she could nurse him to the last. I have the understanding that she is a loveable and sweet lady. Through all that she has done for myself and mine, I have learned to love her very much. I wrote her today. Dear cousin John it is so nice that you could read my letters and answer them. I am way up in the years also now, but I remember you just as I, sixteen years old, saw you that one time. You gave me a Book of Mormon. I saved it for many years. Time has passed on real fast, I think. I have seen a lot of good and bad days. I sent a small record to Williams some time a go, and told him about your relations here, and about your mother's brothers. I believe I sent a couple of pictures of them. I have two sons, both married and have their own families. I am a widow and alone. Many times it is lonely and quiet, but my grandchildren come to see me, and also my two sons who are both nice smart boys. But we have to be without many things here now, both of foodstuffs and clothing. If we only can escape that bad war, we ought not to complain. I do not want to take advantage of you, but you asked me in your letter if we need anything. We appreciate very much used clothing—not new things, as the duty on them is high, but I did not like to mention it, if you hadn't asked me in your letter. It is not so good here, as everything is so terribly high, and it is almost impossible to buy anything.

I had a nice letter from a gentleman in California. He tells me that a food package is on its way to me over here. Would it be from you? That is nice, and you over there are so understanding and good to me. Just think what a glorious trip you and your two children have had; just think to be able to travel to Colorado, Mexico, and Texas. That must have been a wonderful experience to ride in a car and go so far and see so much. You have surely traveled a lot in the world, and you are for sure a great man, as we call it here in Norway. Some day, I will go and see a Mormon Branch President. It would be very nice if I would be able to find someone who was acquainted with you people.

Now, I wish you well, and accept my best regards to yourself, and family. My two sons, Jens and Aksel, send you their greetings.

(Note—German soldiers stripped these people of everything they could find in the house, even to the kitchen utensils.)

Dagny Dilling
Ila Vg 47
Fredrikstad, Norway
Fredrikstadt Myra—Street 31

Mr. J. Farr
Dear Cousin:

I thank you very much for your welcome letter that I received the day before Christmas. And also thanks for the Christmas present. I received it January 10, 1949. It reached here in safety, both of these things; and I thank you so much for the nice gift. It was a great help for me at Christmas time. I also wish for you a very good and blessed New Year.

It was very nice to read your letter, and it is interesting and a lot of fun that you will write and tell me so many things. We live to a ripe old age on our mother's side, my mother, Severine, lived to be 95 years of age, And she was in good health till her very last. I often hunt up old pictures of you people over there, and then I sit down and take a long look at them.

One of them is of your mother, Aunt Nicholine, and one of your sister Mary. They were very nice. But you are the only one I have seen in person. I am happy to have been able to meet you. America is a very attractive country. If I was only 20 years, I would have liked to have seen America. But I am not so young any more, and will have to stay home in my little Norway. There are many beautiful spots here, and we all love our little country. I understand you must be a big business man. You can just sit down in your swell automobile, and drive down to beautiful California and visit with your daughters. I'm sure it is a grand place over there, and very beautiful.

We have had a mild and nice winter here in Norway, and no snow yet. I'm glad of that; then, the winter will not be so expensive. Everything is terribly high now after the war, and it looks like it won't be any better. But we will have to feel glad as long as there is peace in the world. Well, many thanks, dear cousin, for all your kindness, and for your letter and the money. I am always very happy when I see a letter from the USA in my mailbox. Although it is quite a distance from here, the ties of blood bind us together. God bless your life and your labors.

Accept my thanks and best regards,

Dagny Dilling

October 20, 1953

To Mr. John Farr.

My dearest Cousin John:

You can't realize how glad I was when your dear letter came to me. Only it is too bad we can't understand each other's language. But I get a lady to read it to me. Yes, thanks a lot for writing to me. I'm always glad to get a letter from USA, and to hear from my relatives over there.

I'm over-joyed that you found a letter from me that is fifty-three years old. At that time, I was only twenty-two years old—a young and bashful girl. Do you remember that you wanted me to go to America at that time with you? If I were only young again, I would take the trip to see you. I remember you well, and your picture stood many years before me from my twenty-two-year-old heart.

The time that you are out traveling with your son and family, you must be a well-to-do man that sees much of the world. Dear John, I would like so much to tell you about your Norwegian relations, but I don't know to much about their lives, as I am the youngest of the family, and haven't had much interest in their past lives. I can give you the names of your mother's brothers. They are all dead now. It was a good family, as they all reached a good age. My mother was almost ninety-five and was very active to the last.

Yes, dear John, I am sure that your mother has told you of her home in the little mountain village, Onsoy, near the city of Fredrikstadt. It must have been exciting when the two young girls left their mother, their brothers, and their country for the long trip west over the desert to an unknown land. But all that, you probably know yourself.

In all, there were eight brothers and sisters of them. And Andreas died early. The other three brothers settled in the capital city of Oslo. They were all fine looking boys. All three of them had good positions and lived there to the last. Their home in Onsoy was a little farm homestead, and was a beautiful sight in the woods, and you have yourself been there many years ago.

Your and my grandmother was a beautiful woman, and she was, as we say here, of the better class. The name of the homestead was "Ingulsrod." And they were all born there. Nearly all of the older relatives are dead, and I and a sister who is 84 are still living.

Dear Cousin, I would have liked to give you so much information for your book, but you know it is so long since they lived, and I have regretted many times I didn't get my mother to tell me about her relations. But you know it was not or as much interest as now, and I haven't anyone to ask now.

I admire you for your strength and activity in spite of your age. Today, I got a greeting from Cousin Mary Loy, with pictures from Honolulu. They must be in good health that can travel like that.

Dear Cousin, I hope you forgive me because I can't tell you more about our family. You had a wonderful mother and she was much like my mother. It must be a lot of joy to remember her.

You must write me soon. It brings me so much joy and happiness to hear from you. Mrs. Dora Williams was a very good lady, and I like her very much. Give her my greetings.

Yes, live well, Cousin John, and write me soon again.

Your Cousin, Dagny Dilling.

P.S. Can you tell me next time you write to me how old our grandfather on our mother's side was when he died?

Missionary Letters

1551 Park Street
Jacksonville, Florida
January 17, 1927

Dear Brethren:

Benjamin Franklin once said, "He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night." Dear fellow companions, the above saying will apply in the missionary field fully equal to any other kind of work. So rise early with a prayer in your heart that you will reach some honest soul that day. In 1831, the Prophet Joseph Smith received a revelation which can be applied to our case to good effect. Every talent was to be used with force. "Thou shalt not idle away thy time, neither shalt thou bury thy talents that they may not be known. Sect. 60:13.

Be prudent in all your work, and remember the instructions of President Callis regarding your health. Take physical culture every morning on rising. This is one of the best preventatives. Don't neglect it.

Let me hear from you each week, giving any interesting item of healing, or anything you so desire. I am interested in your letters. Brethren, you have entirely forgotten your weekly expense report. Keep track and give each week. We have heard from all the Elders except Elders Hogan and Shields, but received a letter last week informing us of the serious illness of Elder Hogan's mother. We pray for her, and ask God to remember them in His wisdom.

Praying the blessings of the Lord upon you all, I remain,

Your co-laborer,
JOHN FARR

1551 Park Street
Jacksonville, Florida
January 24, 1927

Dear Brethren:

My heart rejoiced on receiving your weekly report, and I feel we are stepping off the old row boat and climbing on the steamer. By putting out another sail, we will add a little speed to our already fast going monitor.

Elders Iverson and Hunt hoisted a new sail; they left the old beaten channel that had so often been traveled by the Elders, and steered the craft to a new point of landing—a district that had not been visited for several years, twenty, they say. They met with a cordial reception, and sold three Books of Mormon and 34 smaller books—all they had with them. They also stopped with a Baptist Deacon and were invited to call back at any time. They also received many other invitations to return. Brethren, we sometimes get into a rut, and follow in the others' trail. Always keep in mind the value of finding some original way to meet the people on their own ground.

Elders Webb and Barton have tracted over much of their territory, and feel quite encouraged. The City Manager of Sanford has granted them the privilege to hold street meetings, also the manager of one of the theaters has offered these brethren the use of the theater some Sunday free of charge. They are in hopes they will be able to work up a large branch conference there soon.

Elders Hogan and Shields report good success with their cottage meetings. It is important that this information be given each week.

We receive considerable encouragement and many suggestions from your weekly letters. Send them in, whether it be little or much.

Praying the Lord to bless you, I remain your brother in the Gospel.

John Farr
Jacksonville, Fla.

January 21, 1927

President Charles A. Callis
Atlanta, Georgia

I am pleased to submit the monthly report of the Florida Conference as follows:

All the Florida Elders are now in the best of health, enjoying their labors to a remarkable extent, and meeting with signal success, praying that in the near future greater results will manifest themsleves.

The dedication of the Jacksonville Chapel, December 12, 1926, by Apostle David O. McKay will be long remembered as one of the bright spots of Jacksonville history. The timely sermons delivered by Elder McKay and President Charles A. Callis will be remembered for a long time.

Noticeable improvement is manifest in the Jacksonville branch, harmony prevails, organizations reorganized, a number of officers have been changed to suit conditions and circumstances, and as far as I can see all officers are in harmony, and working for the success of the branch.

A number of investigators, six or seven, are attending Sunday school; one of them, a man of influence and learning, is helping in class work, and usually brings three well grown children with him. His wife attends night services also.

The Elders of Jacksonville have not a moment to waste. They have recently held three funeral services, besides their regular work of administering to the sick, visiting the members and investigators, holding hall, cottage, shop, and open air meetings, tracting, and various other duties for the success of a branch of this size.

A sad accident occurred yesterday. Brother and Sister Latham drove up with their coupe at 5:15, requesting the Elders to go with them. I, being the only one here, was soon on the road with them to Stark, 45 miles away, where their 10-year-old nephew, T. L. Dyal, had his hand caught in a sugar-mill cog, severing three fingers and part of the thumb, and tearing most of the flesh from his hand. Preparations had been made at the hospital to amputate the hand. After administering to the child, and encouraging the parents that it would not be necessary to sever the hand, I left for Brother Dowling's to spend the night with them. The Lord blessed the child. The hand was not severed as was their original intention.

We are encouraged by four baptisms since conference: three, by Elders Webb and Barton, and one by Elders Lloyd and Peck, with prospects for several others in the near future.

Jacksonville is the only organized branch. I have the reports of only six Sunday schools, two Mutuals, with no report as yet from Miami, owing to the great tornado of September. We have places in which to hold seven hall meetings, twenty-five cottage, and a number of open-air meetings. Open air meetings are not allowed in Tampa or Palatka. Elders Ward and Stoker organized a Sunday school in St. Augustine immediately after conference. From information gained while at Stark there can be a Sunday school organized there. The impression is given that Palatka can be made a fruitful field by persistent work.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN FARR

Atlanta, Georgia
March 28, 1927

President John Farr
Florida District

Dear President Farr:

You are nearing the end of your journey on the east coast. I suppose you will complete it this week. I am delighted that you had an interesting missionary journey, and I am sure that the saints and missionaries will long remember your ministry among them.

I cannot help but feel some concern about your health, dear President Farr. The warm weather is coming on and a little too much exertion might produce a fatigue that would weaken your health. Be very careful. I feel in my heart that you ought not to be burdened with the duties of the conference president any longer than the first of April. The heat and the fatigue it may bring to you might, deprive you of that vitally and strength which you need to have in order to accompany your wife to Virginia and other points you intend to visit.

I have thought of all these things and therefore recommend that you take it easy. Let Elder Lauper take the responsibility, thus giving you the opportunity to rest up after your long journey. A sudden call may come which the conference president would be expected to fill; and if you felt you should make this trip, or perform some arduous duty, I know you would not let health or anything else stand in the way. I feel, dear Brother Farr, that it will be pleasing unto the Lord for you to relinquish the burden you have been bearing and ask Elder Lauper to take it up.

When you have completed your visit there, you may have to remain in Florida a few days longer to meet your wife. Go to the conference house in Jacksonville. Remember that you are always a guest of honor there. The brethren will welcome you and they will make you comfortable. As long as you are in Jacksonville, I want you to sleep in the dormitory. If you should be crowded in the large room, I invite you to use the bed in the room where I go when I am in Jacksonville. I extend to you that invitation.

I may be unduly concerned, but I am impressed with the thought that I should give dear President Farr the privilege of transferring his burden to Elder Lauper. I have been trying to put this off all day, but I am now within an hour of leaving for the station and the impression comes to me stronger than ever, so that if I went away and left you to still carry on these responsible duties, I fear your health would be undermined. So you and Elder Lauper fix this up between you.

Whatever you two brethren agree upon will be all right with me.

And remember that you are a specially invited guest to remain at the dormitory; and if the large room is over-crowded I want you to take that bed in the rear room and be comfortable.

God bless you, brother Farr. I love you for your nobility of character, your willingness to sacrifice for the work of the Lord, and the willing and obedient spirit in which you have worked, and which has been an inspiration to all of us. You leave the mission with my love and blessings.

Faithfully your brother in the Gospel,
CHAS. A. CALLIS

P.S. I am sending a copy of this letter to Elder Lauper.

EXPRESSIONS FROM DAUGHTERS:

FERN FARR MOSS

To me, father is one of the great men of today—a man of great depth, kindness, understanding, humility, and high character. He is deeply religious—the every-day type of religion.

I cannot remember of any unkind word, nor have I heard him unjustly criticize any one. If he could not be helpful, then he just did not say anything. Father has always been ready to help others, either in sickness or in financial need, or wherever he could do the most good.

We were always a very close family when we were growing up. We never heard father and mother bickering, or unkind to each other, but always devoted and cooperative.

Listening to father tell of his experinces as a boy and a young man, and the early times in Utah as he remembered them, was interesting. We enjoyed learning things first-hand this way. Father has a marvelous memory. I just wonder how many young people of today could go through the hardships of our pioneers and come out as well as most of them did.

One thing I remember was one of the times father and his horse fell in the ice pond while cutting ice. The pond was up near the the grove above our home. It is now called Lorin Farr Park. We children would take father up his hot lunch while the cutting was going on. The men were just pulling father and the horse out of the cold frozen water when I got there. I stood near-by and cried, for I was afraid they might not get him out. I guess he had many a tumble in that icy water.

I remember very vividly one time I was up to the orchard and had climbed up a young peach tree and broke two young branches. Father got there just as I fell into the blackberry bushes, which were planted among the young trees. He spoke to me, and I said, "it is bad enough to fall in the blackberry bushes, without getting a scolding." Just wanted to say, that is as near as I remember father ever came to scolding any of us. He couldn't help but laugh when he saw what a predicament I was in. I never did hear father swear or show anger, although I know he must have been pretty close to it many times. Maybe that is why he has lived so long, with everybody loving and respecting him. Surely, he must have had a lot of worry, sickness in his family, and certainly a lot of hard work.

Whenever father wanted to correct us, he always waited until he had us alone, and never in front of others. He never wanted to embarrass us.

My mother was a very beautiful woman, with her sparkling eyes and her lovely complexion, her dignity, and her regal manner. She was beautiful not only in looks but had a grand personality. She always had the highest regard for the views and feelings of others. She came from good old Virginia people, her family being among the founders of the State of Virginia.

She was kind, always helping the sick and the needy. She had a large family of her own, but found time to help others. I remember the camping trips and picnics we took. Mother was always ready to take part and help us plan our parties and dinners. We knew when she did they would be a success. Many times she sat up half the night to sew for us. In fact, we children had a perfect home life.

The good advice father and mother gave me in bringing up my own children, I tried to follow; and it really paid off.

I enjoyed the companionship of my father. We were closely associated, both when I was his bookkeeper at the coal office, and when we were on the Religion Class Board, he in the superintendency, and I as a teacher and chorister. We had to visit such placses as Huntsville, Eden, Liberty, North Ogden, and other wards.

My mother was a wonderful grandmother to all her grandchildren, and they all loved her very much. They called her Dana, a sort of beloved name. All of father's children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are very proud of him—his ideals, his even, kind temperament. He has been a real inspiration to us all.

Lyndall Farr MacLean

Of my early childhood I remember the many happy days I spent as a small child, during the summer months, camping at South Fork, east of Ogden Canyon.

There was quite a colony of campers there every summer, mostly the same families. The Ed Brownings, Miles Jones and many others all of whom constituted quite a large crowd, participating as one happy family.

I enjoyed so much riding on top of the large two-horse wagon, full of camping equipment and food, that left home long before daylight, how exciting it was to hear the crack of the whip, to see the sun rise and feel the clear, clean air, to see the beautiful mountain scenery.

Pitching our tent, the bedding on the ground, the food and cooking utensils ready for the first night's meal. I remember walking back and forth over the narrow foot bridge that crossed the swollen creek close to our camp and holding tightly to the hand-rail as I walked slowly along the bridge, fascinated by the rushing water beneath me. I loved wading in the clear, cool water and climbing the hills and some of the higher mountains. It is something to be remembered.

When I started to high school I took a bookkeeping course in addition to my other studies and a short time later started keeping books at my father's office, and continued this throughout my high school years.

One rainy winter night as we were checking up our daily receipts, ready to close the office, a telephone call came from the woman who lived across the street, stating that two men were standing in front of her house and had been watching our office for some time. She said, "I believe they intend to rob you."

My sister Pauline had stopped at the office to walk home with us, and so the three of us started out, walking on the west side of Washington Avenue. The two men walked on the opposite side of the street, keeping even with us. We were sure then that they did intend to hold us up. (These two men were putting on a vicious campaign of shooting, holdups and robbing throughout the city.)

When we reached Canyon Road we crossed Washington Avenue. The men had already turned east on Canyon Road, walking slowly toward our home, keeping just a little ahead of us. Before we realized what was happening father darted off into the darkness and disappeared and two badly frightened young girls walked toward the men. We planned our strategy as we walked along. It was still raining; we were carrying father's umbrella which had a 6 inch wicked looking point. We agreed that we would use this if necessary. We tried to laugh and talk naturally but my heart was pounding wildly as we came up behind them.

The men seemed completely confused at not seeing father with us and started muttering and with a curse said "He's not here." I hurriedly stepped off the sidewalk to give Pauline room to pass them and we hurried on, not daring to look back until we reached the sidewalk to our home. Father telephoned to the police from a neighbor's but soon reached home.

Mother who was afraid of no one threw a shawl over her head and started down the street to see who they were. She walked as far as the bridge. Later, the two men (known as the tall and the short) were captured during a gun battle and served a term in prison.

On April 1927, my mother, sister Grace, and I went to Virginia to meet my father who had been released from the Southern State mission.

In Tazewell, Virginia, we visited mother's kinsfolk, staying at the home of Cousin Harvey Peery. After a most delightful two weeks there we left for Washington, D.C., traveling by train through the beautiful Shenandoah Valley. We spent a very tiring but most enjoyable week in Washington, taking in all places of interest.

As father was not feeling well he decided to return to his home in Ogden and not accompany us on the trip through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles.

The next two weeks were spent in Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Daytona Beach and Miami, Florida. We were entertained in each of those cities by people that father had worked with in the Mission field.

Then taking the boat at Key West for Havana, Cuba, we spent five very interesting days there before getting on the steamship Monoglia for Los Angeles. We were twelve glorious days on this ship, passed through the Panama Canal, spent a day each at Panama and San Diego, and disembarked at Los Angeles. This had been a most wonderful two months vacation.

My mother was an enjoyable traveling companion. She was always gentle and soft spoken. I do not remember ever hearing my father or mother talk in raised voices nor argue. Both father and mother were always kind and generous. Father has never been too busy to sit down with any of his children and talk over their problems with them.

LYNDALL FARR MACLEAN

PAULINE FARR BUSSAVICH

As I look back on my happy and carefree childhood, with all the tender and loving care given to us children, I can say God bestowed a great blessing upon me when he willed that I should be the fifth child born to mother and father.

They were never too busy to explain things to us, and must have had many heart aches through those years of bringing us up. I think of our wonderful experiences gathering around the old hard coal burner, with the fire showing through, and each night having our prayers before going to bed. Sometimes our company would join us.

I often watched the cutting of the ice, and putting those huge blocks up into the ice house. I remember father breaking through the ice on several occasions, and usually the horse went in also.

Some of us picked berries on the farm, but I think we did more playing than work. Later, we packed peaches for extra spending money. Mother helped plan our parties, and always joined in the fun. As far back as I can remember, our large dining table was crowded with people for three big meals a day.

We always had lots of company, and some stayed on into the months—both relatives and friends.

We all took music lessons. Lyndall and I also studied painting. Three of my paintings are still in the home.

Grandpa Farr came to our home each week, and usually had lunch, then went on to Hot Springs at North Ogden for his swim. I loved to hear him tell of his interesting experiences. Then I would watch him walk down the street with that spry walk of his. I was with father and mother at the bedside of both Grandma Farr and Grandma Witten when they passed away.

Mother was a beautiful and gracious lady; and in all her travels, everyone loved and respected her. Mother and father were marvelous to travel with. They found much beauty and many intresting things wherever they went. After mother's death, I went on many glorious trips with father and Grace.

Father is a very spiritual man. His clean thinking and living have kept his mind clear and brilliant. Many people have said that they think he is a marvel; and for myself, I think he is the greatest!

PAULINE FARR BUSSAVICH

CHAPTER 27

RANDOM STORIES AND REFLECTIONS

A PRODIGAL SON

ONLY one instance among millions . . . It was near midnight in summer, when a fine pioneer widow lady told me her son had been on a three weeks drunk. She was afraid if he continued any longer it would kill him, and asked me if I would find him and bring him home. I knew him to be one of the brightest and most learned young men in Utah. He was kind to his mother, and often fell on his knees, his face in his mother's lap, begging her to pray for him to overcome the vile disease which whiskey was.

There were 56 saloons in town, and I started out looking in the first. Scouting through saloon after saloon, I finally found him leaning against the bar—dazed, his face flushed, and really looking pitiful. Walking up to him, I said, "Jim, (that wasn't his name,) I'm taking you home."

"Jim," I said, "I'm taking you home," and took him by the arm.

He replied, 'I'll not move without a drink." I told the bartender to give him a pony, (a small drink), and then took him by the arm and started up the street. I suppose people thought I was drunk, too, but that didn't matter.

As we passed the Saddlerock Cafe, he once more refused to go without something to eat. Stepping in one of the booths, I witnessed something I had never seen before, the delirium tremens, commonly called the snakes or D.T.'s. It surely was the snakes, for while waiting for dinner, he jumped up, calling for a gun, then begging for a knife; and at the same time, his eyes were red and glassy. Looking at the wall, he began striking blow after blow, as if he were fighting the snake or some wild animal. It was pitiful to see his action and condition.

I have seen delirium tremens since on other occasions, but not as real and fierce as this one. I called for a cup of black coffee, and after he ate a little, I walked him home to see if I could sober him up. In the meantime I had obtained some medicine at the drug store to give him. On arriving home about 3 A.M., I gave him the medicine. The contents I knew not, but evidently a drug of some kind. After taking the medicine, Jim remarked, "You have drugged me. If I had a gun I'd kill you." I told him "sure," and after putting him to bed, went home.

Jim was a young man of great possibilities and high ideals. A bright future awaited him in his profession, and he had a background of honorable and noble parents. Now, all this was wasted by an uncontrollable liquor habit. Finally, he lost his life in an accident.

My advice is: Don't think you are teasing the devil by drinking a little at a time. It will get you. Whiskey is the devil's weapon, fully loaded.

Pioneers

No word more expressive than "Pioneer" has ever been written into the English language. It means not only the first to enter into any field of endeavor, but signifies unusual achievement in some worthy undertaking by the man or woman who fairly wins the title. The daring men and loyal women who first came to make homes for themselves and their children in the unbroken forests and desert region now known as northern Utah will have little honor if we fail to procure for these immortals a high niche in the temple of fame that will surely be erected some day, somewhere, to perpetuate their memory.

They were of a class entirely different from the adventurous, self-righteous zelots who were money mad. They had no wealthy corporate body to give them supplies of food and clothing, arms and ammunition, and houses to dwell in, or soldiers to protect them from the hostile Indians. Nor were they of an indolent, vagrant class, leaching upon the honest toil of the laborer. They found no fields on the banks of rivers already prepared for cultivation, which they could wrest by fraud or force from the simple, hospitable natives.

These glorious pioneers of the mountain country were real men and women. They had great hearts and willing hands, inspired with a resolute purpose to do all they could to secure for themselves and their families the liberty that had been so wonderfully wrung from them by ruthless ruffians, who were so-called state authorities. In perseverance, in self command, in forethought, in heroism—in all the virtues contributing to success, these pioneers have never been surpassed. Our ancestors chose well when they selected this beautiful country for their home, and for establishing a liberty loving community of sturdy, honest men and lovely women.

Nature, or rather nature's Almighty Creator had profusely placed here for the benefit of the pioneers and their successors, the three greatest essentials for the development of a refined civilization—an invigorating climate, a fruitful soil, and sublime aspect of nature.

Sally

Sally's life had many ups and downs, hardships, coupled with little happiness during a long life of great experience making friends between the whites and the redmen. Perhaps, she was here as a messenger to help break the bands of hatred during pioneer times. God sent the little lady in an unusual manner, when war, murder, and slaughter was taking place between the Indians and the white men.

At the battle of Battle Creek, Wyoming, after all was silent, and every Indian believed killed, the soldiers paused to look over the field, when one of them noticed a little movement in the distance. Investigating, he found a little papoose nursing at its dead mother's breast, with large, black eyes looking up at the soldier. "No," he said, "I could not raise my gun to finish the slaughter." Instead, he picked the little one up and took it with him, naming her Sally. Later, Sally was adopted by a white family and taken to Saint Louis, Missouri.

As she grew up, Sally developed a longing for her people; and finally an inward urge prompted her to take a desperate chance to go west to find her native kin. Still in her tender years, she stole away one night, and almost lost her life swimming over the river. But after many harrowing experiences, she finally found her people, the Shoshones, where she made her home, married a Frenchman named Baptiste Everwid. By this marriage she had two children, John and Adelaide. Unfortunately, however, her husband died of spotted fever.

Bereft of her companion, Sally struggled along the best she could, caring for her two babies, and doing whatever she could to support herself and children. Eventually, happiness seemed to come her way again. She married a handsome young Irishman named Barney White, and together they traveled through the country making friends among the whites and Indians as interpreters. What became of Barney White is not recorded.

Eventually, Sally was married to Ward Massey, and by him had two more children, Ann and Louise. But soon another tragedy came. In a fight between soldiers and Indians, Ward was killed. Sally, again left a widow, was forced to struggle along with four children to care for. By this time, the pioneers were coming west. Sally gave her daughter Adelaide to Brigham Young, who took the child into his home and taught her the Christian religion, and raised her in the ways of the white people.

Adelaide stayed in the home of President Young until she was a beautiful girl in her teens. Then longing to see her mother, she obtained permission from Brigham and went back to her own people, where she associated with both Indians and whites, as she belonged to both races, and her mother was married to a white man. She loved her mother, and enjoyed sitting on top of the corral fence watching the pastimes of the cowboys. On one of these occasions, Adelaide's black eyes and slim figure caught the attention of two young Mormon missionaries as she was perched on the fence.

One said to the other, "Who is that young lady on the fence?"

"Oh, that's the half breed girl Brigham raised," remarked the other missionary.

"Well, she's going to be my wife," said the first. And within 20 days, she became the wife of James M. Brown of Ogden, a Mormon missionary to the Indians, and the son of Captain James Brown, the man that purchased Weber County from Goodyear in 1847.

Adelaide became the mother of nine children, most of whom died young. Phoebe, the oldest child, moved to Montana, and the last heard of her she was 82 years old. One son, Moroni, became Bishop of the Ogden First Ward.

Every year, Sally and her son John and some of her tribesmen would come to Ogden to visit and help Bishop Brown gather his crops. Finally, after one of Sally's visits to Ogden with her son John, the lovely honest little lady was never heard of again. Adelaide was beset with so much trouble and grief that she passed away at the age of 59.

The last time I saw Adelaide she was sitting on the front steps of her home at 2843 Washington Avenue in Ogden. She appeared very sober, and in deep meditation.

Rhoda

In the early fifties there was considerable trouble caused by the Indians stealing women and children from other tribes.

Rhoda, a nine-month-old papoose, and her mother were captured by a Ute band. The mother escaped to her people, and the little babe was sold to Mrs. Fredrick Barker of Ogden for a pair of blankets and some flour.

Four years later, the mother, learning of the whereabouts of the child, came to claim her babe. The little girl, however, refused to go with her, and was reared and educated on 12th Street in Ogden by her new white mother. She lived until her teen-age, when she died under the loving care of her white mother and her many school playmates. The once hostile Chief Little Soldier came often and brought medicine and presents to his little tribe papoose friend.

Chapter 28

SPECIAL ITEMS

Weber Stake was the second stake organized in this great intermountain region.

Jefferson once said, "The most valuable citizen is the farmer, I consider the artificers as panderers of vice, the instruments by which the liberties of a country are generally overturned." The above statement was made upon his return from France.

At an early age I was severely afflicted with many painful boils, scattered over most of my body, as many as twenty at a time, some large, some small, all very painful. Each morning it would require assistance to separate me from the bedding. After 90 years I still carry the scar of a large one the size of an egg. I don't think Job had much on me.

Charles Middleton said that in 1855 the drouth, pests, crickets, grasshoppers, deep snow, and an exceptionally hard winter caused the death of thousands of cattle in Utah.

Owing to us boys making a trail through Thomas Williams' grain field one day while swimming, Mrs. Williams gathered up all our clothes and took them home. Well, after considerable hiding among fences and barns, we eventually begged her to give us back our clothes. She blamed it on John Dodling. Mr. Williams was father's mill stone dresser.

A Mirage

A beautiful city in the sky—in 1885 while standing beside my mule team street car at 25th and Wall Ave., a most unusually beautiful picture appeared in the sky. A picture of Ogden, low in the heavens, producing a perfect picture of the city, especially the Depot and its activity. There came a Utah Northern passenger train entering the City, the engineer looking out of the cab window, the fireman ringing the bell, passengers looking out of the coaches, open windows, and many people waiting for the train's arrival. The whole landscape appeared as natural as if taken from the ground, a perfect mirage.

In the early seventies, another mirage appeared in the western sky, the word, WAR, as plain as if painted.

Silk Industry

It started about 1873 and ended 1878; proposed and advocated by Brigham Young, and placed on the heads of the Relief Society with Zina D. Young and Eliza R. Snow as leaders.

Father planted many mulberry trees, and mother secured the worms and it was not long before two rooms upstairs were filled with silk cocoons ready for the market, but owing to the lack of organization and machinery it fell into decay. It seems Weber County produced the best results.

Tobacco

Not many years ago smoking was a man's habit; but I believe due to the extensive advertising of the tobacco manufacturing companies in the magazines, radio, bill boards, television and motion pictures, always showing beautiful young girls smoking that it makes our women and girls think they have to smoke to be popular. It has now become such a habit that it would be hard to stop even if a person desired to. It seems that more women smoke now than do men.

This appears to me to take away a mother's purity and dignity, and lower the standard of virtue. I am fearful of the results; the habit may reduce the vitality and strike at the health of babyhood, leaving a nervous streak in both mother and child.

After much observation, there is no question in my mind but that it creates a nervous strain in the excessive user. and lowers the respect for that woman. May I insert a personal item? Father had a large family of thirty grown children, 18 boys, and 12 girls. 14 of the boys never smoked. The 12 girls never smoked. My wife and I never smoked. Six daughters never smoked; eight granddaughters grown to womanhood never smoked. I have 45 nieces, only one that smokes as far as I can ascertain. This is an example of thousands of pioneer families of early Utah. In our family, four lived to be 94; one was 90; two were 89; eight were over 80; three from 86 to 94 still living.

December 7, 1855, Lorin Farr and Lorenzo Snow arrived at Fillmore, Utah as representatives of the upper house of the State Legislature, and Elder W. Woodruff and others to the lower house.

In 1854 the new American dollar was about the size of a five cent piece, and one side it had an Indian head with a crown of feathers.

In 1852 John Gay, at the age of 15, drove a four-horse mail and passenger coach between Salt Lake and Laramie, Wyoming, which included freighting to Camp Floyd. He did this for eight years. Also, in 1868 he was employed by Farr, Benson and West, freighting provisions to the Camp while grading the central Pacific R.R. between Ogden and Humboldt, Nevada. He said, "You couldn't tell what morning you would see a corpse hanging from a tree." He died in 1921.

October 3, 1875—President Ulysses S. Grant arrived in Ogden and was met by Governor Emery and a committee of federal staff officers; also by a committee composed of Mormons headed by Congressman Geo. Q. Cannon, Brigham Young, John Taylor, Jos. F. Smith and many others from Salt Lake and Ogden. George Q. Cannon introduced the president to the vast audience. President Grant asked many questions and showed considerable interest in and about Ogden. I was present on this occasion.

July 4, 1881, celebration was cancelled owing to President Garfield having been mortally wounded by an assassin.

October 1955—as a special guest, I was invited to represent and to participate in its exercises in establishing its 75th year anniversary of the first Telephone Exchange, which was established in Ogden September 8, 1880 with 36 customers. The banquet was honored by its president Walter K. Koch and a number of company officials.

As an invited guest of the New York Insurance Company at their open house and banquet held in Salt Lake City November, 2, 1955, I was presented with a plaque which read as follows:

> "Dear Mr. Farr:
>
> "In recognition of your 65 years of loyal support of the New York Life Insurance Company, we wish to honor you on this occasion, as our oldest active policy holder in the State of Utah. Your life span of 93 years covers almost the entire history of our company which was established in 1845.
>
> "We wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your interest in the Company and to wish you continued health and happiness."

It was a pleasure on November 19, 1955, to visit Mrs. Eliza McMannis who was this day celebrating her 100th birthday, enjoying good health, active, and with an exceptionally alert memory. It was a real pleasure to sit beside the little lady and reminisce about some of the long bygone days of 90 and 100 years ago. Yes, we have passed from one world to an entirely new one. One can scarcely imagine such wonderful progress.

I have often been asked "what do you attribute your long life to"—

One answer is activity. First, temporal, second—social and third spiritual. All three of these are necessary for a well rounded-out life. Over-indulgence of one—to the exclusion of the other is injurious to the whole. How to equalize them is the problem which faces each person.

My early life was filled with lots of hard work, mixed with the young folks' social activity of early days, and quiet a sprinkling of spiritual activity. Then from 21 to 50 years, hard temporal down to earth digging—and from then on unto age 93 continued life mixed with a goodly portion of all three, making a most enjoyable happy healthy life.

Priesthood Of John Farr

I was born January 4, 1863—baptized 1871, ordained a Deacon; ordained an Elder December 19, 1883 by Winslow Farr who was ordained by Lyman E. Johnson, the first Apostle ordained by the three witnesses, February 14, 1835.

I was ordained a Seventy March 23, 1898 by Apostle John Henry Smith, who was ordained October 27, 1880, by Wilford Woodruff, who was ordained an Apostle April 26, 1839 by Brigham Young, who was ordained an Apostle February 14, 1835 under the hands of the Three Witnesses, Oliver Cowdry, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, who were blessed by the laying on of hands of the Presidency, Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams to choose and ordain the Twelve Apostles. Joseph Smith was ordained an Apostle in 1829 by Peter, James, and John, who were Apostles and Angelic ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ordained by Him. John 15:16.

A Missionary Blessing

Given upon the head of John Farr in the Salt Lake Temple Annex, March 23, 1898, by Apostle John Henry Smith.

Brother John Farr: We ordain you a Seventy in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and confer upon you all the keys, powers, authorities, and blessings pertaining to this high and holy calling in the Holy Melchizedek Priesthood, and ask God our Father to inspire you with the spirit of the same in such an abundance that you will have joy and satisfaction, as you are seeking to honor the same and minister to the well-being of your fellow creatures.

And inasmuch as you have been chosen to aid in the ministry in preaching the gospel in Great Britain, we bless you and set you apart to that field of labor. We ask our Father to endow you in rich abundance with His Holy Spirit, that it shall take possession of your mind from this very moment, sharpening your ideas and strengthening you wholly and fully, and thoroughly preparing and qualifying you for the administions that rest upon you, that you may indeed be a servant of God among your fellow men and striving to carry to them an understanding of the Holy Gospel, and be enabled to expound and reason and explain to their understanding the truths of the Gospel, and point to them the way of life. We say unto you, dear Brother, inasmuch as you will give ear to the promptings of the spirit, your memory shall be strengthened, your mind enlightened, and things both new and old, that are necessary for you, shall come to you under the inspiration of the spirit, and you shall be successful in finding the honest in heart, who shall provide for your wants, listen to your words and receive from you the Bread of Life.

Every grace and gift necessary to the accomplishment of the object for which you are sent forth, we pray God our Father to give you. And inasmuch as you will be humble and prayerful and earnest and determined, the way shall be opened; joy and gladness shall fill your soul. The souls of men shall be your hire, and you shall have pleasure in the administrations that you are called to officiate in. Those who have gone before shall rejoice that their descendants are found worthy to be aiding in this ministry; we pray that you shall honor the name you bear, the ancestry from which you have sprung, that the dead and the living shall rejoice in your devotion, earnestness, wisdom, faith, patience, and determination. The graces and gifts necessary to the accomplishment of this labor, with your former blessings, we seal upon your head, and say go in peace and return in safety, and set you apart to this labor and ordain you a Seventy by virtue of the Priesthood and in the name of Jesus. Amen.

LEO HUNSAKER, *Reporter*

DISCOURSE BY BRIGHAM YOUNG

Farmington, Utah, June 17, 1877—Journal of Discourses, Vol. 19 P. 36.

This is an incident in the life of Oliver Cowdery, but he did not take the liberty of telling such things in meetings as I take. Oliver Cowdery went with the Prophet Joseph when he deposited the plates.

Joseph did not tranlate all of the plates. There was a portion of them sealed, which you can learn from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants. When Joseph got the plates, the angel instructed him to carry them back to the Hill Cumorah, which he did. Oliver says that when Joseph and Oliver went there, the hill opened and they walked into a cave in which there was a large and spacious room. He says he did not think at the time whether they had artificial light or the light of the sun, but it was just as light as day. They laid the plates on the table; it was a large table that stood in the room. Under this table there was a pile of plates as much as two feet high, and there were altogether in the room, more plates than probably many wagon loads. They were piled up in the corners and along the walls. The first time they went there, the Sword of Laban hug upon the wall; but when they went again, it had been taken down and laid upon the table across the golden plates. It was unsheathed, and on it was written these words: "This sword shall never be sheathed again until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ."

Inscription On City Hall Monument

LORIN FARR

Lorin Farr, civic and religious leader, staunch friend and supporter of the Prophet Joseph Smith, assisted in the settlement of Nauvoo, Illinois, and in building the temple. He came to Utah with Brigham Young in 1847. In January 1851, he became the first president of Weber Stake of Zion, serving until 1870. He directed the building of Ogden Tabernacle in 1855-56. He was a member of the first territorial legislature for thirty years, serving longer than any other member, and was a member of the convention that framed the constitution of the state of Utah. A friend to the Indians, he was known to them as Chief." The move south upon the approach of Johnson's Army in 1858, was conducted under his direction. He was a statesman and colonizer of great ability. Historian Edward Tullidge proclaimed him "Ogden's most representative citizen."

Descendants of Lorin Farr, Citizens of Weber County, and Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Associaion.

Ogden, Utah
September 24, 1952

President William J. Critchlow
Ogden, Utah

Dear President Will:

Inasmuch as you are the chairman of an eight-stake committee organized to erect two monuments, one each in honor of two pioneers, Captain James Brown, and the Honorable Mayor, Lorin Farr, I deem it is your desire to have a report of the accomplishments of the said committee as it now stands. I am therefore enclosing an excerpt copy as of January 1, 1952—only on the Farr Monument, as I have no data on the Brown Monument.

In 1947, a committee of the eight stake presidents, sponsored by the eight stake mutuals inagurated a project to erect two granite monuments on the grounds of the City Hall Park in honor of two early pioneers, Captain James Brown and Mayor Lorin Farr, The history of these two men you well know.

Unknown to the Farr Family, the committee under the auspices of the eight stake mutuals devised the erection of the two monumnts honoring the above mentioned pioneers. At this time a contract was let by the committee for the construction of the monuments at a cost of $2750 each. This, plus $90 for the historical plaque furnished by the Trails Landmark Association made a total cost of $2840 for each monument. It was the understanding that each of the two families was to raise the sum of $1000.00 to be applied on their individual monument, and that the general committee was to raise the balance by public subscription.

As is often the case, the collections came in slowly; therefore, the Farr Committe was inducted into operation to raise the funds. Lawrenc Farr, my brother Asael, and myself acting in behalf of the Farr Family, raised $1699.00, instead of the agreed upon $1000.00. This sum, together with $897.80 from the general committee, was applied to the Lorin Farr Monument making a total of $2596.80 paid.

At this time, it was discovered that the design of the monument was incomplete and unfinished in appearance. We, the Farr Committee, with the consent of President Critchlow, added a beautiful nine-inch base slab of Venetian granite, at a cost of $684.00, thus improving the monument greatly, giving it a beautiful and finished appearance, and reducing the cost which was less than the original estimate.

Mr. Botts of the monument company is paid in full, and a beautiful Venetian granite monument, dedicated. The family now appreciates the aid and confidence of the committee and public who so generously gave their time and means to commemorate the memory of two worthy pioneers, and it will ever be an encouragement to future generations to work for progress and good will to man.

Dear President Will, by way of passing, may I say that both the City and County Commissioners morally participated in the erection of two monuments. At the dedication, Mayor Romney spoke very highly of the two worthy men, giving them much praise, and was pleased that these two pioneers had been given public consideration so well deserved. County Commissioner Hess in his remarks was pleased to see that the great works and sacrifice of our fore-parents was still remembered, as much honor was due them.

President George Albert Smith gave a short sketch of the life of Lorin Farr, after which he dedicated the monument.

With best regards I remain respectfully yours,

John Farr

Lorin Farr's Accident At Pocatello, Idaho

Lorin Farr loved and did much railroad traveling. On March 30th, 1887, at Pocatello, Idaho, he met with a serious accident that seemed in all probability would prove fatal.

On leaving Lewis A. West's residence where he was spending the evening, he missed the steps and fell about five feet off the railroad platform at the warehouse, which adjoins the West dwelling, striking his head on an iron rail producing concussion of the brain and other internal injuries.

He was carried unconscious into the house and immediately physicians were summoned. All possible aid was given him. On learning of the accident, several members of the family, and prominent men of the city, went to Pocatello and made arrangements, and brought Elder Farr to Ogden. The railroad company placed a special car at their service free of cost. Upon the train's arrival at Ogden, the railroad company switched the special car containing Mr. Farr on to a side track at 2041 Washington Blvd., just one block from Elder Farr's residence. He was met by many citizens who carried him to his home at 2100 Washington Blvd. He lay unconscious for some weeks. While in this condition, he claimed to have received many manifestations pertaining to his life and life hereafter.

One instance was related by Fred Fougler. He and Lorin Farr were very close friends. They often exchanged ideas about religion, politics and local affairs.

A short time before Lorin Farr's death he and Fred Foulger met in town. After greetings, as usual, they conversed about the general condition of affairs, and when about to part, President Farr said to Fred, "Before you go I want to tell you about a very strange thing that happened to me. My spirit left my body and I stood looking at it. To be frank, I was rather glad I had rid myself of the old thing. Suddenly a person stood beside me and looking me squarely in the face said, 'Lorin Farr you go back into your body. It is not time for you to leave it.' I answered him saying, I'm not going back into that old thing! I'm through with it. Then we argued for a minute back and forth, and the angel (for it was one) said, 'Lorin, if you will go back into your body willingly, I am instructed to tell you that you will never again experience pain.' At that I went back into my body and here I am."

When Fred was relating the above incident, he said, "The thing that made it seem so real was the way that Brother Farr told it, as I always knew Lorin to be an honest reliable man. It took me a few seconds to realize what was taking place. There stood Lorin Farr. He was actually telling me that he would never again feel pain. That was a bold declaration for a man of his age." When President Farr was found dead in the hot pool at Hot Springs, there was every reason to believe that from the time the Angel spoke to him until the time of his death, he had never felt pain of any kind. He enjoyed good health for 22 years after the Pocatello accident; this incident was related as herein stated, only a short time previous to his death. Fred Foulger.

Lorin Farr's Death

On January 12, 1909, exactly 59 years a resident of Ogden, President Farr ate dinner at his son John's and upon leaving jokingly remarked that he was going to take his annual bath at the Springs. (He in later years usually went to the Springs as often as once a week when in Ogden.) On his arrival at the Springs, as usual he prepared and went to the hot pool for a swim, as he was a regular duck in the water.

On several occasions, his son, John, cautioned W. H. Sheeley, manager of the Hot Springs, to watch his father carefully as he was afraid that the hot water would be too much for his heart, as the water was hot enough to boil an egg as it came out of the ground.

While Mr. Farr was in the water, Sheriff Barlow Wilson and Deputy Joseph Wallace came in for a swim. While changing to their bathing suits, the attendant rushed in and told them there seemed to be something the matter with Mr. Farr. Wilson and Wallace rushed into the hot pool room and found Mr. Farr standing erect against the cat walk with his head dropped to his chest, arms at his side, and legs slightly apart to brace himself from falling over. He evidently tried to get out, but the heart failed and left him standing against the cat walk. Sheriff Wilson and Wallace, standing on the cat walk, catching hold of his arms, pulled him onto the walk, where he lay when my Brother Enock Farr, Lige Larkin and myself (John Farr) arrived some thirty odd minutes after his death.

This was the story told to us on our arrival. We found him lying on the cat walk with a blanket thrown over him. We carried him to the ambulance where he was taken to Ogden and prepared for burial. Undertaker Larkin said he evidently died from a heart attack as no water was found in his lungs.

At his funeral services the Tabernacle was filled to overflowing. The Ogden City Brass Band at the head of the procession from his residence to the Tabernacle, followed by the large family and many friends. Much favorable comment was given him by the daily papers and the speakers at the funeral service bore strong testimony of the worth of President Farr in glowing terms.

Funeral Services For Lorin Farr

Presided over by Bishop E. A. Olsen.
Singing by choir—"He Was Beloved By All"
Invocation—President C. F. Middleton

Duet and Chorus—"Thou Art the Way"—Miss Maude Belnap, Miss Myrtle Ballinger and Choir.

Speaker—Joseph Parry

Speaker—President L. W. Shurtliff

Solo and Chorus—"Calvary"—Miss Ruby Geddes and Choir

Speaker—President Joseph F. Smith

Solo and Chorus—"O Love Divine," Mr. Caleb Marriot and Choir.

Speaker—Patriarch David McKay

Speaker—Hon. Fred J. Kiesel.

Speaker—Moses Thatcher.

Speaker—Ben E. Rich.

Speaker—Elder George A. Smith.

Solo and Chorus "There Is a Green Hill Far Away," Miss Belnap and choir.

Benediction—Bishop C. W. Nibley.

Each speaker drew from life's experience of the many happenings during the early pioneering trials.

Joseph Parry worked with him for 56 years and stated Lorin was a friend of the people, a friend of the poor and a friend of God.

Remarks by President L. W. Shurtliff.

President Shurtliff said that Elder Farr had stood in the fore-front of every movement for the benefit of the people—he had know him since 1851, although he had been just a lad.

He located his father and family as well as Brother Taylor and others down on the four mile creek, now called Harrisville. He told them it would make them a good home and place for people who settled there.

He also stated that Lorin Farr had built the canyon road and most all the large meeting houses and school houses in the county. That he appreciated the wise counsel that he had given to him.

Remarks of Joseph F. Smith.

He also said that he had always enjoyed being associated with Lorin Farr—that he had always known him and that his life had been more or less intimately associated with him and other members of his family.

He had always been a prominent figure in the history of the church and of the building of Ogden and Weber County.

He had retained his alertness of mind and his natural mother wit to the end.

Honorable Fred J. Kiesel stated that Lorin Farr was one of the greatest men with whom he ever came in contact. Intellectually, he considered him the peer of any man he had ever met in Utah or elsewhere, and that he was a peacemaker in establishing an era of good feeling between the Mormons and Gentiles.

Mayor Brewer sent a letter to the council in which he asked the council to join in requesting the people to place flags at half-mast, commencing tomorrow and until after the funeral, out of respect for the late Lorin Farr.

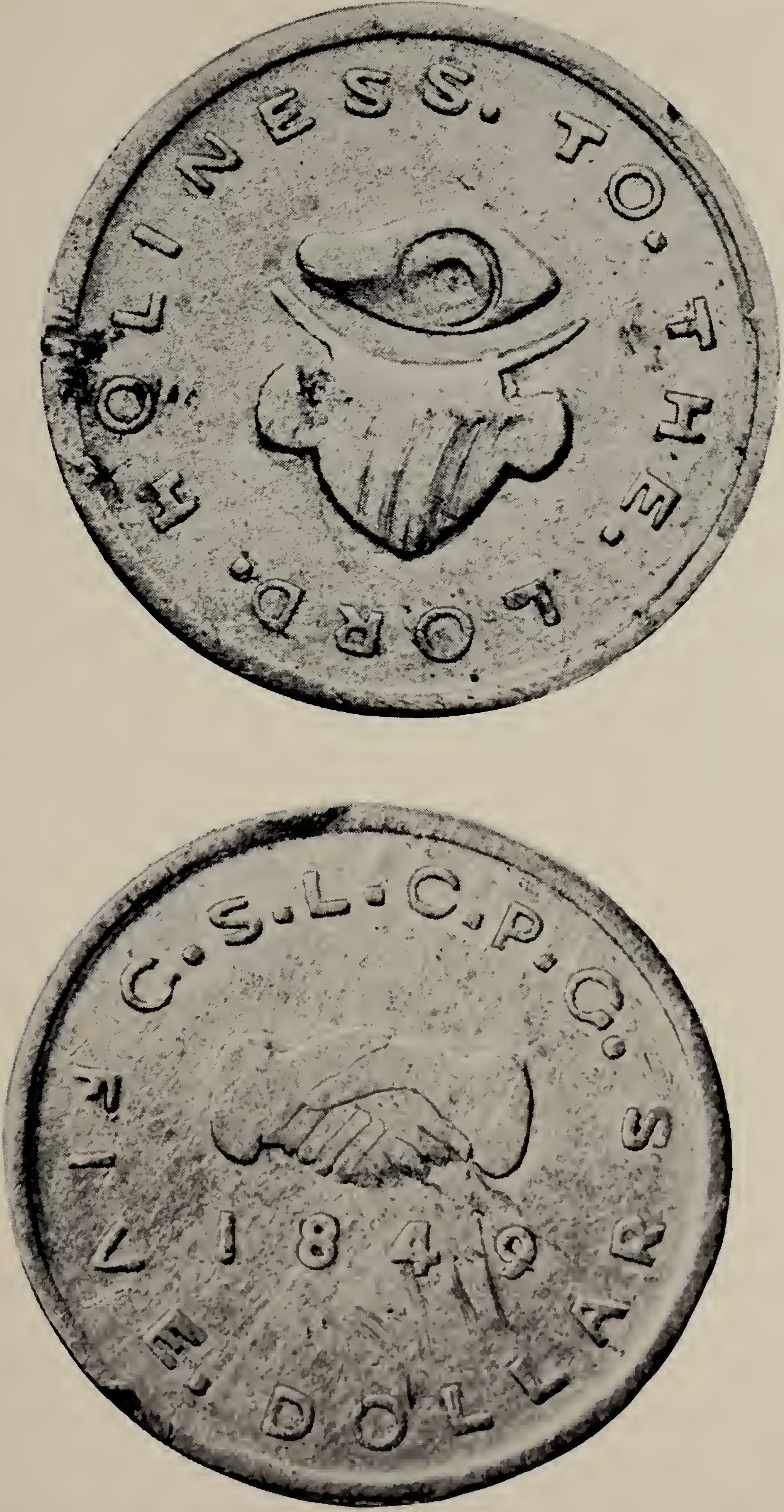
Paper Money and Coins

The accompanying photographs of a five-dollar gold coin, minted in 1849 by the Provisional Government of Deseret, and found May 10, 1926 by John Farr on the site of the old Farr Fort, where it had lain since about 1851, suggest the need for some observations on early coinage and paper money in Utah.

One of the first needs of the Mormon Pioneers was for money to use as a medium of exchange, as but little American money was brought into the valley. According to BANCROFT, "Brigham Young brought in only fifty dollars in 1847, which was at that time virtually the only money in Utah to care for 1700 Mormon Saints." In 1848 Mormon companies swelled the population to 4200 and the monetary stock was replenished with $84.00 in small change brought by Brigham Young from Winter Quarters. Later arrivals brought in other small sums."

Church authorities recognized the necessity of more security and immediate steps were taken to establish a satisfactory circulating medium of exchange.

In November 1848 Brigham Young commissioned John Kay to coin the gold dust brought in by 37 Mormon Battalion boys and other prospectors. Dies, crucibles and other necessary needs soon put the project under way. Brigham Young, John Taylor and John Kay marked out the inscriptions for the proposed "Deseret Coin" as follows: On one side, the phrase "Holiness to the Lord" encircled the emblem of the priesthood, which was a three point phrygian crown over the "All Seeing Eye of Jehovah." On the other side the words "Pure Gold" and the denomination would encircle clasp-hands, the emblem of friendship. The stamps for the coins were engraved by Robert Campbell. Public announcement was made and gold dust started on its way December 10, 1848. The first deposit


HOLINESS. TO. THE. LORD.
G.S.L.C.P.G.
1849
FIVE. DOLLARS

Enlarged reproduction of gold coin found May 10, 1926 by John Farr on the site of the old Farr Fort.

made was 14½ ounces valued at $232.00 by William L. Follett, a Battalion member."

In mid December John Kay minted 25 ten dollar gold peices, which were paid out at a premium of fifty cents a piece. A week later 21 pieces were coined and charged out at par to Brigham Young." This effort at coinage proved a failure. The crucibles were broken for all the dies by December 22, 1848, and no more coins were minted until new crucibles and materials could be obtained from the east. "Notwithstandings, this effort of coinage failed, a meeting was called by Brigham Young and Tom Bullock, December 27, 1848 to find some other medium of exchange, at which it was proposed to issue paper money until gold could be coined." "On December 28, the Council authorized Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Newell K. Whitney to issue paper money, 2x4 inches, printed on plain white paper by pen and ink."

On Dec. 29, about 100 one and five dollar bills were made and signed by Brigham Young and on December 30th, Bullock wrote out three dollar bills. Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Newell K. Whitney were all busy making and signing bills. January 1, 1849 Bullock engaged in stamping the bills with the private seal of the twelve apostles. This seal consisted of the emblem of the priesthood encircled by sixteen letters, P.S.T.A.P.C.J.C.L.D.S.L.D.A.O.W. which was an abbreviation for "Private Seal of the Twelve Apostles, Priests of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the last Dispensation All Over the World" Bills were passed out and the office was busy changing notes for gold dust. All of the first issue were dated January 2, 1849, consisted of 830 notes, the value $1,365.00. The denominations were $.50, $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00. The second issue of hand bills bore the date January 5, 1849, which consisted of 739 separate bills with a face value of $1,217.50. Hand bills could not be produced fast enough. The Church had a supply of unused Kirtland Bank notes which bank failed in 1837. These notes bore the names of Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon as cashier and president respectfully. These Kirtland notes were countersigned by Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and Newell K. Whitney. Bullock put a private mark on the bills to designate them from the other notes. The City Council immediately put in circulation 256 notes.

Truman Angel made some type and a press to aid in the stamping of the third issue dated January 20, 1849, this issue consisting of 3329 bills with a value of $5,529.50. Brigham Young concerned himself with the currency problem. From December 28, 1848 to January 19, 1849, he continued receiving gold dust and paying out hand written paper money, a total of 5150 hand written notes with a value of $9,443.00. The 19th was the last hand written bills distributed. Money became more plentiful in 1849 owing to the great amount of gold dust coming in. While the Church Mint was being readied for coinage, in September 1849, $4,000.00 worth of notes were redeemed and destroyed.

A change was made on the new dies and the words "Pure Gold" was left off. The letters P. G., the date and other changes were added which made up the new coin. All of the coins were lettered alike. The official inscription as authorized by the council as follows: On one side around the rim the inscription G.S.L.C.P.G. and Five Dollars, in the center, the date 1849; beneath the insigna of clasped-hands. On the other side around the rim "Holiness to the Lord", in the center the "All Seeing Eye" beneath what appears to be a three point Phrygian crown.

September 1849 new equipment arrived and gold coinage began September 12, Brigham Young supervised the operation. Tom Bullock milled the gold dust, rolled the bars and stamps and John Kay did the mechanical work. A. B. Thompson forged the dies, etc. The mint was often referred to as Bullock's money mill, located where the Utah Hotel garage now stands. The first coins were minted without alloy, but soon small amounts of silver were added.

"On August 12, 1850 the Church coining press with fixtures were sold at public auction, evidently to John Kay and Tom Bullock, as Bullock's journal indicates that many coins were stamped in 1850 and 1851. William Appleby reports that at the end of October 1849 gold money was quite plentiful." "Lower value coins were minted most frequently. Few of the $10.00 and $20.00 coins were placed in circulation."

Some of the gold coins moved east quickly to buy merchandise. $20.00 gold coins passing at $18.00 in St. Joseph, Missouri. Brigham Young mentions that in the summer of 1851 Valley coins had practically disappeared from the local market. A large share of gold dust went east via the firm of Livingston and Kimball Company. Wagons were loaded with gold dust and silver in large packages as reported by the Church Historian.

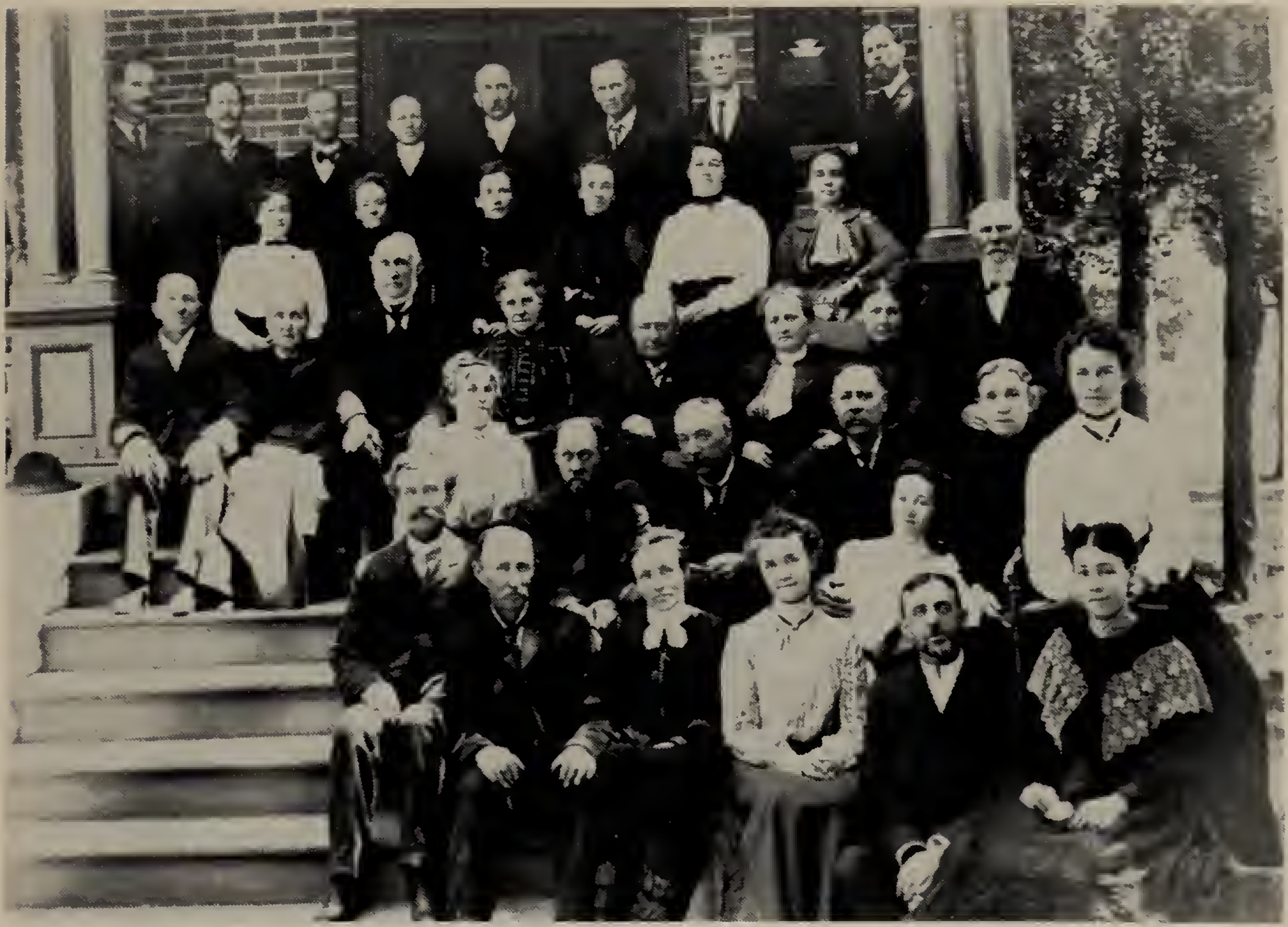
In 1852 or 1853 Brigham Young had the dies destroyed owing to the quality of Nevada gold. In 1860 new dies were made by J. M. Barlow, pure gold added, producing much prettier and more artistic coins than those of 1849. May I draw your attention to the fact that the 1849 inscription was made under the direction of Brigham Young and the Council while those of 1860 were made by J. M. Barlow which may be the reason for the change of the inscriptions as the 1860 coin closely resembles the United States $5.00 gold piece. The issue of the coin ceased almost immediately as the result of a prohibitive order by Governor Alfred Cummings in 1861.

"The Church minting and gold backed currency experiment was officially concluded February 26, 1862 when Wilfred Woodruff and Thomas Bullock delivered to Brigham Young a small box containing gold dust, Kirtland Bank Bills and mint paper." This episode brought officially to an end the coinage of gold in Utah, almost four years before the United States Act of June 8, 1864, officially forbade the private coinage of gold.

Gold dust "pinch" system for purchase exchange was quite unique and interesting. Small transactions were by "pinch" and the large ones by weight. The pinch was the "amount of gold dust that could be raised between the thumb and the forefinger." Whenever a clerk was hired, he was asked "how much can you raise in a pinch?" the larger the pinch the more valued the clerk. The bartender usually wet his thumb and forefinger before dipping it into the miner's bag of gold dust. The dry dust would be dropped into the saloon's till; the dust that clung to his finegrs would be rubbed off in his vest pocket, an addition to his daily wage. Some avaricious merchants dipped their hand in water before reaching into the miner's pouch, thus collecting particles of gold dust on the back and palm of the hand as well as getting the necessary number of "pinches."

Items from the "Utah Historical Quarterly—1952 Issue.

Lorin Farr and Descendants



Lorin Farr, two wives, 14 sons, and five daughters, and a number of sons and daughters-in-law.

First row (left to right): Isaac, Velasco, Dianna Fife (wife of Velasco) Elnora (wife of James Wotherspoon), James Wotherspoon, Roxanna Farr (wife of Jedediah Pidcock).

Second row: Belle Poulter Farr (W. Isaac), Lorin Jr., Lorenzo (Minnie Woodmansee), John Boyle, Lenora F. Pardoe (W of Tom) Mary Snow Farr (W. John Boyle), Mayme Farr Driver (W. George).

Third row: Laertes, Anne Johnes Farr, Lorin, Nicholine Erickson Farr, Newton, Tirzah F. Gay (W. John), Mary Eggelston Farr, (W. Enoch) Enoch.

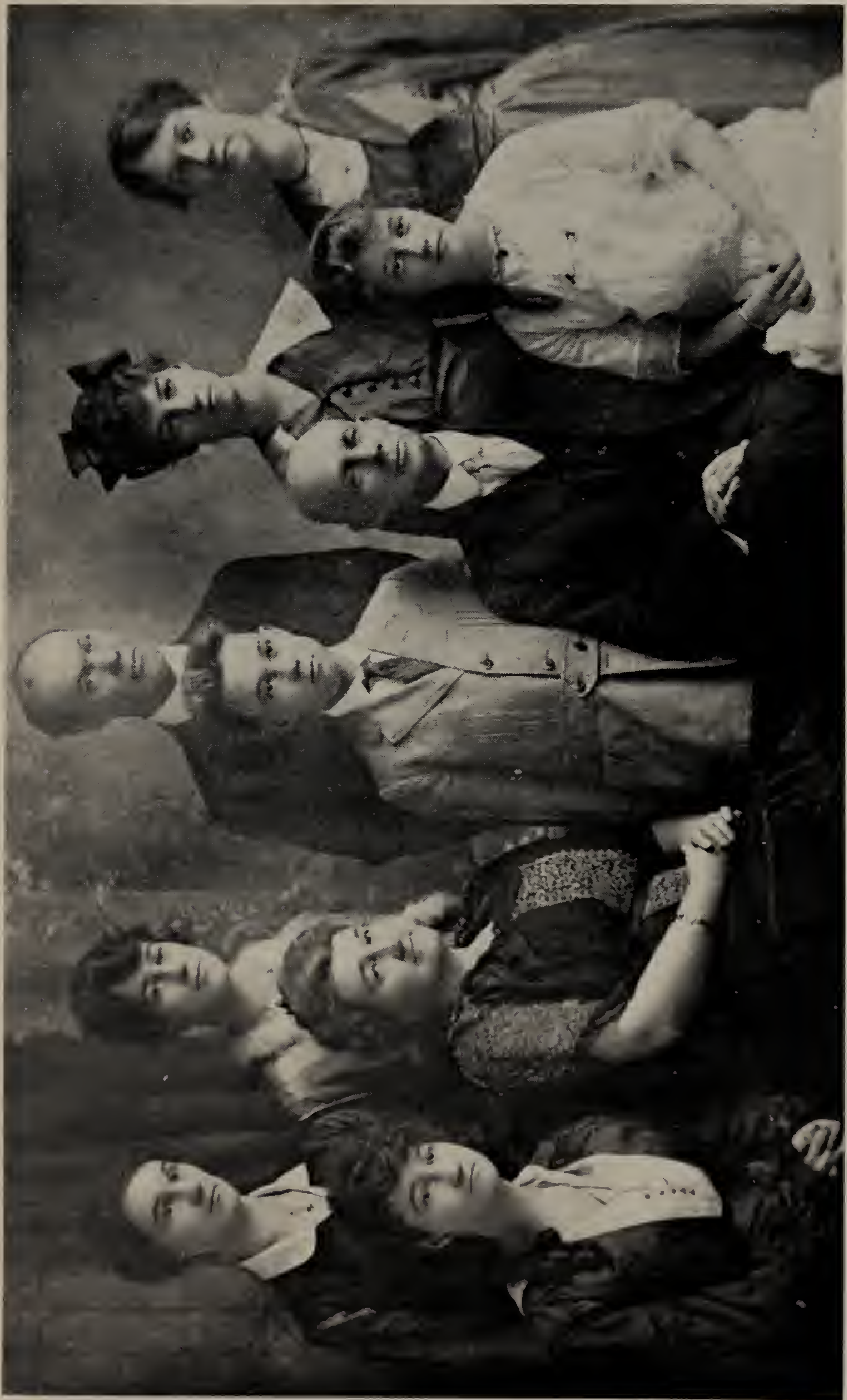
Fourth row: Rachel F. Packard, May Williams (W. Winslow) Julia Drake Farr, (W. Asael), Maggie Williams Farr (W. David), Ray Witten Farr, (W. John) Amanda Badger Farr (W. Thomas).

Fifth row: Fred Packard, Marcus, Elijah, Winslow, Asael, David, John, Thomas.

Lorin Farr and Grandchildren

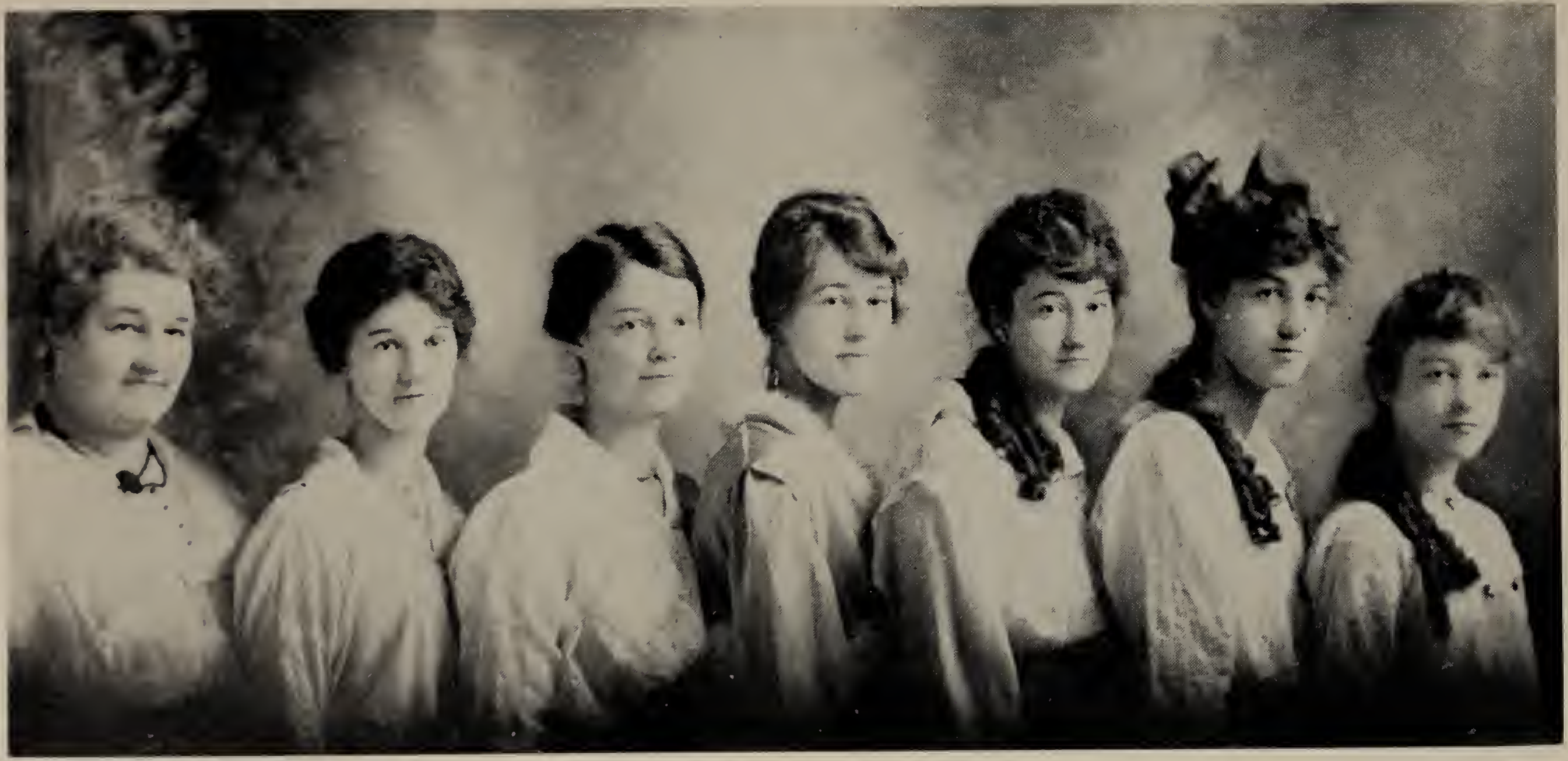
CAFE
Nº
LORIN FARR
LORIN FARR
1820 LORIN FARR 1909

Lorin Farr Monument, City Hall Park, Ogden



Front row, left to right: Lyndall, Mother, Kenneth, Father, Afton.
Back row, left to right: Grace, Pauline, Clem, Mildred, Fern.

John and Rachel Farr's children left to right: Mildred, Lyndall, Pauline, Fern, Grace, Clem.



Mrs. John Farr and her six daughters, left to right: Mrs. Farr, Grace, Fern, Pauline, Lyndall, Mildren, Afton.

Four sons and four daughters of Lorin Farr at the dedication of the Tabernacle Monument: Sons, left to right: Joseph, John, David V., Asael; daughters, Lenora Pardoe, Laura Harris, Maria Taylor, Tirza Gay.

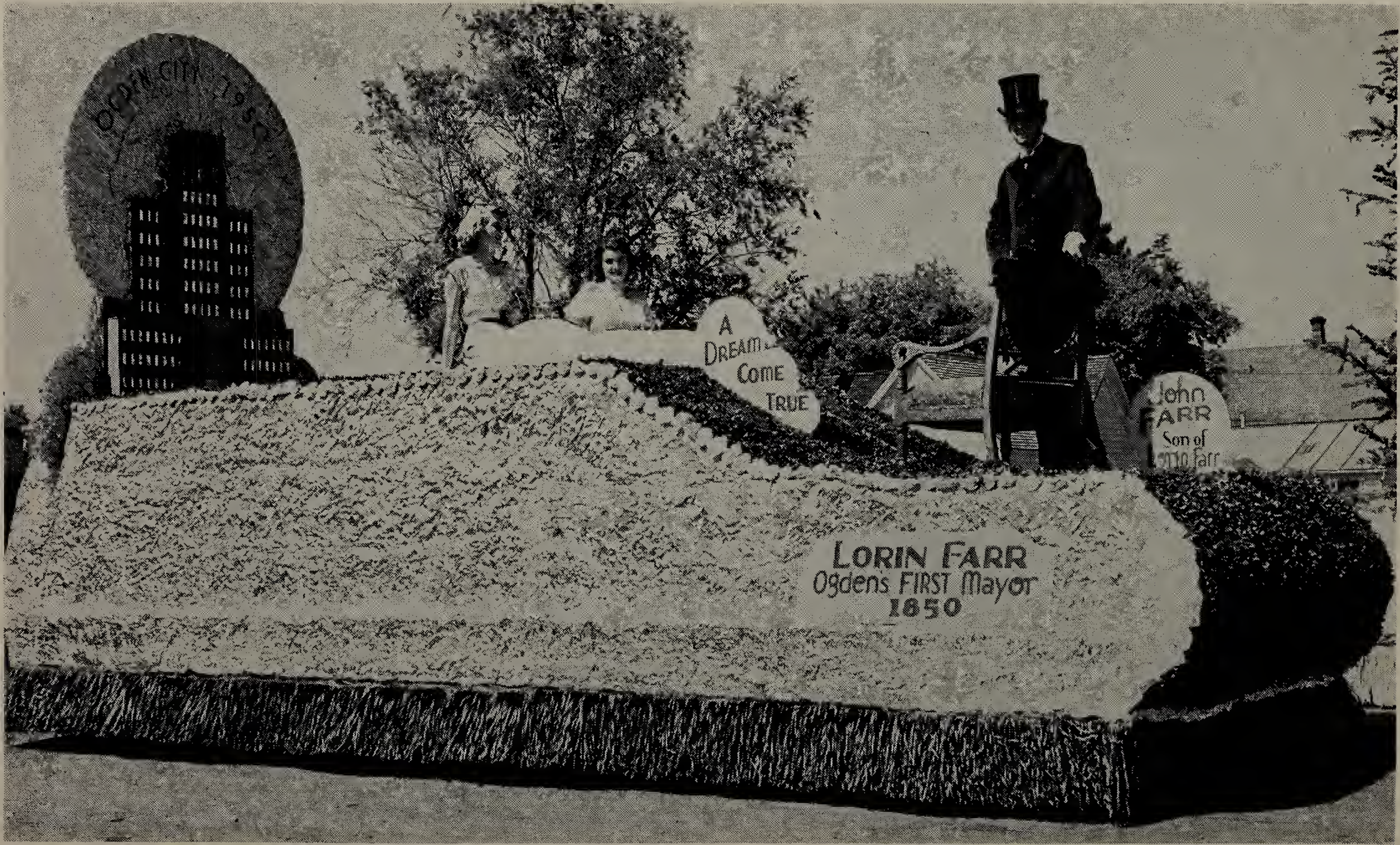
John Farr and four daughters. By courtesy of Hill Air Base, named Father of the Day, 1954.

Sons of John Farr

Clem

Kenneth

John Farr, and sons, Clem and Kenneth, July 24, 1947. "The Three Highwaymen."


OGDEN CITY 1950
A DREAM COME TRUE
John FARR Son of
Farr
LORIN FARR
Ogdens FIRST Mayor
1850

Parade, July 24, 1950. John Farr representing Lorin Farr, first Mayor of Ogden.

President George Albert Smith, nephew, 75, center; John Farr, uncle, right, age 82; Asael Farr, uncle, left, age 79.

Residence of John Farr, 501 Canyon Road as it appears today built in 1888 and later remodeled.

Footnote to page 1, Chapter 2

The Children of Nancy Bailey Chase were:

Julia, Diantha, and Mary Belinda, who died in their infancy.

Enoch: Born in Nauvoo, Illinois, December 28, 1845—died in Ogden, Utah, January 3, 1914. He was a pioneer of 1847, married Mary Eggleston and Esther Myers; a missionary to Hawaii 1885, having charge of the Church plantation; worked on railroad grade 1869; was present at driving of golden spike; manager of Farr Woolen Mills, a horticulturist, High Priest and Church worker.

Sarah:.. Born at Salt Lake City, October 30, 1849; married Apostle John Henry Smith; was mother of President George Albert Smith; her home was a resting place for many Church Authorities and other visitors. An active Church worker. Died February 4, 1921.

Tirza: Born May 3, 1852, at Farr's Fort. Died October 23, 1946; married John Gay. She had a wonderful memory of early day incidents; knew all the dates of death, birth, and marriages in the entire family. A Church worker all the days of her life; active in many of the early pioneering events. Age 94 years, 5 months, 20 days.

Ezra: A twin, born February 21, 1854; died December 5, 1933, age 79, worker in father's many interests. Foreman in woolen mill; partner in implement business; in later life, a city official. Well preserved throughout life, tall, straight, well mannered. Married Elveretta Kay.

Lorin Jr.: A twin to Ezra, born Feb. 15, 1854—died October 8, 1928. Never married. Injured when a child; worked around the premises.

Newton: Born May 2, 1856—died June 16, 1921; married Mattie Davis; worked on farm, in store, woolen mill, insurance business. A missionary to England. Fond of sports. A High Priest.

Diana: Twin to Diantha. Born April 5, 1858—died August 21, 1933. Married Ben E. Rich; along time Church missionary mother, while husband was President of Southern States and Eastern States missions. Beloved by all.

Isabell: Born March 3, 1861—died April 21, 1936, age 75. Married Dr. Heber J. Sears while latter was a medical student at Ann Arbor; befriended many students and missionaries, and was favoably remembered by them in her later life.

The Children of Sarah Giles:

Joseph: Born August 7 ,1852 in Farr's Fort—died May 20, 1939, age 87. Married Sally Porter. As a boy worked on the farm, in the factory and the store. One time manager of 100 barrel flour mill; successful in feed and grain store. Manager of Studebaker wagon store in Ogden; city councilman for two terms; worked on railroad previous to driving of the golden spike in 1869. He was an intense reader; High Priest.

Thomas: Born May 1, 1854 in Ogden—died September 9, 1939. Married Amanda Badger. A faithful worker in early youth on farm, in factory, and mills. Early day expert in harvesting hay and grain with scythe and cradle. Part owner of flour mill, also Farr Grain and Feed Store. A missionary to the Southern States; in Third Ward bishopric. A strict observant of Church obligations. Generous and kind. Age 85.

Marcus: Born April 2, 1856—died April 7, 1934—age 78. Married Josephine Ballantyne. A missionary to Eastern States; served on High Council 25 years; never missed a weekly high council meeting; High Priest. In youth worked on farm, in store, and mill. A trusted employee, interested in coal, feed, and grain business.

Sarah Mariah: Born February 2, 1858—died May 10, 1943. Married Richard John Taylor, son of President John Taylor. A faithful Relief Society worker for many years. Exceptionally faithfully in observing church obligations. President of Utah Daughters of the Pioneers, a social worker, and good company. Honest, true and faithful like all her other eleven sisters.

Roxana: Born February 1, 1958—died February 5, 1927, age 68. Married Jedediah Pidcock. Reserved, not too robust. Married early, the mother of two children; faithful church worker.

Winslow (*Wen*): Born May 9, 1862—died January 6, 1914 in a somewhat mysterious manner. Died kneeling at his hotel bed in Idaho Falls, as in prayer. He was enjoying good health, happy and of good cheer. Married May Hannah Williams. In his youth worked on farm, mill and store. Successful with brothers in flour, grain, and feed business, also with his sons in the manufacture of candy and ice-cream products. A cheerful character. After first wife's death married Clara Fry.

Rachel: Born November 24, 1864—died December 10, 1953—age 89, while on a visit in Jacksonville, Florida. Married Fred Packard, active in church, social and civic life. Republican by choice; active in Relief Society. Jolly and happy nature; easy to make friends—a good traveler.

Lenora: Born May 22, 1867—married Thomas Pardoe—active in church, social, civic and political life. President Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. Friendly to all; had a host of friends; a consistant home life; much sought after for active duty. Always pleasant, and avoided error; still active 87. Died July 25, 1954.

Hyrum: Born January 1, 1870—died June 18, 1870.

The Children of Olive Ann Jones:

Olive Ann: Born August 4, 1857.

Olive B.: Born October 25, 1859.

Merlin Jones: Born February 4, 1862.—All three died within a few days in May 1866.

Laertus: Born January 23, 1853—died December 26, 1923. Unmarried, owing partially to ill-health and early babyhood exposure. He lived at home with his mother. Liked literature.

Valasco (*Lack*): Born August 29, 1855—died December 12, 1937. Married Diane Fife, daughter of William N. Fife, architect, for the Ogden Tabernacle. Lack was of quiet nature, a dependable worker on the farm, mill, store, and teaming. In early life, farming, later in company with his brothers, David and Asael, entered ice business in 1891. He loved the Church and was a worker until the end. High Priest.

David: Born April 5, 1864—died une 4, 1943. Married Maggie Williams. Slow to anger, even nature, dry humor. Helped on farm in early life, herded cows and sheep with the rest of us boys on Ogden Bench, east of Washington Boulevard; attended BYU—clerked in father's store, a partner in ice business with his brothers. Active church workers; High Priest—age 79.

Asael: Born October 7, 1866—married Julia Drake. Active worker on farm and other interests of father's until married. Enteerd ice business with his bothers Lack and David in 1891; also coal business in 1895. Bishop's counselor in Seventh Ward, Ogden Staek; high priest group leader; mission to Southern States. Member school board two terms. Retired and prosperous, active at 90.

The Children of Mary Bingham Freeman Snow:

Elijah N. Freeman: Son of Elijah N. Freeman, Mary's first husband, who died returning from a mission and was buried at sea; was adopted by Lorin Farr. He was born in Illinois May 20, 1895, died March 14, 1936. Pioneer 1847. Lived in Bingham Fort, also Farr's fort; worked for Lorin Farr 17 years. An expert with the cradle and scythe in the harvest field; worked on railroad grade and was present at the driving of the golden spike May 10, 1869. Called on mission to settle St. Johns, Arizona—had many reverses. Early in 1920s moved to Shelley, Idaho. Performed two missions; 21 years in bishopric; ten years stake president; High Priest; temple worker—age 94.

Mary Snow: Daughter of Mary Bingham and Willard Snow, he being her second husband. Adopted by Lorin Farr, reared, schooled equal to other members of the Farr family. Married John A. Boyle. Active church worker, making temple garments; an excellent nurse. A beautiful character and much loved by all who knew her.

Willard: First son of Lorin Farr by Mary—born July 5, 1856—died November 18, 1951. His wife Mary Ann died three days after Willard on November 21. Married Mary Ballantyne, also Mary Ann Romney. Early schooling in Lorin Farr's private school with all his brothers and sistesr, including the neighborhood children. First President of MIA of Fourth Ward. Settlement mission to St. Johns, Arizona in 1881. Bishop of St. Johns, also Stake Clerk for 30 eyars. Patriarch in 1895. Few men have had a more even unselfish nature than Willard, notwithstanding his many pioneer reverses. Active to the age of 95.

*Erastus*s Born May 14, 1859—died June 28, 1859.

Isaac Freeman: Born October 25, 1860—died March 5, 1935. Married Isabelle Poulter. His early life on farm and father's other interests. Educated as all the children—learned bookkeeping. Partner in the 100-barrel flour mill until sold to Joe Clark and Company. Miner, successfully opening up Lakeview Mining Company. A likeable man with many friends. True to his church.

The Children of Nicholine Erickson:

Lorenzo: Born October 25, 1858—died September 3, 1915. Married Minnie Woodmansee. Like his brothers, his early life was spent on the farm, in the mill, store, and other interests. Childhood schooling as other family children. Started chicken hatching from the Beck's Hot Springs in 1885. Coal dealer; brought the first coal from Castle Gate over the Rio Grande Railroad at the time the railroad entered Ogden in 1882. Partner with his brother John in feed mill and coal business in 1888. Missionary to Great Britain. A promoter of several businesses; a deep reader who loved to discuss various subjects. Interested in politics; a promoter in mining. Died at Lake Tahoe of a heart attack.

Annie Laura: Born April 10, 1861—died May 11, 1950. Married Winfield Scott Harris; always industrious and cheerful; never an unkind word against anyone; witty, with a cheerful answer, regardless of pleasure or pain. Had several major operations; widow many years; had many of the good traits of the old school; truly a home maker, honest, sincere, and faithful to her Relief Society and Church. Age 89.

John: Born January 4, 1863—married Rachel Ann Witten. Early ABC education at father's private school at 2035 Washington Boulevard, also four years with Professor L. F. Moench at the starting of Weber Academy. Active in early pioneering life. Many days of had work on farm, team work, lumber hauling during youth; also livestock raising, and flour mills. John and Ren owners of feed store and chopping mill in 1888. Eighteen years in natural ice business, including all its hardships; sixty-six years in coal business; active in civic and political affairs; three foreign missions and two home missions. Ward teacher, Sunday school worker almost all his life. Seventy, High Priest, and ward teacher supervisor many years. Now, age 94, 1957 enjoying good health, fond of travel, many vacation trips, including foreign and the scenic beauty of our west. Writing many incidents of these trips; still daily driving own auto.

Elnora: Born April 2, 1865—died July 12, 1944| Married James Wotherspoon. Church worker; active, cheerful, faithful to the last. Active in D.U.P. and other clubs. Moved to Los Angeles with family; kept home open to missionaries and Church authorities. Age 79.

Elijah: Born December 28, 1867—died May 27, 1906. Unmarried. Early life, farming and store clerk; attended local schools; studied law at Ann Arbor, Michigan; practiced law in Ogden, considered one of the best read men in the state of Utah; killed in elevator accident, age 39.

Mamie: Born March 22, 1870—married George W. Driver, druggist. Cheerful disposition and ready to give aid to the unfortunate. Church worker; implicit faith in the gospel. A good traveler and companion—carried happiness and good will in all her travels. Loving and kind, and good company. In 1957 in good health; an active visitor in Ogden.